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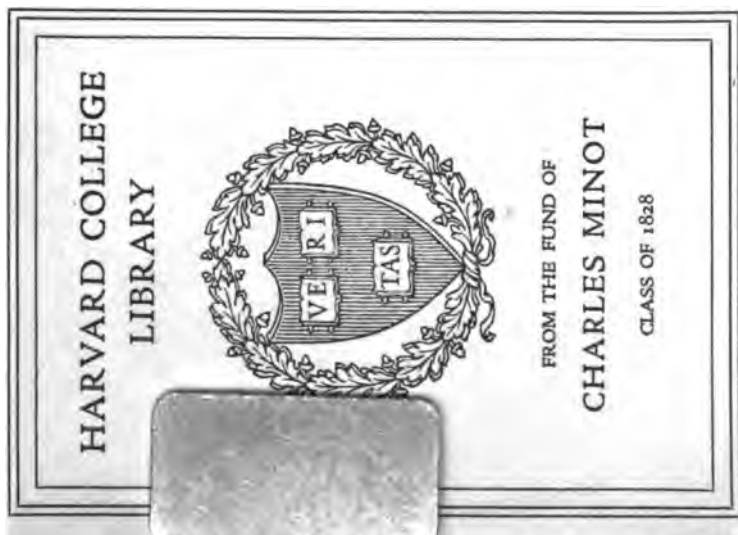
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P 282.5.



Thomas Myles Restell.



A. 934



THE
NEW MONTHLY
MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY
WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

VOL. 109.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.
1857.

P 282.5



Mint fund

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MARMONT, DUC DE RAGUSE.*

THE first portion of this long-expected work has made its appearance, and justifies the anticipations formed of its value. The reminiscences of a man who has spent his youth on the battle-field, his middle age in the labyrinth of diplomacy, and profitably employs the last years of a long and well-spent life in meditating over all the chances and changes which he has experienced in his chequered career, are invaluable to the historian. An added charm in these volumes is the tinge of senility and propensity to garrulousness which testify to their innate veracity. If fault must be found, we may mention that there is more than a *souppçon* of Napoleonism, which, however, cannot be avoided in the present day by any author desiring success for his work. With these slight prefatory remarks we will no longer attempt to stay our readers' curiosity, but proceed at once to the subject.

VIESSE DE MARMONT was born at Châtillon-sur-Seine on the 20th of July, 1774. His family, which was originally from the Low Countries, had been settled for more than three centuries in Burgundy, and had always been distinguished in military annals. His father retired from the army at an early age, and devoted his life to the education of his son, whom he intended for the law; but the hot blood of the youth recoiled from any other employment than that which his ancestors had chosen, and at last he gained his father's permission to enter the army. The only regret our author has to make about his education, was that his father omitted to have him instructed in modern languages—a loss which he deeply lamented his life through. At the age of fifteen, Marmont received his commission as sub-lieutenant in a militia regiment, his duties being confined to wearing the uniform. But his father would not allow the young officer to kick his heels about in idleness, or seek refuge in the ordinary resources of a garrison town. He sent him off very quickly to Dijon to finish his education, and get ready for the artillery examination, which he passed at the beginning of 1792. During his stay at Dijon he formed his first acquaintance with Bonaparte, who was quartered at Auxonne, and to this accidental circumstance may be ascribed Marmont's eventual success. He also formed an intimate acquaintance with Foy and Duroc.

With the first outbreak of the revolutionary storm, Marmont was transferred to Châlons, where he was for a time in some danger of the

* Mémoires du Duc de Raguse, de 1792 à 1832, imprimés sur le Manuscrit Original de l'Auteur. Vols. I. and II. Paris: Perrotin.

Jan.—VOL. CLX. NO. CCCCXXXIII.

lantern. The remaining pupils went home, but Marmont, who tasted here the sweet intoxication of love for the first time, could not be induced to leave until his father came to fetch him away, and persuade him to join his regiment then quartered at Metz. But all thoughts of love were soon dissipated by the exciting drama of war. Marmont joined the army before Toulon, and was present through the whole siege, displaying a great degree of energy under the eye of Napoleon, which eventually met with its reward. He was allowed to follow Bonaparte to the army of Italy, although his regiment was stationed in the Pyrenees; but the success of Bonaparte had aroused the jealousy of the representatives, and the fear entertained about the Corsicans led to his sudden removal from the army of Italy, and his appointment to the command of the artillery of the army of the West. Marmont ran the risk of desertion sooner than leave his friend, and together they decided on going to Paris and protesting. On the road they remained four days at Châtillon, and this delay was fatal. Napoleon's name was erased from the artillery. In this position of affairs, Napoleon came across Bourrienne, who persuaded him to enter into speculations in which he soon lost the few assignats he had left. Marmont, feeling a disinclination for commerce, decided on rejoining the army, and was appointed to the artillery before Mayence. Napoleon approved of this step, and uttered the prophetic words on parting: "You are right to join the army: you have experience to gain, promotion to deserve, and your military fortune to make. I am momentarily arrested in my career, but I trust the obstacles will not endure long. More favourable circumstances must intervene before I reappear on the scene in a proper manner. We shall meet again hereafter: so, increase your knowledge, and it will be of advantage to the future career of both." The success of the operations was not very brilliant, and the army was in a most deplorable state:

The assignats being no longer current, each officer, from the sub-lieutenant to the general officer, was allowed eight francs a month in money, or just five sous a day. Youth has great energy and power to endure misery and suffering, and I cannot call to mind that this state of things cost me half an hour's regret; but as I had lost the whole of my kit, and had not a farthing, I was obliged to ask for some clothes out of store, and, with an order which I was obliged to get Pichegru, the general-in-chief, to countersign, I received two soldier's shirts and a pair of boots. It was the only time I ever spoke to this general, *whose life has been branded by so many infamous actions.*

At this period Napoleon was offered an appointment to proceed to Turkey to instruct the troops and reform the artillery. He accepted the offer gladly, and Marmont was among those whom he proposed to accompany him. Fortunately for him he had not a farthing to start with, and the public treasury was suffering equally from impecuniosity. While waiting for an improvement in financial matters, time slipped away, and the 13th Vendémiaire arrived on which Napoleon could display himself in his new colours. On being appointed general-in-chief of the army of the interior, he remembered Marmont, and appointed him his aide-de-camp, so he was obliged to return to Paris. The account he gives of society at that epoch fully bears out what has been already made known:

A circumstance which history will consecrate, and in which we find the image

of the manners of the day, is the ball known by the name of *le Bal des Victimes*. No one was in a position to give parties or balls, still it was necessary that amusements should be recalled, and so they hit on the strange notion of getting up subscription balls, at which only those persons could be present who had lost relations on the scaffold, so that in order to make merry and enjoy the privilege of dancing, they had to produce the death certificate of father, mother, sister, or brother. We cannot understand now how the mind and heart could have fallen into such a state of aberration, and I do not know whether this spectacle, regarded from a moral point of view, is not more fearful than the measures themselves: the latter were terrible, the result of unbridled passions, of the intoxication and fury of the populace; but in the other case they are persons belonging to the upper classes, people of gentle manners, who sport with the reminiscences of crime.

The winter passed pleasantly enough at Paris, what with *soirées* at the Luxembourg and dinners at Madame Tallien's Chaumière, the name she had given to a thatched house she lived in at the corner of the Allée des Veuves. Still they were anxious for war again, and were soon satisfied. General Scherer was continually sending dismal accounts of the state of the army in Italy, and Bonaparte was employed by the Directory to refute his arguments. At length Scherer declared that the person who found fault had better come and carry on the campaign. Bonaparte took him at his word, and, after marrying Josephine, with whom he had fallen madly in love, although our author cannot give the reason why, for she was *passée*, and five years the elder, Bonaparte started for Italy. Among those who accompanied him was Murat:

There was an officer of the 81st regiment of Chasseurs, stationed at Vincennes, to whom Junot and myself were much attached. It was Murat. Promoted provisionally to the rank of chef de brigade in the affair of Vendémiaire, his appointment had not been confirmed; and though wearing the distinctive mark of his step, he only performed the duties of major in his regiment. Junot had also been appointed major in the same way; so both wore distinctions to which they had no right. Murat heard of Bonaparte's departure for Italy, and expressed a desire to join us. I do not know whether men were better in those days than now, but this desire did not offend us, and we paved the way for him with our general. Murat presented himself to Bonaparte with that confidence peculiar to the Gascon alone, and said to him, "Mon général, you have no aide-de-camp colonel. You require one, and I offer myself to accompany you in that rank." Murat's appearance pleased Bonaparte: we spoke well of him, and he accepted his offer.

At the time of Bonaparte joining the army of Italy it was composed of four divisions, commanded by Generals Masséna, Augereau, Serrurier, and La Harpe, all of whom our author contrives to damn with faint praise, that he may add to the glorification of his own bright particular star. We must confess that this is the first time we have ever found anybody speak out so plainly on the subject of the French marshals. Our impression has hitherto been that the reason why Napoleon was so successful in his campaigns was, that he infused his generals with that degree of confidence he felt himself, and had a species of prescience when he came across any man likely to be of use to him. To believe the Duc de Raguse, the great difficulty Napoleon had to contend with was repairing the faults committed by his subordinates; we only trust Marmont was never guilty of any mistake himself. To justify these remarks, we cannot do better than quote Marmont's account of Masséna:

Masséna was thirty-eight years of age; he had been a soldier in the Royal Italian regiment, and after serving fourteen years, without reaching the rank of non-commissioned adjutant, he left the army, and married at Antibes. The formation of the volunteer battalions aroused his warlike instincts. He was first adjutant-major in the third battalion of the Var, and, having distinguished himself in the army of Italy, he obtained rapid promotion, was made general of brigade in 1793, and general of division in 1794. He fought with glory before Toulon, in the right attack, and had played an important part through the whole campaign. His iron body encased a soul of fire, his glance was piercing, his activity extreme; no one was ever braver than he. He paid little attention to the maintenance of order among his troops, or providing for their wants; but, as soon as the battle had commenced, they became excellent, and through the advantages derived from his corps in action he quickly retrieved the faults he might have committed previously. His education was limited, but he had a good deal of natural sense, and a profound knowledge of the human heart, with an extreme degree of impassibility in danger, and was very trustworthy. He possessed all the qualities of a good companion, and he very rarely spoke ill of others. He loved money extremely; he was very greedy and avaricious, and obtained this reputation long before he became rich, because his avidity prevented him awaiting important and favourable circumstances, and thus he compromised his name in a multitude of petty matters, by raising small contributions. He loved women ardently, and his jealousy resembled that of the Italians of the fourteenth century. He enjoyed a great reputation among the troops, and it had been justly gained; he was on good terms with General Bonaparte, to whose capacity he rendered justice; but was far from believing him his equal as a soldier. The appointment of the latter must have been very painful to him, but he made no display of it openly, although he considered his obedience as very meritorious. Masséna has enjoyed a career well employed, in a manner natural, honourable, and glorious, and made himself a great name. He did not possess the necessary elements to make a commander-in-chief of the first class, but there never was a man superior to him in executing, on the largest scale, any operations of which he received the impulse. His mind could not embrace the future, and he could not foresee and prepare; but no one moved his troops with more talent, boldness, and courage on a *terrain* whose dimensions he could overlook. Such was Masséna.

To follow Napoleon through the brilliant campaign in Italy would be only waste of space—every British child knows or should know it by heart; but we come across suggestive passages now and then which give this book its peculiar value: thus, for instance, on the day when the French entered Milan, and just as Bonaparte was retiring to bed, he spoke much as follows to Marmont:*

"Well, Marmont, what do you think they will say about us in Paris? Will they be satisfied?" On my reply that their admiration for him and our success must be at its height, he added, "They have seen nothing as yet, and the future reserves for us successes far superior to those we have already gained. Fortune has not smiled to-day on me that I should spurn her favours: she is a woman, and the more she does for me the more I shall demand. In a few days we shall be on the Adige, and the whole of Italy will be subjugated. Perhaps then, if they only proportion the means at my command to the extent of my plans, we shall probably soon start to go further. During our time, no one has had a mag-

* This expression is very Livian. Of course it is impossible for our author to attempt to remember the *ipsissima verba* of Bonaparte, and we like his modesty as a further recommendation of his veracity. It must have been a strong temptation for a Frenchman in such a case, *jurare in verba magistræ*.

nificent conception; it is for me to give the example." Can we not see in these words the germ of future development?

While the French were occupying Milan, an insurrection broke out near Pavia, which menaced serious consequences. Bonaparte set out immediately with 2000 men and six guns to quell it. The first attack sufficed, and the town of Pavia was given up to plunder. The house of the town clerk being threatened, the unfortunate man thought to save his life by throwing his money out of window. Bonaparte, seeing his danger, ordered Marmont to go and take the money in his possession. At that period soldiers entertained great scruples of delicacy, so our author says, and in his fear of being accused of turning the adventure to his own profit, he counted the money he took in the presence of several officers, and handed it over, untouched, to the military chest. A short time afterwards, Bonaparte mildly reproached him for not appropriating the money, which he had ordered him to take for his own use. A few pages on, our readers will find a similar instance, which makes us only wish that all Bonaparte's marshals had been so scrupulous as Marmont.

While staying for the night at Valleggio, in the Venetian territory, Napoleon had a very narrow escape from being captured—that is to say, if there had been any enemy to take him. There was a sudden but false *alerte*, and the general-in-chief bolted out on foot, found a dragoon running away, took his horse, and set off full speed for the rear. From this time he always had a strong escort with him; he formed the corps of Guides, who accompanied him everywhere, and were the nucleus of the regiment of Chasseurs of the Imperial Guard. Fortunately, this anecdote was not known at Paris, or it would have furnished a glorious theme for General Matthieu Dumas, who was waging a paper war against Napoleon for his inactivity; in the midst of the burly and brattle, Marmont was called upon to write a refutation which, as he modestly says, had some success in its day, and General Bonaparte was very satisfied with it. It is a pleasant feature to find, too, in a general's character, that Napoleon was incessantly thinking of his wife. He had begged her to join him, and her repeated delays painfully tormented him with a combined feeling of jealousy and superstition. Thus, one morning at Tartona, the glass of her picture, which he always wore, accidentally broke; he turned frightfully pale, and the impression which it made upon him was painful in the extreme. "Marmont," he remarked, "my wife is very ill, or unfaithful." At last she arrived, however, accompanied by Junot and Murat. Marmont was sent to meet her, and witnessed the attentions paid her at Turin by the court. The Sardinian monarch has always been wise in his generation. About this time, too, the Directory had the insane idea of sending Kellerman to share the command with Bonaparte, but the latter soon put a stop to it by offering his resignation. Soon after Marmont performed an exploit, which can only be justifiable on the argument that all is fair in war:

General Bonaparte wrote from Modena to the commandant (of Urbino) to come and speak to him, and this worthy man, although informed that we were at war with his sovereign, accepted without hesitation; he even left without giving any instructions to his officers. General Bonaparte ordered me to set out at the head of all the troops, with a weak detachment of fifteen dragoons; another and stronger detachment followed a short distance in the rear. I was instructed to go quietly along, as if mine was a detachment looking out for

quarters; and if I saw the gate of the fort open, I was to rush in and cut down the guard. I should then be reinforced by the troops in my rear. Arriving at the spot where the road runs under the covered way, I found the officers of the garrison assembled outside the palisades, anxious for the fate of their commandant. They asked me for some information about him; I answered that he was a hundred yards behind me, and they could go and meet him. This answer led them a little further away. A few minutes after, having seen the gate was open, I went up at full gallop, not giving the guard time to put down the bar. In a moment the whole regiment of dragoons had entered the fort. The soldiers took refuge in their barracks, only to leave them as prisoners. There were more than eighty pieces of cannon, all loaded, mounted on the ramparts. The fort thus fell into our hands; the artillery was immediately carried to the army before Mantua, and served in the siege of that place.

Marmont speaks always in the highest terms of praise about Napoleon's magnanimity, and quotes many instances; among others, one in which he remonstrated very strongly against his being passed over on the flags being sent to Paris after the battle of the Mincio, when he fully anticipated the trip and his consequent step. The only revenge which Bonaparte took was to send him cruising for a week on the Lago di Garda to cool his hot blood, and amply repaid him by sending him to Paris after the battle of St. George, with two-and-twenty flags captured from the enemy, and the announcement of 15,000 prisoners being ready to send home. Granted that Napoleon was magnanimous to those who, to use a vulgar phrase, had the length of his foot, these instances do not compensate for the littlenesses of which he was at times guilty—such as the murder of the bookseller Palm. However, we must not forget the greatness of the man, and can only regret that he partook the nature of mankind, in being fallible, like the rest of us poor mortals.

Another point on which Marmont throws a curious light is the celebrated adventure of the bridge of Arcola, which has been the subject of painters, poets, and romancists. The following appear, from our author, to be the real facts. The country in the vicinity of the Adige was intersected by dykes, along one of which Augereau's division marched: it was thrown into confusion by the enemy's fire, and Augereau, to re-form the ranks, took a flag and marched several paces along the dyke, but was not followed:

Such is the history of the flag, about which so much has been written, and with which it is supposed he crossed the bridge of Arcola, while repulsing the enemy; it is only reduced to a simple demonstration, without any result; and that is the way history is written! General Bonaparte, informed of this check, proceeded to this division with his staff, and tried to renew the attack by placing himself at the head of the column to encourage it. He seized a flag, and, on this occasion, the column rushed after him: on arriving at about two hundred paces from the bridge, we should probably have cleared it, in spite of the murderous fire of the enemy, had not an infantry officer seized the general-in-chief round the waist, saying: "Mon général, you will be killed, and in that case we shall be all lost; you shall not go further—this is not your place!" I was in advance of General Bonaparte; I turned to see if I was followed, when I perceived General Bonaparte in the arms of this officer, and fancied he was wounded; in a moment, a group surrounded him. When the head of a column is so near the enemy, and does not move on, it soon falls back; thus it retrograded, went over the other side of the dyke to protect itself from the enemy's fire, and broke in disorder. This disorder was so great, that General Bonaparte was hurled over the dyke, and fell into a ditch full of water. Louis Bonaparte

and myself drew the General from this dangerous position; he procured a horse from an aide-de-camp of General Dammartin, and returned to Ronco to change his clothes. Such is the history of the other flag, which the engravings have represented as carried by Bonaparte on the bridge of Arcola. This was the only occasion during the campaign in Italy that I saw the general-in-chief exposed to real and great personal danger.

After the close of the campaign and the signature of the negotiation, Bonaparte had time to think of his family affairs; the most important point being the marriage of his sister Pauline. He offered her to Marmont, but he had the good fortune to decline the dangerous lure. She was, however, at that period, enough to tempt an anchorite. Only sixteen years of age, she gave promise of what she would be. But Marmont was deaf to the voice of the charmer, and, as he naïvely writes, "Now, after the *dénouement* of the great drama, it is probable that I have more reason to congratulate myself than repent at the result."

The character which Marmont gives of Napoleon at the period of his commanding the army of Italy is so striking, that we cannot refrain from quoting it:

From the moment when Bonaparte placed himself at the head of the army, he had in his person an authority which overawed everybody; although he wanted a certain natural dignity, and was rather awkward in his carriage and movements, there was something masterly in his attitude, his glance, his way of speaking, which everybody felt and was disposed to obey. In public, he neglected nothing to keep up this feeling and augment it; but at home, with his staff, he displayed great ease, and a degree of *bondomie* verging on gentle familiarity. He loved to jest, and yet his *bons mots* had no bitter twang with them; they were sparkling, and in good taste; he frequently took part in our sports, and his example more than once seduced the grave Austrian plenipotentiaries to join us. His labours were easy to him, his hours were not regulated, and he was always accessible in his periods of relaxation. But when he had retired to his cabinet no one was allowed to enter, except the interests of the service demanded it. When he was engaged with the movement of his troops, and giving orders to Berthier, the chief of his staff, or when he received important despatches, which might demand careful examination and discussions, he only kept near him those who were to take part in them, and sent away every one else, whatever his rank might be. It has been said that he slept little, but this is perfectly incorrect; on the contrary, he slept a great deal, and he required it, as is the case with all persons at all nervous, and whose mind is active. I have frequently known him spend from ten to eleven hours in his bed. But if watchfulness was necessary, he knew how to bear it and indemnify himself afterwards, or even take beforehand the repose wanted to endure fore-expected fatigue; and finally, he had the precious faculty of being able to sleep at will. Once disembarrassed from duties and business, he liked to indulge in conversation, certain to excel in it; no one has ever displayed a greater charm, or so easily shown such richness and abundance of ideas. He preferred choosing his subjects among moral and political topics rather than the sciences, in which his knowledge, whatever may have been said to the contrary, was very defective. He loved violent exercise, was fond of riding, and, though a bad rider, went at full speed; lastly, at this happy period, so long past, he possessed an unmistakable charm. Such was Bonaparte in the memorable Italian campaign.

This description of Marmont's possible brother-in-law reads very differently from what writers of the day have indulged us with, or caricaturists have painted in the most exaggerated colours. The character of Napoleon is becoming gradually brighter as it is handed over more and more

to the historiographer, and passion no longer influences us, when we speculate on the conduct of that wonderful man. Till very recently we have been too apt to concentrate our attention on the spots disfiguring the disc, without remembering the brightness diffused by the luminary which render those *maculae* the more distinct; but astronomers will tell us that this is not the restricted method in which they judge of the effects of our greatest luminary.

All this while the war with England was going on, and General Bonaparte was appointed commander-in-chief of the army of England. In his desire to have precise details on the defensive strength of England, he hit upon a strange idea. A M. Gallois was about proceeding to England on some matter referring to an exchange of prisoners. Just before starting he paid a visit to Bonaparte in the Rue de la Victoire, where the following scene occurred:

General Bonaparte called me, and I found myself in the presence of Talleyrand and Gallois. The general said to me: "Marmont, M. Gallois is leaving for England on a mission for the exchange of prisoners; you will accompany him; you will leave your uniform here, and pass as his secretary, and procure such and such informations, details," &c. Then he gave me my instructions. I listened without interrupting him; but when he had finished, I said to him: "Mon général, I assure you I shall not go." "What, you will not go?" he said. "No," I continued. "You give me this service as a spy, and it is neither in my duty, nor to my taste. M. Gallois occupies a mission of recognised espionage, but mine would be beyond the allowed limits. My departure with him would be known by all Paris, and they would soon be informed in England that this pretended secretary is one of the chief officers of your staff, your confidential aide-de-camp. Having placed myself out of the law of nations, I should be arrested, hung, or sent back ignominiously. My life, as a soldier, belongs to you, but I must lose it as a soldier. Send me with a score of hussars to attack a strong fort, though certain to fail, I would go without a murmur, because it is my profession; but the circumstances are different in this case." He was startled at my reply, and sent me away with the words, "I shall find other officers more zealous and docile."

For some time after, Bonaparte was cool to Marmont for his plain speaking, but at length it wore off. About this time, too, Marmont committed what he evidently regards as the one great misfortune of his life: he married Mademoiselle Peregaux, a banker's daughter. The reason of his unhappiness can only be guessed at from his apophthegms, among them being that, at twenty-four years of age, a man's passions are too impetuous, while a prolonged separation, giving a young wife a taste for independence, causes her to feel a husband's yoke insupportable on his return, while, during his absence, she is quite at the mercy of those who try to seduce her. We fancy that Marmont has many times regretted his escape out of the frying-pan into the fire.

The war with Egypt was determined on, and Marmont accompanied Napoleon. *En route*, the French thought it advisable to take Malta, although Marmont denies that the island was given up by treachery. Still there must have been some laxity somewhere, or else Napoleon would never have made use of the sarcastic remark, that it was fortunate they had some one inside to open the gates for them, or else he did not know how they should have got in. The expedition fortunately escaped Nelson's

fleet, and landed at Alexandria, and, from the same reasons we have before mentioned, we will not delay with the events of the campaign, but merely select an illustrative anecdote here and there. Thus, for instance, after the battle of the Pyramids, a great number of Mamluks were drowned, and the soldiers, aware of the custom among them of carrying all their property about their person, were quite in despair at the loss they had suffered. A Gascon soldier of the 32nd, however, contrived an expedient. He bent his bayonet into a hook, and, fastening it to a rope, dragged the river. His example was speedily followed, and the reward was ample; for many soldiers deposited more than 30,000 francs in the regimental chest.

The marshal makes a lame attempt to justify Bonaparte for poisoning the sick men on the retreat, and the massacre of the prisoners taken at Jaffa, but his arguments do not convince us. There is no doubt that they were barbarous measures, and left a deep stain on Napoleon's character. The argument of reciprocity may be very good in war, but supposing that our generals had taken advantage of the brutality of the Russian major, who, after the battle of Inkerman, killed the wounded on the field, a just cry of execration would have been raised through the whole of Europe. We are glad, however, to find that the marshal does not attempt to deny the black business, as many French writers have done; and though we must still deplore it, we may be allowed to ascribe it to error of judgment.

For a long while Bonaparte had received no news from Europe, and it was only by flattering the vanity of General Sidney Smith that he succeeded in procuring a file of papers. The news he found in them decided him on his immediate return. But Marmont must share his fortune, whether good or evil. He sent for him, and said:

"Marmont, I have decided on returning to France, and I intend to take you with me. The state of things in Europe forces me to form this great decision. Misfortunes are oppressing our armies, and God knows how far the enemy may have penetrated. Italy is lost, and the reward of so many efforts, of so much bloodshed, is escaping us. What can be expected from incapables placed at the head of affairs? All is ignorance, stupidity, or corruption with them. It was I alone who supported this burden, and through continual successes gave consistency to the government, which, without me, could never have been established. In my absence all must necessarily collapse. But we must not wait till the destruction becomes complete: the misfortune would be irremediable. The passage to France will be dangerous and hazardous; but it is less so than our voyage here, and that fortune which has sustained me till now will not abandon me at this moment. Besides, a man must know how to run a risk at the right moment. He who never ventures, never gains. I will entrust the army to capable hands. I leave it in a good condition, and after a victory which adjourns to an indefinite period the moment when fresh enterprises will be formed against it. The destruction of the Turkish army and my return will be heard of at the same moment in France. My presence, by exalting their minds, will restore to the army that confidence which it wants, and to good citizens the hope of a better future. There will be a change of opinion greatly to the profit of France. We must try to get home, and we shall succeed."

We all know the miraculous escape which Bonaparte experienced, and his return to France fully justified his expectations. He found it necessary to overthrow the Constituent Assembly, and the 18th Brumaire con-

solidated his power. Marmont throws no new light on this affair, except as to his personal share, which was what might be expected from a young and ardent partisan, who blindly followed the commands of his chief. No scruples embarrassed him as to the future fate of his country; what Napoleon said was law with him, and he was the blind instrument whom the Dictator required for the furtherance of his plans. Not that we blame Napoleon for a moment that he took such measures; the Cromwell of his age was quite justified in employing his purge, and it has been a blessing for France that he liberated her from the tyranny of the many if only to substitute the tyranny of the one. That the nation regarded the affair in this light is evidenced by the fact that the five per cents., which had been down at seven, rose in a few days to thirty francs. After Napoleon had purified the state from some portion of its faults, it was found necessary to borrow money, that the state machine might be kept rolling. Marmont was selected to go to Holland and effect a loan, but he failed through the modesty of his request. He only asked for 500,000*l.*, and was weak enough to offer security. Of course the Dutchmen spurned such a proposal, and they even turned up their snub noses at the diamond, "*Le Regent*," which the commissioner offered to pledge as collateral security. Had it been a *sanspareil* tulip, perhaps he might have met with a better fate. But, suppose Napoleon were to revisit the glimpses of the moon, he would hardly recognise the country he once lorded over. *Pereires* and *Mirès* are now the lords of the ascendant, and lend money to impoverished states, and take pledges not half so valuable as the *Pitt* diamond for security.

Again, the war in Italy broke out, and Marmont was placed at the head of the artillery. The passage of the *St. Bernard* was effected by taking the guns off their limbers and encasing them in hollow willow-trees, by means of which they were dragged over the mountains. The limbers were taken to pieces and transported on the backs of horses. But when all this had been effected, a little mountain fort called *Bard* appeared to afford insurmountable obstacles to the progress of the army. But even this Marmont's genius was enabled to overcome:

Lannes had gone to meet the enemy. Cannon and ammunition were absolutely necessary for him, and must be provided. I formed the boldest and most audacious design, (!!) and I immediately put it in execution, with the permission of the *First Consul*; I attempted to pass the artillery along the main road by night in spite of the proximity of the fort. I commenced my experiments with six guns and six limbers, by taking the following precautions: I covered the wheels, chains, and all the ringing parts of the carriage with twisted hay, spread along the road dung and all the mattresses to be found in the village, and substituted fifty men for the horses, for these might have been heard; a horse if killed would have stopped the whole expedition, while men made no noise, and if killed or wounded, as they were not attached to the carriage, they would not stop the progress.

This plan was eminently successful; the six guns were safely carried through, and the experiment was tried again. The average loss, after the garrison detected the plan, was five to six to each gun-carriage, but that was nothing compared with the possible glory. However, the fort was taken soon after, and the army proceeded into Italy to fight the celebrated battle of *Marengo*, on which the marshal throws a new light, while calmly attributing the entire success to himself:

The space contained between the Bormida, the Fontana Nuova, and Marengo formed the battle-field. Victor, with his two divisions and Kellerman's cavalry, was entrusted with the defence of the first part, beyond and including the village of Marengo; the farm known by the name of Stortigliano, between the Bormida and the stream, was a solid point of this line. Lannes, with the divisions Mounier and Watrin, and General Champeaux's cavalry, had to defend the second part, or the stream of Marengo; thus our line was in a square, and formed almost a right angle at its centre, the village of Marengo. A brigade of Mounier's division, commanded by General Carra St. Cyr, was ordered to occupy and defend the village of Castel Cerriolo, at our extreme right; it was supported by General Champeaux's cavalry. General Revaud's cavalry brigade, encamped at Salo, appeared to have been forgotten, and received no orders during the whole morning.

The enemy attacked simultaneously Marengo, and all the space enclosed between the village and the Bormida, as well as the farm of Stortigliano; but it took place slowly and calmly. A single vigorous stroke would have decided the question and ensured the fate of the day. Victor resisted for a long time, and during several hours repulsed all their attacks. Lannes came up; the enemy tried to turn his right flank by crossing the ditch lower down. Castel Cerriolo having been taken, Lannes, to cover his right, was obliged to bring up his reserves; he retook the village, but soon lost it again.

The stream in front of the French army had been a great obstacle to the deployment of the enemy. No preparations had been made for crossing it, and they were for a long time confined in the narrow limits whence they could not emerge, but at last they succeeded. On the other side, they carried the farm of Stortigliano, turned our left flank, and this part of the French army was in extreme disorder. Our troops then gave up the defences of the French, fell back on Marengo, and finding themselves menaced on both flanks, evacuated the village, and commenced their retreat, which was effected slowly and in good order; they fell back in the direction of San Juliano, marching parallel to the main road. This murderous conflict had reduced the battalions to one-fourth their strength. The artillery had met with a marvellous success; but overpowered by the weight of the enemy's fire, nearly all our guns had been dismounted, and only five were left in a serviceable condition.

The 72nd half-brigade of Mounier's division behaved admirably at the period of this retreat; formed in squares on the level plain, and charged by a heavy body of cavalry, by which it was entirely surrounded, it displayed no sign of fear; the two first ranks fired to the front, while the third wheeled round and fired in the rear; and the enemy's cavalry retired without having broken the line.

It was near on five o'clock, and Boudet's division, on which our safety and our hopes depended, had not arrived. At last it came up. General Desaix preceded it by a few moments, and went to the First Consul. He found the affair in this awkward state, and did not appear disposed to forebode success. A sort of mounted council of war was held, at which I was present; he said to the First Consul, "We want a good battery to startle the enemy, before attempting a fresh charge; without this, it will not succeed; that is the way battles are lost. We want a good round of artillery."

I told him I was about to establish a battery with the five uninjured guns; by joining to these five guns from the Scrivia, which had just come up, and the eight pieces of his division, I should have a battery of eighteen guns. "Very good," Desaix said to me, "my dear Marmont, guns, guns, and put them to the best possible use." The eighteen guns were soon placed in position. They occupied the half of the right front of the army, so much was that front reduced. The guns on the left went to the right of the San Juliano road. A lively and sudden fire caused the enemy to hesitate and then stop. During this time the Boudet division formed, partly in columns of attack in division, and partly deployed. When the moment had arrived, the First Consul galloped

along the lines, and electrified them by his presence and a few words; after twenty minutes' brisk firing, the army prepared to advance. My battery was soon outstripped, and I gave orders to follow the movement. I commanded my men to wheel round and follow, but had great difficulty in effecting it, for the gunners still continued to fire between the gaps in our small battalions. At length the general movement had been carried out by the divisions, and I had reached the left of the position, where there were three guns, two eight-pounders and a howitzer, served by the gunners of the Consul's Guard; by means of threats I set them in motion, and the horses were attached to the prolong to wheel about, when suddenly I saw the 30th half-brigade before me in utter disorder. I immediately put my three guns in position and loaded them with canister; but I waited before I fired. I perceived, about fifty paces from the 30th, in the midst of a dense smoke and dust, a column in good order; at first I thought it French, but I soon saw it was the head of a heavy column of Austrian grenadiers. We had the time to fire at them four rounds of canister from our three guns, and immediately after, Kellerman, with 400 sabres—the relic of his brigade—flew past my battery, and made a vigorous charge on the left flank of the enemy's column, which laid down its arms. Had the charge been made three minutes later, our guns would have been taken or withdrawn. Had it not been for my firing, the enemy would probably have been prepared for the cavalry charge.

So Marmont won the battle of Marengo. I thus generally been supposed that Desaix was the hero of the day; but we were mistaken. We must even resign those beautiful words which Desaix is popularly supposed to have uttered on receiving his death-blow, for he was shot through the heart, and fell without saying a word. We are afraid that the same disillusion may be true about many generals who have died with heroic sentiments on their lips.

The marshal has a very happy talent of sketching a man's character in one short, pregnant sentence. What can be better, for instance, than this anecdote of Savary, who had been in a measure adopted by Desaix, and owed him everything? On the day of the battle he had asked Marmont where he could find Kellerman, and the next day he said, "It took place while I was talking to you. When I returned and found him dead, you can imagine what my feelings must have been; and I said to myself immediately, 'Whatever will become of me?'"

Marmont was sent home after the battle to deliver over the captured flags, but soon returned to the army of Italy, which was now placed under the command of General Brune, whom Marmont describes as utterly incapable. He had been originally a printer, formed the Cordeliers Club, and so became intimate with Danton. Through this he was appointed general of a revolutionary army. On returning to Paris he was engaged in the business of the 13th Vendémiaire, and formed an acquaintance with Bonaparte, who took a great fancy to him, for no other reason, probably, than the effect always produced on him by tall persons. After serving some time in Holland, he was selected to take Masséna's place at the head of the army of Italy. An unsatisfactory campaign terminated with an armistice, and the destruction of several strong places in Italy and the fortifications of Alexandria as the key of the country.

Davoust commanded the cavalry of the army of Italy, and Marmont thus had opportunity of forming an opinion of his character, which is, as usual, unfavourable.

Davoust constituted himself the spy of the emperor, and made daily reports to him. He took advantage of private conversations to denounce his friends, and many a ruined man was ignorant for a long time of the cause of his disgrace. Davoust had some degree of probity; but the emperor, by his gifts, so surpassed the limits of his possible wants, that he would have been most culpable had he enriched himself by illicit means. His income reached the enormous sum of 1,500,000 francs. Fond of discipline, and providing carefully for the wants of his troops, he was just, but harsh to his officers, and was not loved by them. He did not want for courage; and while possessing but slight abilities and education, he displayed immense perseverance, great zeal, and feared neither suffering nor fatigue. Of a ferocious character, on the slightest pretext and without any ceremony, he hung up the inhabitants of conquered countries. I saw, in the environs of Vienna and Presbourg, the roads and trees furnished with his victims.

We will throw in one more anecdote for the due appreciation of Davoust's character :

In his expressions he would give the most exaggerated notions of his devotion to the emperor. Thus, in a conversation I had with him at Vienna, in 1809, we were talking on this subject, when Davoust declared his devotion was superior to that of all others. "Certainly," he said, "it is believed with reason that Maret is devoted to the emperor, but not to the same extent as myself. If the emperor were to say to both of us, 'It is important to my policy that Paris should be destroyed without a single person escaping,' Maret would keep the secret, I am sure, but he would not refrain from compromising it by aiding his family to escape; while I, through fear of letting the secret ooze out, would leave my wife and children there." Such was Davoust.

During the Italian campaign Marmont had paid special attention to the state of the artillery, and drew up a report on his return to Paris, with which the First Consul was so satisfied that he appointed him inspector-general of the artillery,—an unexampled thing for a man only eight-and-twenty years of age. In his new post he worked very hard, and soon brought the artillery to a satisfactory condition. While engaged in these affairs, the King of England thought proper to pick a quarrel à l'allemande, which Bonaparte could not stomach. War was declared, and the great army of England was put on the coast, whence it could enjoy, on a fine day, the white cliffs of perfidious Albion. At this period, Fulton offered the First Consul his scheme of steam navigation, but was treated as a charlatan, in spite of Marmont's remonstrances. Many discussions have been raised whether Bonaparte seriously intended to invade England; but Marmont answers decidedly in the affirmative. This expedition was the most ardent desire of his life, and his dearest hope. But he had no intention of carrying it out in a hazardous manner; he wished to be master of the sea, and under the protection of a good squadron; and he proved that, in spite of the numerical inferiority of his navy, he could execute it. The pretence of employing the flotilla to fight, was only a means to distract the enemy's attention, and cause him to lose sight of the real project, but, really, his flotilla was only intended for the transport of the army; it was the bridge destined to serve for the passage; the embarkation and debarkation could be effected in a few hours, and the only thing demanding time would be leaving the port, which would require two tides. Unfortunately, Villeneuve spoiled all the carefully arranged combinations, and England was saved from becoming a French prefecture.

Still, Marmont was not satisfied with his exalted position in the artillery, and never rested until he obtained from Bonaparte the command of an army. In 1804 he succeeded in being appointed commander-in-chief of the camp of Utrecht, and a new career was opened up before him. He found the army, hitherto under the command of Victor, in a fearful condition, and laboured indefatigably till he had restored it to its proper state. He was therefore much annoyed when, at the foundation of the Empire, all the commanders of divisional armies were made marshals except himself. He was, however, consoled by the emperor deigning to explain to him the reason in the following flattering words: "If Bessières had not been named on this occasion, he would never have had a chance; but you are not in that position, and you will be all the greater when your elevation is the reward of your actions." The principal result of Marmont's encampment in Holland will be found in a turf pyramid he erected, and which still is known by the name of Marmont Berg. At the coronation he was appointed colonel-general of the Chasseurs, and at the same time found himself in the critical position of adviser-general to Joseph Bonaparte, who did not at all like the position which the emperor designed for him as king of Italy. Marmont honestly advised him to refuse, in order that he might not resign his rights to the crown of France. He was the only one of the family in whom the nation could place any confidence, if the emperor died without issue. Joseph followed the advice, chiefly, we must confess, as he said himself in enumerating his catalogue of complaints against his brother, "because he wanted him to take that shabby title of *king*, so odious to the French." The emperor, less scrupulous and timid, assumed the title himself.

On Marmont's return to Holland, he took with him the most severe orders against any commerce between Holland and England. He was even authorised to seize all English goods then in Holland, sell them, and divide the proceeds among the army; in other words, to pocket three-fourths for himself—an affair of more than twelve million francs. But Marmont resisted such an act of injustice, and contented himself with giving ample notice, and seizing any ships which came into port in defiance of him. The proceeds of the sale of these was divided among the soldiers, and made rich men of them for several campaigns.

The news of the Austrian occupation of Bavaria broke up the great flotilla, to the intense delight of the troops, who were worn out with the delay. An immense army of 170,000 men, all panting for glory, marched on the Rhine, and the temper they displayed was a guarantee that the Austrians would soon be punished for their daring attempt to beard the scourge of Europe. The violation of the Prussian territory estranged a faithful ally, and Marmont gives a curious account of the way his opinions were changed:

The reasons which induced the King of Prussia to alter his decision reached my knowledge at a later date, and as I had them direct from Prince Metternich, they deserve insertion in this place.

The king had formally announced his intention to remain neutral, but the Emperor Alexander, counting on the weakness of the king and the allies he had at court, did not doubt but that he could succeed in bringing him over, so he marched his columns without hesitation into Polish Prussia, in order to reach the Austrian territory. Prince Dolgourouki, aide-de-camp to the emperor, was

sent to Berlin to inform the king that the Russian troops would enter the Prussian territory on a certain day. Count Alopeus, Russian envoy at Berlin, immediately took Dolgourouki to an audience with the king, to make the communication. He was accompanied by Count Metternich, the Austrian minister. The king replied angrily, and declared that this contempt of his rights would force him to throw himself into the arms of the French; and he told Dolgourouki that the only remedy was to start immediately, and stay the Russian columns before they entered Prussia, which was nearly impossible, seeing the shortness of the time. This stormy conference was nearly concluded, and the affair appeared irremediable, when a tap was heard at the door. A minister entered, and brought the official report of the march of the French troops, and their entry into the principality of Anspach. The king grew calm immediately, and said to Prince Dolgourouki, "From this moment my resolutions are changed, and I become the ally of the Emperors of Russia and Austria." And he remained faithful to this decision, which honour commanded him to follow, but which was at first so ruinous for him.

Such was the result of that contempt for the law of nations, which Napoleon was too often guilty of when he fancied himself the stronger. By respecting the Prussian territory, which would have been a very easy matter, Napoleon would have had an ally instead of a furious enemy. But little did the emperor seek any future requital, when the present brought him such glorious results as the evacuation of Ulm. It must have been an intoxicating sight to notice 28,000 Austrian troops passing through the new *Furcæ Caudinæ*. And such a reward for a month's labour! After this result, Marmont was sent into Styria to drive out the remaining Austrians, in which he was perfectly successful, and established his head-quarters at Gratz. The French army entered Vienna on the 21st of November, and the campaign assumed quite a new direction, by the bridge of Thabor falling into their hands. The way in which it was secured is so curious that it merits quotation:

After Vienna had been occupied, the French troops proceeded to the banks of the Danube, which is of great width at that spot. The Austrians had made all preparations to defend the passage and destroy the bridge built upon piles, which maintained the communication between the capital and Bohemia and Moravia. Formidable batteries placed on the left bank, and the bridge covered with combustibles, rendered the defence easy. A spark could destroy it when the French troops arrived at the entrance. At their head were Murat, Lannes, and Oudinot.

The Germans are naturally saving and economical, and a bridge of that description costs a good deal of money. Murat and Lannes, both Gascons, hit on the idea of profiting by this feeling. They set their troops in movement without displaying the least hesitation. They were ordered to stop: they did so, but replied that an armistice had been agreed to, which gave us the right of passing the river. The marshals, leaving the troops, went alone over to the left bank to speak with Prince Auersperg, who commanded, giving the columns orders to advance imperceptibly. The conversation grew animated: the stupid prince was deluded by all sorts of stories, and during this time the troops were gaining ground, and openly throwing into the Danube the powder and combustibles which strewed the bridge. The lowest soldiers began to suspect treachery and deception, and they soon began to grow excited.

An old sergeant of artillery came up to the prince and said to him, angrily and impatiently, "General, they are deluding and deceiving you, and I shall give fire." The moment was critical: all was apparently lost, when Lannes, with that presence of mind which never deserted him, and that instinctive knowledge of the human heart the peculiar heritage of the southerners, summoned to his

aid the Austrian pedantry, and exclaimed, "What, general, you allow yourself to be treated in that way! What has become, then, of the Austrian discipline, so much lauded through Europe?" The bait took: the weak prince, piqued in his honour, was very angry with the sergeant, and put him under arrest. The troops came up, took guns, generals, and soldiers, and the Danube was crossed. Never has a similar occurrence taken place in circumstances so important and so difficult.

Not having been present at the battle of Austerlitz, Marmont gives no description of it. It is curious, however, that at this battle the Russians employed for the last time a very strange custom, which they had constantly followed till this time. Before charging, the whole line was ordered to take off knapsacks, and they remained there during the combat. The French army found, after the battle of Austerlitz, ten thousand knapsacks arranged in line. Marmont marched on Vienna, but, to his great disappointment, heard at Neustadt of the armistice concluded at Austerlitz on the 6th of December. Had it not been for this, a great battle would have taken place beneath the walls of Vienna, in which he might have played an important part, as he formed the vanguard, and his troops were quite fresh. He was consequently obliged to return to Styria without any additional glory—a sad blow for a rising young general in those days of rapid promotion.

After passing the winter in Styria, Marmont proceeded to occupy Corinthia, Carniola, and Trieste, to be evacuated as soon as they gave up to the French the provinces of Istria and Dalmatia, with the embouchure of the Cattaro. But, instead of keeping to these conditions, the Austrians gave up the Cattaro to the Russian admiral, Sinavin. This breach of faith was punished by the retention of Brunnau. While quartered in Friuli, Marmont made a visit to Milan to pay his respects to Eugène Beauharnais, then Viceroy of Italy, and recently married to a Bavarian princess. The following is the character Marmont draws of him:

Eugène gave himself up with ardour to the execution of his duties. A good young man, not very highly gifted, but possessing common sense, his military capacity was mediocre, but he did not want for bravery. His contact with the emperor had developed his faculties: he had acquired that knowledge which is almost always obtained by holding important offices at an early age, but he was always far from possessing the talent necessary for the proper discharge of the duties entrusted to him.

He has been praised excessively: his devotion and fidelity in the crisis of 1814, more especially, have been very highly spoken of. His pretended talents were confined to carrying on a very unsatisfactory campaign, and the fidelity so much lauded had the result of his doing precisely the opposite of what had been prescribed to him, and precisely what was wanted to overthrow the building. He had formed a too flattering idea of his position: he believed in the possibility of an independent sovereign existence, but a few days were sufficient to undeceive him. He had built upon clouds.

The close of the second volume of these interesting Memoirs is devoted to the campaign in Dalmatia, whence the Russians were easily expelled, and Marmont took up his head-quarters at Zara.

LOST AND FOUND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY."

I.

THE crowd was pouring out of a fashionable episcopal chapel at the west-end of London; many of them one upon another, for it was the height of the season, and the chapel was popular. The carriages drove rapidly off with their freights, nearly all; about half a dozen only remained, waiting for those who stayed to the after-service. It had become a recent custom with the preacher, Dr. Channing, to hold it every Sunday. A regal-looking, stately girl came out nearly last, and entered one of the carriages. The footman closed the door after her, but he did not ascend to his place, nor did the carriage drive off. It was Miss Channing, and she took her seat there to wait for her father.

Following her out, almost immediately, came a tall, gentlemanly, but young man, whose piercing hazel eyes were pleasant to look upon. He advanced to the carriage door, and shook hands with her.

"You are not staying to-day, Margaret! Are you ill? I saw you hasten out."

"I felt too ill to stay," was Miss Channing's answer, whilst a rosy blush, which had stolen to her face at sound of his voice, began rapidly to fade. "I suppose it is the heat."

"You are turning deadly pale now, Margaret. I hope you will not faint. Three or four ladies were carried out this morning, I saw."

"I never fainted in my life," she replied. "I am made of sterner stuff. I shall soon be better, now I am in the air."

"Margaret——"

He looked round, as he spoke the word, to make sure that the servants were not within hearing; and that suspicious crimson came mixing with the paleness again. He resumed, in a low tone,

"Margaret, don't you think we are going on in a very unsatisfactory way? I do."

"I think," she said, as if evasively, "that you ought to remember the place we have just quitted, and choose serious subjects to converse upon."

An amused expression rose in his handsome eyes. "If this is not a serious subject, Margaret, I should like to know what is."

"Oh, but I mean—another sort of seriousness. You know what I mean. Adam, I shall never make you religious."

"Yes you shall, Margaret: when you have the right to make me what you please."

"How did you like papa's sermon to-day?" she interrupted, hastily.

"Very much, of course," was the answer.

"That portion of it about David and Saul?"

"I did not notice that," he was obliged to confess. "I do believe, Margaret, I was thinking more of you than of the sermon."

"Oh, Adam! that is so bad a habit, letting the thoughts wander in church! But it may be overcome."

"Yes, yes; I mean to overcome it, and everything else that you disapprove. Margaret, I have made up my mind to risk our chance. I shall speak to Dr. Channing."

"If you do, I will never speak to you again. We must wait."

"Wait—wait! That has been the burden of your song this twelve-month, Margaret. But I am growing tired of waiting. I assure you I have been, this last week, in a desperate humour. Other men, who are established, can marry when they please, and I must not even ask for you! You know Eddison?"

"A little."

"Well, he met with a young lady, down at his brother's place, only last Easter, and arrangements are already made for their marriage."

"Papa will not part with me."

"That fixed idea of yours, Margaret, is nothing more than an illusion. Your father, of all men, is not one to fly in the face of scriptural commands. It would be—what's that word clergymen so dread? Simony?"

"How very ridiculous you are this morning!" interrupted Miss Channing. "Simony!"

"Sacrilege, then. And he knows it is written that a man and wife are to leave father and mother, and cleave to each other. Does he want you to stop with him until you are forty?"

"And besides——"

"Besides what?" he inquired, when Miss Channing stopped.

"I cannot talk about it now. You had better say farewell, Adam. They will soon be out of church, so few are stopping."

He shook hands, as a preliminary to departure, but, lover-like, lingered on. Lingered till Dr. Channing appeared. A short, fair, gentlemanly-looking divine: in face very unlike his daughter.

"Ah, Mr. Grainger, how d'ye do? I saw you in your place as usual. Hope Mrs. Grainger's quite well. It is too far for her to come. And a long way for you, every Sunday morning. I am truly happy to find a *young* man so earnest and regular in his attendance where his mind can receive the benefit of sound doctrine."

An ingenuous flush dyed Mr. Grainger's countenance. But he was unable to reject the compliment. He could not tell the self-satisfied doctor that the attraction lay neither in the church nor the orthodox sermons, but in the pretty face of the preacher's daughter.

It was only within a year that Dr. Channing had preached in London, drawing fashion to his fashionable chapel. Previous to that, his ministry had lain in the country, as rector of Ashton-cum-Creepham—a profitable living that, but nothing to what he was gaining now. His only child, Margaret, had formed a school friendship with Isabel Grainger, more deep and lasting than school friendships generally are. Highly respectable people were the Graingers, Mr. Grainger, the father, holding a valuable appointment in a wealthy insurance-office. They lived in the neighbourhood of London, in rather more style than the Channings—than the Channings did, then, at Ashton Rectory—and the families, through the young ladies, became intimate. It was thus that Miss Channing met with Isabel's only brother, Adam. He was in the office with his father, sufficiently high-spirited and handsome for any girl to fall in love with—though, as Isabel used to say, he was remarkably fond of having his own way. Some two years after she had left school, a lingering illness attacked Isabel Grainger. The symptoms from trifling grew to serious, from serious to hopeless. During its progress, the Channings removed to London, Dr. Channing having given up his rectory for a

West-end chapel. Margaret, who had recently lost her mother, was allowed to spend a good portion of time with her friend, and it was round Isabel's death-bed that the predilection between Margaret and Adam grew into love. Since then, other changes had taken place. Mr. Grainger had died, Adam had succeeded to his post in the insurance-office, and to a salary of eight hundred a year. Mr. Grainger had enjoyed considerably more, and it was reasonable to expect that Adam also would, in time. But he thought he could marry very well upon that. But Dr. and Miss Channing had not become denizens of town, and of Eaton-place, for nothing. They were grand people now, living amongst the grand; and they had, perhaps insensibly, acquired grand ideas. Margaret's ambition and Margaret's heart were at variance. Love prompted her to marry Adam Grainger: ambition said, Psha! he is nobody; *I* may aspire to a higher sphere. And it is possible these ideas may, in a degree, have weakened her love.

Miss Channing went out the following morning, and did not reach home till luncheon time. It was waiting in the dining-room. She threw her bonnet on a side table, sat down before the tray, and began. Her father was frequently not in at that meal: at any rate, it was his desire that he should never be waited for. Something that she wanted was not on the table, and she rang for it.

"Papa is out, I suppose?" she carelessly observed to the man, as he was leaving the room.

"No, miss, he is in his study."

"Then tell him I have begun. Why did you not tell him before?"

"A gentleman is with him, miss. Mr. Grainger."

Mr. Grainger! All Margaret's appetite left her on the instant. She laid down her knife and fork, and rose in agitation. "To bring matters to an issue so very soon!" was her resentful thought.

A few minutes, and Margaret heard *his* footsteps. They were leaving the house. Her father came into the dining-room. Dr. Channing was a passionless man, rarely giving way to emotion of any kind, save in the pulpit. He was apt to grow excited then, but in ordinary life his exterior was becomingly calm. He sat down, took some fowl on his plate, and requested his daughter to cut him a slice of ham.

She proceeded to do so, her heart beating violently. Scarcely conscious what she was about.

"Margaret!" exclaimed the doctor, after an interval.

She looked up at him.

"Are you expecting visitors?"

"No, papa. Why?"

"You are cutting enough ham for half a dozen people. Do you wish me to eat all that?"

She blushed violently at the mistake she had made, and pushed the superfluous slices out of sight, underneath the joint. She then rose and stood at the window, looking out, but seeing nothing. There she stood till lunch was over.

The suspense was choking her. If Adam Grainger had been asking for her, she must either refuse or accept him: if the latter, why all her glowing dreams of ambition would fly away; if the former, life would become a blank she scarcely dared contemplate. It seemed that her father was not going to speak. The tray was gone down, and he had

taken up a book. Margaret was a straightforward girl : she liked to know the worst of things : it was better to bear than uncertainty. If her father did not speak presently, she would.

"Papa—was not that Mr. Grainger who went out?"

"It was. Mr. Grainger is not the only visitor I have had this morning," added Dr. Channing, looking at Margaret's back, for her face was turned away. "Colonel Hoare has been here."

More perplexity for Margaret. Colonel the Honourable Gregory Hoare was the father of Captain Hoare ; and Captain Hoare was the most inveterate admirer she had, next to Mr. Grainger. A suspicion had more than once crossed Margaret's mind that he was the one for whom she should sometime discard Adam Grainger.

"Come, Margaret, it is of no use beating about the bush," said Dr. Channing. "Did you know of these visits? Let us begin with Mr. Grainger. Were you aware of the purport?"

"Not exactly."

"That is no answer. Did you send Adam Grainger to me with a demand that I should allow you to become his wife?"

"No," said Margaret.

"I thought so. I informed him that he must be labouring under a mistake. He said there was an attachment between you, and that it had existed some time."

"Oh, papa!" stammered the confused girl, "gentlemen do assert such strange things!"

"The very remark I made to him—that it was the strangest piece of rigmarole I ever heard. He persisted in it."

"How did it end? what was the result?" she inquired, still staring from the window and seeing nothing. "I suppose you refused him, papa?"

"There was nothing else to do. You don't want to marry a tradesman, I conclude—and really those insurance-office people are little better than tradesmen," added the reverend divine.

Margaret's cheek burnt, and Margaret's heart rebelled ; and she winced, for his sake, at those slighting words, as she would have winced at an insult to herself.

"Did you quarrel?" she inquired, drawing a deep breath.

"What did you say? Quarrel? I never quarrel with any one. I was especially civil to the young man. He harped upon the former intimacy of the families—as if that gave him the right to ask for you. I cut that argument short by reminding him that the intimacy, as he persisted in terming it, arose from nothing but a school-girl acquaintance-ship. I also took pains to point out to him that Miss Channing, as the daughter of a country rector, and Miss Channing in her present sphere, were two people entirely distinct and different. And I suggested to him that his visits might cease, as they would not be pleasant here, after so singular a misapprehension."

A spasm of pain flitted over Margaret's features. Dr. Channing saw it.

"Margaret!" he hastily said, in a sharper accent than was common for the equable Dr. Channing, "are not these your own sentiments? Do you regret my dismissal of this young man?"

"No, no, papa," she replied, rousing herself. "It is best as it is. I would not have married him."

"Captain Hoare would be more agreeable to you, perhaps?"

"Captain Hoare?"

"I observed to you that Colonel Hoare had called. The first time he has done me the honour, although they attend my chapel. If ever there was a proud family, it is those Hoares. However—I have nothing to say against becoming pride. Colonel Hoare believes that his son and Miss Channing look on each other with a favourable eye. Is it so, Margaret?"

"Did he—for Captain Hoare—make me an offer of marriage?" rejoined Margaret, in a low tone, evading the question and asking another.

"It was coming to it—as I believe—when that young Grainger interrupted us, and Spilson was such a marplot as to usher him into the same room. The next time Spilson does such a stupid thing he may take his wages. Upjumped the colonel, and said he would call in later. I should like Captain Hoare to be my son-in-law, Margaret. There's not a better family in England than the Hoares, and the mother, Lady Sophia, looks a charming woman. That will be a desirable connexion if you like!"

So Margaret thought. Vain ambition rose up in her heart, overshadowing, for the moment, all unpleasant regrets.

"We appointed half-past three this afternoon, therefore Colonel Hoare will be here then. The conference is to relate to money and settlements. It would be proper, he said, for us to agree upon that score before matters went on further."

"Papa," asked Margaret, "had Mr. Grainger been in the position of Captain Hoare, possessing wealth and family, would you have objected to him?"

"No. I like the young man exceedingly. But your interests must be paramount. Where was the use of your asking that?"

"Indeed where! It was only a sudden thought."

A friend called to take Miss Channing for a drive. It was late when she returned, and then her father, as she expected, had gone out to dine with a brother clergyman. She was anxious to know what arrangements had been concluded with Colonel Hoare. She pictured herself the future bride of his distinguished son, she held her head an inch higher as she dwelt on it, and kept repeating to herself that she *would* like him, she *would* forget Adam Grainger.

Easier said than done, Miss Channing.

She dined alone, and then went up to dress, for she was engaged to an evening party, where she would be joined by her father. Captain Hoare was to be there too—oh! let her look her best. And she did so. Entering the dining-room for a moment, as she descended, who should be in it but Mr. Grainger. She quite started back. Though her heart, true to itself, beat with pleasure, her conscience dreaded the interview; and could he or she have vanished into air, after the fashion of an apparition, it had been welcome to Margaret.

"Margaret," he exclaimed, seizing her hand, "I have waited here a whole half hour; it has seemed to me like a day."

"I did not expect you," she faltered.

"You must have expected me," was the impatient rejoinder. "Margaret! the answer your father gave me this morning was not *your* answer!"

"How can I go against my father?"

"The question was not mooted of whether I should call you wife," he continued, more and more impetuously, "we did not get so far; that—if you will—must come later; but he said there was no attachment between us—said it, as I understood, from you. What does that mean?"

"Not from me," she replied, in a timid tone; "I had not then spoken with him. But—Adam—my father says that what has been between us must be so no longer."

"Do you dare to tell me to my face that our long love is wasted? A thing to be forgotten from henceforth—thrown away as worthless?"

"You terrify me," she said, bursting into tears, for indeed she was in a confused state of perplexity. And serve her right!

"Margaret, my love," he whispered, changing his angry tone for one of sweet tenderness, "'terrify' is a strange word for you to use to me. Perhaps we are mistaking each other: will you give me leave to ask for you of your father?"

Her heart hesitated then, her deep love shone out prominently before her, her spirit told her that her life's happiness was bound up in him: should she wilfully throw it away for ever? It was a heavy responsibility to be decided in that hurried moment. A belief, bearing its own conviction, was within her, that if *she* wished to marry Adam Grainger, her father would not hold out against it, for she was very dear to him. But, in their turn, arose other visions: of the pomps and pride of the world, and the lust and luxury of high life: all very attractive vanities, and in which she would revel to the full, should she become the envied daughter-in-law of the Honourable Colonel and Lady Sophia Hoare. Her resolve was taken, and she steeled her heart to him who stood there.

"Margaret," he panted, "what is it that has come between us? To you I will not repeat what Dr. Channing said—and I have thought, since, that I may have mistaken him when he seemed to insinuate that I was not your equal. Surely you cannot doubt my ability to afford you a suitable home?"

"Adam—I fear—there is no help for it. We must part."

He folded his arms and looked at her, breathing heavily. "It appears that I must be also mistaking *you*. Say that again."

"I am very sorry, Adam. I shall always think of you with regret. I hope——"

"Stop!" he thundered, "do not let us bandy compliments in a moment like this. Give me an unvarnished answer. Is it your wish that we part, and become as strangers?"

"The wish is urged by necessity," she murmured, "not choice."

"What necessity?"

"My father's will. He says—he does say, Adam—that I must marry in a higher sphere."

"We will not speak now of your father's will," he hoarsely repeated; "I demand whether it is your will that I ask for you?"

"No," she was obliged to reply; "it is too late. It must not be."

He snapped at the words "too late," chafing with passion. "Too late! what folly are you talking? In what way is it too late? Are you promised to another?"

A desperate resolution came over her—that she would tell him the

truth. It would serve to put an end to this scene, which was becoming too painful. "I believe I am," she said, scarcely above a whisper.

A sudden paleness overspread his heated face, and he drew his hand across his brow. Heavy drops of emotion had gathered there.

"God forgive you!" he breathed. "As true as that you are a false woman, Margaret Channing, you will live to repent of this."

"I hope that—after a while—you will forgive me. I hope when our feelings—yes, *ours*—have softened down, that we shall renew our friendship. Why should we not? It would be valuable to have you for a friend through life."

"Who is it?" he rejoined, with unnatural calmness.

"Captain Hoare. But, oh, Adam!" she added, with a burst of irrepressible feeling that ought to have been kept in, and she laid her hand upon his arm, as in the days of their affection, "do not think I love him! In one sense I am not false to you, for I can never love him, or any one, as I have loved you. The marriage is suitable, and I have fallen into it from worldly motives. It will take me years—it will—even of my marriage life—to forget you. Give me your forgiveness now, before we part."

For answer, he cast upon her a long look of withering contempt, shook her hand from his arm as if it had been a loathsome thing, and flung himself out at the door.

She sank down on a chair and gave vent to a passionate burst of tears; loud, heavy cries, as one hears from a child. Now that it was done, she would have given the whole world to recal him, and she thought her heart was breaking. She took no heed of the minutes as they passed; those shrieking sobs only grew more hysterical. When she became calmer she dragged herself up-stairs and shut herself in her room, proceeding to bathe her eyes and obliterate the signs of her emotion. Then she descended to the carriage, which had long waited for her.

With the lighted rooms, the music, and the gay crowd she was soon mixing in, Margaret's spirits returned. "I *will* strive—I will thrust regret and care from me," she murmured; "the anguish will not be so great if I make a resolute effort against it. How late Captain Hoare is!"

If Margaret had but known what was detaining him!

Captain Hoare dined that day with some young men at their club, and only went home afterwards to dress. His father and mother were sitting alone: the colonel over his wine.

"What's the news?" cried the captain, as he sat down. "No, thank you: it is too hot for port. I don't mind a glass of claret."

He had asked the question in a listless sort of manner, as if not very much caring whether he received an answer or not. Consequently he was scarcely prepared for the sharp way in which his mother, arousing herself from her after-dinner drowsiness, took him up.

"The news is this, sir, that you ought to have inquired further, before despatching your father on a fool's errand. Twice he went."

"A fool's errand!" echoed the gallant captain.

"A fruitless one," interposed the colonel. "We were much against the match in every way, Edward, as you know, for the Channings are not people to mate with us, but——"

"It was derogatory even to think of it," interrupted Lady Sophia. "I strove to impress that upon you, colonel, before you went."

"My dear—Edward was so bent upon it: and I thought there mi

be mitigating circumstances. If the girl had had twenty or thirty thousand pounds told down with her, one might have swallowed it. However, all's well that ends well. Channing refuses to give her any until his death, so the matter is at an end."

"Why does he refuse?" asked the captain, with a very blank look.

"He told me he should give her none before he died, and that what there would be for her then, the precise amount, he really could not state. And he proceeded to ask me, in a tone of resentment, if I had come there to make a *barter* for his daughter."

"I hope this will cure you of looking for a wife in a plebeian family, son Edward," observed Lady Sophia. "Your brothers have both married women of title—and I am sick and tired of advising you to do the same. It would not have been convenient to them to receive Miss Channing as a sister-in-law. Who are these Channings? Nobody. He was nothing but a country parson: it is only since he got this chapel that even their name has been heard of."

"But Miss Channing will surely have money, sir," remonstrated Captain Hoare, passing over his mother's remarks without comment.

"Whether she will have a thousand pounds, or whether she will have fifty thousand, is nothing to us," was Colonel Hoare's reply. "You cannot marry her upon the uncertainty. I should never give my consent. I tell you—indeed I told you before—that my only inducement was the hope that she might be a large fortune. You must give her up."

"Well—if there's no help for it. I don't feel inclined to marry the best girl that ever stepped, unless she can bring grist to the mill."

"There is plenty of time for you to think of marrying," cried Lady Sophia. "I cannot imagine what put such a thing in your head. Pray forget this nonsensical episode of romance, Edward."

"I suppose I must," said the young officer to himself. "But she was a deuced nice girl, and I took it for granted the old parson would give her lots of tin."

So, little wonder Captain Hoare was late. When he entered, the evening was drawing to a close. Miss Channing was waltzing, in exuberant spirits—so far as anything appeared to the contrary. He came up to her when she was free. She was standing in the recess of the bow-window, which opened upon a small terrace filled with exotics—a London apology for a garden. At the moment no one was there but herself, so they were comparatively alone. Captain Hoare took her hand in silence.

"I thought you told me you should be here early?" she exclaimed.

"I did mean to be. But—as things have turned out—I doubted whether I ought to appear at all, and lost time deliberating. Then an irresistible impulse seized me to come and bid you a last farewell. And why not? Nobody here knows what has passed, or will be the wiser."

Had he spoken in Hebrew, his words could not have been much more unintelligible to Miss Channing.

"Bid me farewell!" she repeated. "I do not understand. Is your regiment ordered abroad?"

Neither did Captain Hoare understand, just then. "Perhaps you have not seen Dr. Channing?" he exclaimed, after a pause, as a sudden idea occurred to him.

"I have not seen papa since the middle of the day."

"You are not ignorant, dear Miss Channing, that I had set my heart

and mind upon you," he rejoined, gently retaining her hand, and lowering his voice to a whisper. "I do not think you could have mistaken my sentiments, although they were only implied."

Her blushing cheek and downcast eye told that she had not.

"And now to have these delightful hopes knocked on the head by two crabbed old fathers is almost more than mortal ought to stand. I can only hope you will not feel it as I do."

A cold shiver of dismay ran through the heart of Margaret Channing.

"I am not quite sure what it is you mean," she faltered.

"What a blessing if there were no such thing as money in the world! My father called on Dr. Channing this afternoon to open negotiations, and the two must get differing about the base-metal part of the transaction. So he came home, laid his embargo on me, and ordered me to consign you to the regions of forgetfulness. You will, no doubt, receive the same command, as to me, from Dr. Channing. The unnaturally hard stuff that fathers are made of!"

She could not entirely prevent the expression of her wounded feelings struggling to her face. Captain Hoare saw its paleness, and spoke with more feeling than he had hitherto displayed.

"Dear Miss Channing, I am deeply sorry for this termination to our valued friendship. I should have been proud and happy to call you my wife, and that I may not do so is, believe me, no fault of mine. We may not act against circumstances, but I shall regret this day to the last hour of my life. And now I will say farewell: it is painful to me to linger here, as it must be painful to you."

He wrung her hand, and quitted the rooms; and Margaret Channing's spirit sank within her. Confused visions of the true heart she had thrown away for *nothing* rose before her in bitter mockery. One came up and claimed her for the dance: she did not know what she answered, save that it was an abrupt refusal. She sank down in a sort of apathy, and presently she discerned her father making his way towards her.

"I suppose you are not ready to go home, Margaret?"

"Oh yes I am, papa. My head aches with the heat, as it did yesterday in church. I shall be glad to go."

"Then say good night to Mrs. Goldingham, and come."

"Thankfully," she muttered to herself. "Anything to be alone."

Until they were nearly at home Dr. Channing was silent, leaning back in his corner of the carriage. It was in sight when he raised himself to speak.

"A pretty sort of a high and mighty fellow that Colonel Hoare is! Do you know what he wanted?"

"No," was Margaret's answer.

"Wanted me to undertake to give you twenty thousand pounds down on your wedding-day, condescendingly intimating that it might be settled upon you. I told him I should not do it: that what would come to you would come at my death, and not before."

"And then?" repeated Margaret, in a low, apathetical sort of voice—"what did he say then?"

"Then he stiffly rose, said the proposal he had hoped to make on behalf of his son must remain unmade, and so marched out. They are a proud, stuck-up set, Margaret: we are better off without them."

"Yes. Perhaps we are."

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"Yes. Perhaps we are."

"You do not regret it, child?" he added, a shade of anxiety visible in his voice.

"Papa, I do not regret Captain Hoare. I do not really care for him."

II.

It was a foggy day in November, sixteen or seventeen months subsequent to the above events. The dusk of evening was drawing on, and Margaret Channing sat in front of a large fire, her eyes fixed dreamily on the red coals. What did she see in them? Was she tracing out the fatal mistake she had made? She had been a sadder and a wiser girl since then.

Never but once since had she seen Adam Grainger; and that was at the house of a mutual friend. He had addressed her in a more freezingly polite tone than he would have used to greet a stranger, and in a few minutes quitted the house, although he had gone there with the intention of spending the evening. It is probable he was aware that money matters had been the stumbling-block to her proposed union with Captain Hoare, since the facts had become known at the time. Margaret despised herself thoroughly for the despicable part she had played. She was endowed with sound sense and good feeling, and she now believed that a species of mania must have come over her. But she had reaped her punishment: for her heart's sunshine had gone out with Adam Grainger.

A circumstance had this day caused her mind to revert more particularly to the past: the announcement in the public papers of the marriage of Captain Hoare. He had wedded a high-born lady, one of his own order. Strange to say, Miss Channing had not received an offer of marriage since that prodigal day which had brought her two; strange, because she was a handsome and popular girl, occupying a good position, and looked upon as a fortune. The neglect caused her no regret; and it is a question whether she would have said "Yes," had such been offered her. Thought and experience had come to Margaret Channing, and she knew, now, that something besides wealth and grandeur was necessary to constitute the happiness of married life. She had learnt, also, to be less fond of gaiety than formerly; she had become awake to the startling truth that life cannot be made up of pleasure and indulged self-will; that it has earnest duties which call imperatively for fulfilment. So Margaret sat over the fire this evening in her usual reflective, but not thankless or repining mood; if the last year or two could come over again, how differently would she act! She was interrupted by the entrance of her father. He drew an easy-chair close to the fire and sat down, shivering.

"Margaret, I wish you would write a note for me. I cannot go out: this evening, as I promised. Write and say so. I don't feel well; and it is so cold to-day!"

"Dear papa!" exclaimed Margaret, in surprise. "It is quite warm: a muggy, close day. I was thinking how uncomfortable this great fire made the room."

"I tell you, child, it is cold, wretchedly cold. Or else I have caught cold and feel it so. What have you rung for?"

"For lights, papa. I cannot see to write."

"Don't have them yet: I cannot bear them: my head and eyes are aching. There's no hurry about the note for this hour to come."

Margaret sat down again. Dr. Channing was leaning back in the chair, his hands in a listless attitude, and his eyes closed. She gently touched one of the hands. It was burning with fever.

"Papa! I fear indeed you have taken cold. Let me send for Mr. Williams."

"Now there you go, Margaret, jumping to extremes," was the peevish rejoinder. "What do I want with a doctor? If I take some gruel and go to bed early, I shall be all right in the morning."

Dr. Channing was not "all right" in the morning. He was worse, and unable to rise. His daughter, without asking this time, sent for Mr. Williams. Before two days had elapsed Mr. Williams brought a physician: and the physician brought another. Dr. Channing was in imminent danger.

Margaret scarcely left his bedside. Though she would not allow herself to fear. Hope was strong within her. It proved to be a delusive hope. In little more than a week, Dr. Channing was dead. And had died without a last farewell, for since the third day of his illness he had not recognised even Margaret.

Margaret had borne up bravely, but now she was utterly cast down, more so than many of a weaker mind have been. It was so sudden! A fortnight, nay, ten days ago, he was full of health and life, and now stretched there! Her senses could scarcely grasp the appalling fact that it was a reality.

She had no near relatives to turn to for comfort in her sorrow. Plenty of acquaintance; plenty of carriages driving to the door and ceremonious cards and condolences; but *these* are no solace to the stricken heart. In one respect it was well for Margaret that she was alone. Had there been any one to act for her, she would have lain down unresistingly to give way to her grief: as it was, she was compelled to be up and doing. There were so many things to be thought of, so many orders to give.

The funeral must be settled, and Margaret must see the undertaker. She was inexperienced in these matters, but thought, in her honour and affection for the dead, that she could not give orders for a too sumptuous procession. It is a very common mistake. The same day she had arranged this, but later, a card was brought up to Margaret. She recognised it as being that of her father's solicitor, to whom it had not occurred to her, in her trouble, to write. But he had heard of the death, and came unsought for. He was nearly a stranger to Margaret: she remembered meeting him once or twice at Mrs. Grainger's, two years before.

He inquired what use he could be of, and they proceeded to speak about the funeral. Margaret was mentioning the directions she had given, when he interrupted her, speaking impulsively.

"My dear Miss Channing, have you considered the enormous expense of such a funeral?"

Margaret looked at him; almost scornfully; and her voice, in its emphasis, savoured of indignation. "No, sir. I have not taken *expense* into my consideration."

"But—pardon me—are you sure that you are justified in thus incurring such an outlay of money?"

Her spirits were broken with sorrow, and she burst into tears. "I did not think there was any one cruel enough to suggest that mercenary

motives should influence me, when performing the last offices to my dead father."

Mr. Padmore fidgeted on his chair. "You are mistaking me, Miss Channing. But I scarcely like, at the present moment, to speak out plainly."

"Pray, say anything you wish," was Margaret's reply. "Plain speaking is best always; and certainly more consonant to an hour like this."

"Then, my dear young lady, what I meant to ask was, whether you are sure you will have the money to pay for it?"

"What?" uttered Margaret.

"I fear that Dr. Channing has not died rich. Not, indeed, in easy circumstances."

Margaret thought the lawyer must be dreaming. Dr. Channing not in easy circumstances, when their house was so full of luxury!

But it was that very luxury which had assisted to impoverish Dr. Channing, Mr. Padmore said, when explanations were entered on. Ever since he had resided in town, his rate of living had far exceeded his income, neither had he been quite a free man previously. He had borrowed money at different times, which was yet unpaid.

Margaret's heart sank within her as she listened. A hasty thought occurred to her. "There is the insurance money! Papa had insured his life."

"My dear, yes. But there are debts."

She dropped her head upon her hand. It was a startling communication.

"I did not know that you were wholly unacquainted with these facts," he continued. "I hope you will not feel that I have spoken unkindly in alluding to them."

"No, no; I thank you; it was right to let me hear this. But allow me, Mr. Padmore," she added, with sudden energy—"allow me to know all my position; do not hide anything. Am I to understand that my dear father leaves no money behind him? None?"

"I cannot tell that, yet. If any, it will be very trifling. Nothing like—I am grieved to say it—nothing like a provision for you."

"Oh, I do not think of myself," she muttered, in a pained, anguished tone, "I am thinking what a weight all this must have been upon his mind."

"Therefore will it not be well to countermand the orders you have given, and have a more simple one? I think of you when I suggest this, Miss Channing."

"It will be well," she replied. "I will do so without loss of time. It would be very wrong to incur an expense which I may not be able to pay. And after all," she added, giving way to an uncontrollable flood of sorrow, "whether the funeral be grand or simple, what can it matter to my dearest father?"

Dr. Channing's affairs turned out to be as Mr. Padmore said. There would be sufficient to pay the debts, and but a very small surplus over it—about a hundred and sixty or seventy pounds, it was computed. The furniture was disposed of advantageously, standing as it was, to the parties who had taken the house off Margaret's hands, and the carriage and horses were sold at a friendly auction.

It was the night before Margaret Channing was to quit her home. She had remained in it till the last, superintending and arranging. The books and the plate she had only that day sent away to the place where they were to be sold; and she had packed up her own clothes and effects, ready to be removed with her on the morrow. Altogether she was very tired, and sat down on a low chair before the fire, her head aching. How miserably the new year had come in for her! What would the next bring her, twelve months hence?

She sat looking into the fire—her old habit—tracing out events in her imagination. Friends, but not many, had pressed invitations upon her at the time of Dr. Channing's death—"Come and stay a week with us;" or "a few days," or "a month," as the case might be. But Margaret said "No" to all. She deemed it best to have no deceitful procrastinations, but to grapple at once with her position. She had done so, and decided upon her plans. She was well-educated and accomplished, and she resolved to go out as governess. Not to one of those wretched situations, so much cried down, of half-servant, half-teacher—Margaret would not have deigned to remain a day in such—but to a desirable appointment in a desirable family, where she would be highly considered and properly remunerated. There would be little difficulty in finding this for the daughter of Dr. Channing. As she sat there, a remembrance came over her of Captain Hoare, of the position she had once thought to occupy as his wife: how different that romance from this reality! But not half so much did she shrink from this remembrance as she did at the next—her wicked conduct to Mr. Grainger. She had thrown away the dearly-coveted hope of being his wife; thrown it away for a chimera which had failed her. Oh! to compare what she might have been with what she was! with her isolated situation, her expected life of labour! Next, her thoughts wandered to her father; and tears came on, and she cried long and bitterly.

A servant, the only one she had retained in the house, came in and aroused her. "A gentleman has called, ma'am," she said, "and wants to know if he can see you. Here's his card."

Margaret held it to the fire, and strained her dim eyes over it. "Mr. Grainger." What can he want? she mentally exclaimed. It must be something about the insurance. "Show the gentleman in here, Mary; and light the lamps."

He shook hands with her as he entered, with more of sympathy and tenderness of manner than he might have done, had he not detected the change in her—the once blooming Margaret Channing. Her tearful cheek was wan and pale, and her frame much thinner than formerly; unless the deep black of her mourning attire deceived him.

"I beg you to excuse this interruption," he began, when the maid had quitted the room; "I am here at the desire of my mother. She thinks there has been some mistake—that you did not receive the note she wrote to you last week."

"I have not received any note from Mrs. Grainger," replied Margaret, pressing her hand upon her side, for her heart was wildly beating at the presence of one whom she still fondly loved, "except one she kindly wrote me when papa died."

"Not that; you replied to that, I believe; this one was written on Thursday or Friday last. Its purport, Miss Channing, was to beg the

favour of your spending a little time with her when you leave here. I"—he hastened to add—"am no longer living at home. My mother is alone."

The tears rushed into Margaret's eyes. "Every one is so very kind," she said. "I am much indebted to Mrs. Grainger for thinking of me; but I must decline. Though I will certainly go down and personally thank her. She is no longer able to move out of doors, I believe."

"Not now; not for several months past. She wished me to inquire your plans: though I know not whether you may deem it an impertinence."

"No, no," answered Margaret, scarcely able to prevent the tears falling, so miserably did old recollections, combined with present low spirits, tell upon her that evening. "I feel obliged by Mrs. Grainger's kind interest. I am going to-morrow to Mr. Padmore's for a week or two; he and Mrs. Padmore would have it so. By the end of that time I hope to have found a permanent home. Friends are already looking out for me. I must turn my abilities to account now."

"But it is not well that you should do so," he rejoined, with some agitation of manner—"it is not right for Dr. Channing's daughter. We heard of your determination from Mr. Padmore, and it grieved and vexed my mother. She would be so delighted, Miss Channing, if you would, at any rate for the present, make your home with her."

Margaret did not answer. She was struggling to suppress her rebellious feelings.

"If you would but put up with her ailments, she says, and be free and gay as in your own home, she would be more happy than she has been since the death of Isabel. Allow me to urge the petition also, Miss Channing."

Margaret shook her head, but the tears dropped forth uncontrolled, and she covered her face with her hands. Mr. Grainger advanced; he drew her hands away; he bent over her with a whisper.

"Margaret! I would rather urge one of my own. That you would come—after awhile—to my home."

She rose up shaking. What did he mean?

"Has the proper time come for me to ask you once again to be my wife? Oh! let me hope it has! Margaret, dearest Margaret, it was in this room you rejected me; let it be in this room that you will atone for it."

"I can never atone for it," she replied, with a burst of anguish. "Do not waste words upon me, Mr. Grainger, I am not worth it."

"You can atone for it, Margaret. You can let my home be your home, my name your name; you can join with me in forgetting this long estrangement, and promise to be my dearest wife. I will accept all that as your atonement."

"But I do not deserve this," she sobbed. "I deserve only your contempt and hatred."

"Hush, hush, Margaret! You shall take my love instead—if you will treasure, now, what you once flung away."

"Indeed I do not deserve it," she murmured; "it is too great reward for me."

"Is it?" he answered, as he wound his arms round her. "It shall be yours, Margaret, for ever and for ever."

RECENT DISCOVERIES IN THE HOLY LAND.*

It is one of the greatest pleasures derived from the pursuit of knowledge that its acquisition leads on to further inquiries. The preparation of the former *Biblical Researches in Palestine*, combined with the results of personal observation, awakened in Dr. Robinson's mind a more lively sense than he had ever felt before of the deficiencies yet remaining in our knowledge of the historical geography of the Holy Land. The account of a second exploratory journey possesses, then, all the interest of being the determination of questions which arose from continued investigation of the subject, and yet which could only be solved by personal inquiry on the spot. Combined with the researches that preceded them, they constitute a mass of material, which the author proposes to himself to embody in a systematic work on the physical and historical geography of the Holy Land. It is not a slight reproach to the learning and enterprise of the Church of England, that it has never attempted anything so complete or so comprehensive as has now been effected by an industrious divine of the New World. Not that all that ever can be done to illustrate Biblical geography has been accomplished—such an exploration cannot be regarded as within the power and opportunities of any single individual. To cultivate aright the particular field of historical topography would require a residence of several years, and a visit to every town and village, to every mountain and valley, to every trace of antiquity and ruin. It is only within very recent times that the decipherment of cuneatic legends has thrown a new light upon primeval sites in Babylonia, Chaldea, and Assyria. Much, very much, remains to be done in those countries, and in the long valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris, as well as in Palestine. The exploration of the numerous *tells* of North Syria would afford possibly unanticipated treasures to the Biblical, as well as to the general archæologist. Archæological investigation, which a few years ago was based upon the simple identification of names, distances, traditions, or a few Greek inscriptions and other monuments, may, even now that it has been developed by excavations and philological research, be considered in its infancy. So much remains to be done, so many mounds of ruin still exist to be explored. The indifference of the British public to researches of this kind is a discouraging sign of the times. The Palestine Archæological Association, especially founded for the purpose of carrying out such explorations in the Holy Land, numbers its few hundred subscribers, while controversial theology counts thousands in its ranks. As in the days of Hooper, Cranmer, and Ridley, the question of vestments and altars excites the deepest interest, where the determination of the localities of the most remarkable events in the Old Testament, and even of the sufferings of our Redeemer, fails to awaken aught but a momentary sympathy. It is evident that it is not so in the New World, and that the healthy tone of

* *Later Biblical Researches in Palestine and the Adjacent Regions: a Journal of Travels in the Year 1852.* By Edward Robinson, Eli Smith, and Others. Drawn up from the Original Diaries, with Historical Illustrations, by Edward Robinson, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Biblical Literature in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. London: John Murray.

religious sentiment in that country seeks for its gratification in positive contributions to the knowledge of the localities of divine events and of the natural bearing of them, instead of the spurious excitement of sacerdotal vestments and sacrificial altars.

Some of our readers are, however, possibly aware that at a remarkable pass on the coast of Syria, near the ancient river Lycus, now called the "Dog River," are traces of the passage of Egyptians, Assyrians, Romans, and Muhammadan conquerors. Besides inscriptions to a Sultan Selim—it is not certain which—and to Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, there are at the pass in question nine tablets, of which three have been regarded as Egyptian and six as Assyrian (Layard says seven Assyrian, which Dr. Robinson justly remarks may have been a slip of the pen, as he also specifies three Egyptian tablets). Lepsius and Bonomi have also treated of the Egyptian tablets as all three bearing the cartouche of Rameses II. Since that time, M. de Sauley has denied the existence of traces either of hieroglyphs or of human figures on the Egyptian tablets, and, backed by an opinion to the same effect of M. Oppert, has designated the whole as a *petite imposture archéologique*. M. V. Wildenbruch, Dr. Eli Smith, and Consul Schultz, have all since visited the same spot, and say that they have been unable to distinguish hieroglyphics, although they thought the sunken human figure could be recognised. One of the first spots visited by Dr. Robinson, after landing on the coast of Syria, was the place now in question; and although he admits that the tablets regarded as Egyptian are surmounted by an ornamental cornice, which is not the case with those of the Assyrians, he says he must confess that, for himself, on neither of his visits (he made two), although both were made at mid-day, and under a brilliant sun, he could not distinguish either hieroglyphics or other figures, and he adds that he cannot but think that fancy has had much to do in making out the reputed copies of these Egyptian tablets. One thing is certain, that if they ever existed, they have been effaced within a brief period of time. That they did exist, the combined testimony of Lepsius and Bonomi is quite sufficient to satisfy us; how they came to be effaced we cannot venture to opine. The effects of natural causes in the same neighbourhood are very remarkable, as seen in the case of the Selim inscription, the greater part of which is effaced, and what remains is so illegible that the best scholars have been unable to make it out satisfactorily. Still it is very curious that cartouches which had existed from the time of Rameses II.—the Sesostris of Herodotus—to those of Lepsius and Bonomi, should have been obliterated between their time and that of later observers. It would almost appear as if the spirit of mischief or of wanton destruction had been at work in these monumental rocks. That the elements have also had unusual play, seems apparent from the fact that the figures which were seen by Maundrell, Pecoocke, Seetzen, Guys, Berton, Lepsius, and Bonomi, and imperfectly by Wildenbruch, Eli Smith, and Schultz, are now no longer visible in the brightest sunshine. It may also be observed that, however faint the cartouches may have been in their time, Bonomi and Lepsius had far more experience in detecting such than their predecessors, or than those who have followed them. Some can detect a sphinx's head on the rocks at Antioch, where others can see nothing, and the same person can make it out at one time and not be able to do so at others, so feeble are the traces of this ancient sculpture in the present day.

After an excursion to Dair al Kulah, and another to Abieh, Dr. Robinson started by Khan Khulda, which he identifies with the Heldua of the Jerusalem Itinerary through Galilee to Acre. The most interesting sites visited on this line of route, after Sidon and Tyre, were the massive remains of the ancient castle called Belfort by the Crusaders. The isolated ridge on which this castle stands is entirely naked, and being higher than all the neighbouring ridges and the adjacent country, except Jebel Rihan, the fortress stands out as a conspicuous landmark, visible at a great distance in all directions, and itself commanding a prospect of great extent and grandeur. Next in interest was Kesaf, where he examined many fragmentary remains of olden time, and which he identifies with Achshaph, of the book of Joshua, a city on the border of the tribe of Asher; whose king is twice mentioned in connexion with the King of Hazor. Achshaph has hitherto been supposed to be another name for Aecho or Acre, seeing that Aecho otherwise does not occur in the list of towns in the lot of Asher, although it is certain, from Judges i. 31, that Aecho was in the portion of that tribe. We must leave the question as to the appropriateness of Dr. Robinson's determination of a site for the royal city of the Canaanites to Biblical scholars. The mere fact of the border position, the perpetuation of the name Achshaph in Kesaf, and the existence of ruins of olden times, will appear to many insufficient data; but stay-at-home geographers and encyclopedists are too apt to omit, in criticising the insufficiency of a traveller's evidences, that which he has always in mind, although he does not dwell upon it in his arguments—the non-existence of other possible or probable localities.

Next came Rameh, a village, which Robinson says there is no room for question but that it represents the ancient Ramah of Asher. It is remarkable that two of the valuable identifications, for which Biblical geography is indebted to Dr. Robinson's previous researches, are the Ramah of Benjamin and the Ramah of Samuel. This makes his third Ramah. Apart from the identity of name, he says there is no evidence of antiquity, save several sarcophagi, which he describes as "striking monuments of antiquity." He does not point out what will weigh with the scholar in admitting the identification, that Ramah stands upon an isolated hill, in the midst of a basin with green fields. Ramah signifies a high place. Dr. Robinson also determined, at a subsequent period, the site of a fourth Ramah—Ramah of Naphtali at Rameh, a large and well built village of Christians and Druses, situated on the slope of the mountains which separate Upper and Lower Galilee, besides other Ramahs of less note.

In the same region, whilst exploring a remarkable tell called Khirbel, or Tell Hazur, and which the doctor satisfied himself was not the Hazor of Scripture, he found a village called Yakuk, which he identifies with Hukkok, enumerated in the book of Joshua as belonging to Naphtali, though, in the later Chronicles, it is spoken of as in Asher. This identification would imply an interchange of the letters Heth and Yod, which, although unusual, is not without example. We are not quite certain if the identification of Kubarah, nearer to Acre, with the Gabara, or Gabaroth, belongs to Robinson or Schultz. Certain it is the latter determined the identification of Kabal with the Chabole of Josephus; and the Rev. Eli Smith recognised the same place as the Cabul of Joshua.

Dr. Robinson proceeded from Acre through Galilee and Samaria to

Jerusalem. The first point to which he directed his attention was Tell Jefat—a very remarkable hill, which, lying at a distance from all the ordinary roads of the country, has not been visited in modern times, except by Schultz in 1847, and yet represents the site of Jotapata, the renowned fortress of Galilee, which, under the command of Josephus himself, so long held out against the assaults of Vespasian, and where the historian was taken prisoner after the downfall of the place.

"The account of Josephus is, in some respects," Dr. Robinson observes, "doubtless exaggerated and hyperbolic; as where he speaks of the sight failing to reach the depth of the valleys; his estimate of more than forty thousand persons destroyed during the siege of forty-eight days; and the manner of his own surrender to the Romans. Indeed, the thought stole over my mind, as we stood upon the spot, whether the historian had not here given himself up to romance, in order to laud the valour of the Romans, of the Jews, and especially of himself. Yet this idea was rebutted, except as to general exaggeration, by the minute and striking accordance of the description with the physical features of the place."

Dr. Robinson adds to this interesting historical identification that of the valley of Jiphthahel, described in Hebrews and Joshua as on the border of Zebulun and on the border of Asher; that is, on the confines of these two tribes, with the great wady Abilin, which has its head in the hills of Jefat. Notwithstanding De Saulcy's vindication of the claims of Kefr Kana, to be considered as representing the Cana of the New Testament, where our Lord wrought his first miracle in Galilee, Dr. Robinson persists in identifying Khirbet Kana as the site of that interesting event. As to De Saulcy's arguments, that the Greek name, Cana of Galilee, could never have been expressed by Kana el Jelil, Dr. Robinson disposes of it by saying that if De Saulcy had turned to his Arabic New Testament, he would have found not only that Galilee is always rendered by el Jelil, but also that Cana of Galilee, wherever it occurs, is uniformly given by Kana el Jelil. Of De Saulcy's other argument, that at the time of the wedding Jesus was travelling on foot with his mother, his disciples, and his cousins, from Nazareth to Capernaum; and nobody can reasonably conceive, that with such an object, under such circumstances, he should have made a circuit of at least thirty English miles; Dr. Robinson says, it may be replied that this passage in question (John ii. 12) gives no intimation that Jesus went directly from Cana to Capernaum; and further, that even had he been thus on his way from Nazareth to Capernaum, there surely was, in the desire to be present at the wedding, a motive sufficient to induce him to make the circuit; which said circuit, moreover, does not amount to one half of the alleged thirty miles. Dr. Robinson says that Khirbet Kana was regarded as the same as Cana down to the beginning of the seventeenth century. If so, it is still certain that the place has been sought for at Kefr Kana by modern travellers, including Pococke, Burckhardt, Clarke, G. Robinson, Richardson, Monro, and Schubert.

In the same neighbourhood, Dr. Robinson finds the Ruma of Josephus in the Tell of Rumeh, and the Rimmon of the tribe of Zebulun in the village of Rummaneh. The whole of the noble and extensive plain in which these sites are congregated, our author identifies with the "great plain" called Asochis, so named from a city of the same name, where

the Jewish leader had his residence for a time. But in respect to the city Asochis, he is at a loss to decide whether it was at Tell el Bedawiyeh, "the Tell of the Bedwins," or at Kefr Menda, but inclines to the latter.

Continuing along the great plain of Esdraelon, our travellers ascended a tell regular in its form, with a flat summit, containing four or five acres, now covered with a fine crop of wheat, and called Tell el Mutsellim. The prospect from this tell is described as a noble one, embracing the whole of the glorious plain; than which there is not a richer upon earth. Zerim (Jezreel) was in view, as also the tell, on the south-east side of which stands Taannuk, the Taanach of Scripture. "As we stood upon the noble tell, with the wide plain and Taanach thus before us, we could not but feel that here had been the scene of the great battle of Deborah and Barak, 'in Taanach, by the waters of Megiddo.' A city situated either on the tell, or on the ridge behind it, would naturally give its name to the adjacent plain and waters, as we know was the case with Megiddo and Legio. The tell would, indeed, present a splendid site for a city; but there is no trace, of any kind, to show that a city ever stood there." This in face of the fact that the hill itself was a tell or mound; and Dr. Robinson does not say whether natural or artificial, whether a rock, or a mound of earth, or a heap of ruin. As a rule, the Arabs distinguish a mound as a tell, in contradistinction to Jebel, a hill. The whole of the mound may, indeed, be one mass of ruins. How much remains yet for the archaeologist to do in the Holy Land—a region that may be said to have been as yet only traversed by the historical or comparative geographer!

A little beyond the head of the plain of Esdraelon our travellers came upon a green and well-marked tell, bearing the name of Dothan, at whose southern foot was a fountain called el Hufireh. "Here, then," exclaims the doctor, "was the ancient and long-sought Dothan or Dothan, where the sons of Jacob were pasturing their father's flocks when they sold their brother Joseph to the Ishmaelites of Midian, passing by on their way to Egypt." The well into which Joseph was cast by his brothers has hitherto been placed by tradition, handed down by the Crusaders, at the Khan called Khan Jubb Yusuf, or the Khan of Jacob's Pit; but it must now be identified with the fountain of el Hufireh. It is not a little curious that so interesting a site, and one so long lost, was discovered, a few days before Dr. Robinson visited it, by M. van de Velde. Rabbi Parchi (in Assher's Benjamin of Tudela) also noted the site correctly in the fourteenth century.

We now pass over a goodly tract of country, without any new indications, till we come to the further end of the plain of Nabulus, when we have Kefr Saba, the Antipatris of the New Testament, whither the Apostle Paul was sent off from Jerusalem by night, on the way to Cæsarea, in order to save him from a conspiracy of the Jews. Beyond this was Jiljulieh, which Dr. Robinson identifies with an ancient Gilgal, and with the Galgalis of Eusebius and Jerome, although that place is described as being six miles north of Antipatris, whilst Jiljulieh is south of Kefr Saba. But, says the doctor, "it may well be a question whether perhaps a slip of the pen may not have given rise to the reading north instead of south." A latitudinarianism in argument which we have often seen lead comparative geographers astray, although we certainly

have also seen modern authorities misrepresent east for west, and *vice versa*, by what has certainly been an unintentional *lapsus*.

Dr. Robinson got into old ground when on the plain selected by Richard of England as the place of his long encampment, and at the existing representatives of Bethannaba, Aijalon, and Nobé; yet is this a region scarcely ever visited by modern travellers. This time our explorer thinks he has recovered, in the same vicinity, the ancient Chephirah—a city of the Gibeonites, afterwards assigned to Benjamin; and after the captivity, again inhabited by the returning exiles. A more important identification was that of the ancient Emmaus, or Nicopolis, with the present Amwas, and which has hitherto been confounded with the fortress at el Latron. Here were two fountains, one of which, being thermal, was celebrated in the middle ages for its healing qualities. It was at Emmaus that Judas Maccabæus defeated the Syrian general Gorgias; and the same place, fortified by the Syrian Bachides, was burned by order of Varus. It appears to have received the name of Nicopolis when rebuilt by Julius Africanus, who flourished about A.D. 220.

A still more interesting question connected with this identification is, whether this Emmaus is the same as that which is noted for our Lord's interview with two of his disciples on the day of his resurrection. Hitherto this miracle has been associated with el Kubeibeh, on account of the distance given of sixty stadia from Jerusalem by Luke. But Dr. Robinson says that several MSS. read 160, and he gives many cogent reasons for the identity of the two Emmaus. It must be remarked, in favour of this identification, that Dr. Robinson failed in determining the site of the second Emmaus in his previous journeys, and that the word signifies "hot baths," such as are met with at Amwas. Tell el Latron, which has been confounded with Emmaus by the Crusaders and later travellers, was known in the sixteenth century as *Castrum boni Latronis*, from a legend which made it the birthplace of the penitent thief, and whence its present name. Dr. Robinson identifies Latron with Modin, the residence of the Maccabees. Passing hence Saris (anc. Sores), Kulonia (Koulon), and the convent of the Corro, our travellers entered Jerusalem by the Yafa gate at 7.55 on the 28th of April.

We shall not occupy ourselves here with discussions in reference to the topography and antiquities of the Holy City, as we intend to devote an article to that subject at an early opportunity. Our travellers left Jerusalem on their way to Beisan on the 16th of May. Crossing the ancient Scopus, whence Titus obtained his first view of Jerusalem, little of importance, and that was at the same time new, presented itself along this route. Mejdol, not far from Daumeh (Edumia), was supposed to be the Magdal—Senna of Eusebius and Jerome—and Ain Tana, seen from the same spot, was identified with the ancient Thanath, or Thenath, of the same authorities. Yanon was another identification of equally slight import.

From Nabalus, Drs. Robinson and Eli Smith travelled in company with Mr. Van de Velde in search of Salim and the Aenon, close by where John is recorded as baptising. On this journey, besides several sites revisited that were identified on previous journeys, we have a long discussion as to the non-existence of two Sucooths, and the claims of Sakut to represent the place where Jacob "built him a house, and made booths for his cattle." At Ain Makhuz an excursion was planned beyond the

Jordan, and "circumstances" adds the doctor, in a foot-note, "render it proper to say here, that Mr. Van de Velde accompanied us at our invitation. He had nothing whatever to do either with the plan, the arrangement, the expense, or the results of the excursion." The object of the expedition was, we are informed, to ascertain the distance between the ruins called Tubukat Fahil, described by Irby and Mangles as Jabesh Gilead, and thus determine whether the former are the remains of Pella. We accordingly turned to the pages of Van de Velde to ascertain the origin of this insinuation against a fellow-traveller, and we find that Mr. Van de Velde, in a letter dated Beisan, May 16th, says that the first thing he intimated to Dr. Eli Smith at their meeting at Nabulus was his intention to seek for the ruins of Pella. The result of the united labours was to identify ruins called ed Deir, or "the Monastery," with Jabesh Gilead; and as to Pella, Dr. Robinson says, "After completing our examination of the remains (at Tubukat Fahil, 'the terrace of Fahil'), I ventured to express to my companions on the spot the opinion, in which they concurred, that we were standing amid the ruins of the long-sought Pella. It is at such moments that the traveller has his reward."

Upon this subject Mr. Van de Velde says, "On rounding a hill, we saw the ruins of Pella at half an hour's distance to the south, and at once bent our steps towards them. We found ourselves among the veritable remains of an ancient and important city." This is very irreverent to the learned professor's subsequent *pronunciamento*, in which his companions concurred, that they were standing amid the ruins of the long-sought Pella; but the fact is, that they all appear to have entertained that opinion previously; and so it appears did also Kiepert, the map-maker of Berlin, who, according to Van de Velde, and by Robinson's own admission, proposed to identify the Tubukat Fahil with Pella in 1842.

Capernaum is still a disputed site. Dr. Robinson placed it in his former travels at Khan Minyeh; Dr. Wilson and Ritter identified it with Tell Hum. In this present work, the doctor, revisiting the spot, adduces further evidence in support of his first conclusion. It is important to remark on this discussion, that Quarresmius expressly states, that in his day the place called by the Arabs Minyeh, was regarded as marking the site of Capernaum. (*Elucid.* T. S. ii. p. 864.)

On his way from Hasbeiya, where the Americans have a missionary establishment, to Banias, Dr. Robinson visited Tell el Kady, which has been erroneously supposed to be the crater of an extinct volcano, and of the identity of which with Dan, the warlike colony of the Danites, "from Dan to Beersheba" denoting the whole length of the Promised Land, the doctor says there can be no question. This is, however, not a novel identification. Near to it is Difneh, probably the site of an ancient Daphne, mentioned by Josephus as near the source of the Lesser Jordan and the Temple of the Golden Calf.

The route from Banias to Damascus afforded much that was interesting in description, but little that is novel in sites. There were the lower ridges of Lebanon to cross; the temples of Theithatha, of Rakhieh, and of Ashayir to measure; the valley of Wady et Teim to explore; the Jebel es Sheikh to ascend; and the approach to the city to describe. Damascus itself, of which, till the publication of the Rev. Mr. Porter's book, lately reviewed in these pages, we knew but very little indeed, is now doubly described, so much so as to leave in reality little to desire.

On leaving Damascus, Dr. Robinson visited the ruins of Abila, which have acquired some notoriety, from the recent attempt made by M. de Sauley to claim the site as a discovery of his own. The delusion, in itself of no importance whatsoever, obtained such from its having been argued that it was no delusion at all, and that the learned academicien was as well aware of the site as others. Certain it is that the very inscription, which he believed never to have been published, appears in Dr. Wilson's book, as also in the *Journal des Savans* for March, 1827. The historical notices marshalled forth by Dr. Robinson would make of it one of the most marked places in the country in which it occurs.

The great point, and indeed the only site of importance discovered on the road from Damascus to Baalbek, was Chalcis, under Lebanon, which the doctor identifies with the ruins at Anjar. It is questionable even if this can be called a discovery, for a writer in the Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography (art. Chalcis), after discussing the evidence in favour of there being two cities of that name, one of which is the well-known Kinnisnir, south of Aleppo, suggests that the second may be perhaps at Majdel Anjar, where Abu-l-feda (Tab. Syriæ, p. 20) speaks of great ruins of hewn stones. This, however, apparently from Robinson himself (Biblioth. Sacr. vol. v. p. 90). At all events, we are indebted to the doctor for a minute description of the locality, of its great fountain and its intermitting spring, and also of the existing ruins.

On the way from Baalbek to El Husn, the position of a few unimportant sites marked in the Antonine Itinerary were also determined; the sources of the Orontes were examined; the site of ancient Ribleh, by some confounded with Antioch, was established; and some details, but not from personal examination, are given of the cities in Cælo-Syria. Dr. Robinson is in error, however, when he says the first to discover and describe the extensive ruins of Apamea was Mr. Thomson, in 1846—a minute description of the existing ruins will be found in *Ainsworth's Magazine*, vol. vi., for 1844.

Lastly, it is suggested that the well-known fortress, El Husn, may be the Mamonga of Ptolemy; the entrance into Hamath is identified with the great depression between Lebanon and the Nusairiyeh mountains; Jisr el Abyad is supposed to represent Eleutherus; Arka and its tell, ancient Arca, seat of the Arkites; and Afka with Apeca, with its adjacent temple to Venus.

These constitute, we believe, apart from the many valuable and interesting descriptions of known sites, the chief new points determined by Dr. Robinson in this his last journey. Few, it will be seen, are of much real importance to Biblical geography, although some, as Dothan, Cana, Emmaus, and a few others, possess high claims to interest. The new sites determined amount, we believe, to some fifty—a noble monument to the perseverance and laborious travel of one man. But we do not hesitate to say that, when the same system of exploration shall have been introduced into the Holy Land that has been practised in Assyria and in Chaldea, and the numerous tells shall have been excavated and laid bare, a new era in Biblical archæology will be established. The success that attended upon the Rev. Mr. Porter's first attempts at such a mode of exploration at Tell al Salahiyyah, near Damascus, is sufficient to attest this great fact.

THE MAGIC BELL.

FROM THE SWEDISH OF UNCLE ADAM.*

THE memory of childhood is very retentive. I can even now recal, at any moment I please, the gardener at Mellingsta, Master Peter (I have forgotten his surname), in his white nightcap and his threadbare coat, just as he used to wander about the garden, or gaze in at the windows of the hot-house, to see if there were any melons or grapes. Master Peter was a person who particularly attracted my attention during my childhood; he was, I must tell you, the first scholar I had ever met. Pray do not laugh at the appellation scholar being applied to an old domestic; would that all learned men had as little pretence about them as he had, and that they studied the face of nature with as honest and unprejudiced a spirit as he did.

His small neat cottage was situated in the garden, and looked upon the high road; and whenever Master Peter happened to see any poor boy loitering on the road, he used to tap on the narrow window-frames to call him, and welcomed the little wayfarer under his hospitable though homely roof. If the child were a beggar, he would give him food; if he were not hungry, he would treat his little guest to fruit, present him with flowers, and display to him the numerous curiosities which he had gathered during a long life, and had arranged in his study as, with a sort of childish pride, he named a small room with the windows facing the road. Here he had his scanty library, among which was conspicuous Euler's Letters in a gilded binding, an invaluable acquisition from the auction of a deceased nobleman; then came Cavallo on Etiquette, Thunberg's Travels, and Hoffberg's Flora—every one books that Master Peter considered classical.

Master Peter was an indefatigable observer of meteorological changes. He had found it necessary, in pursuing his calling, to study the weather, and to make himself acquainted with all its prognostics and signs; it was necessary he should know whether he ought to place mats over the hot-houses, or whether he should water the cucumber-beds; hence his knowledge of the weather was for him indispensable. No one knew better than he how to discern the skies; no one understood better the difference between the pale red hue which betokens an approaching storm, and the more decided purple which announces fine weather. He also possessed instruments to facilitate his favourite study. He was the owner of a thermometer and a barometer, and considered so weatherwise in the neighbourhood, that he was looked upon as an oracle throughout the parish, the peasantry leaving their corn with perfect confidence in stacks upon the fields, as long as Master Peter did not prophesy rain; but if, after church on Sunday, Master Peter said, "We shall have rain before the week is out," far and near one saw the harvest being gathered in.

* "Uncle Adam" is the *nom de plume* of a popular Swedish author.

Mellingsta was an ancient baronial castle, one of those massive buildings which bear witness to a period long gone by; a time one loves to dwell upon, owing to its numerous and great recollections, which float before us in mysterious obscurity. It was a relic of the epoch when the nobility were at the height of their glory, when wealth, honour, and education were still their especial prerogative; when as yet the prosaic middle classes had not forced themselves forward, and obliterated the poetry of chivalry. It is sad to mark the changes of time. To a simple, fervent mind it must be somewhat distressing to see a great historical name eclipsed by a name of yesterday; yet this must sometimes happen, for the energetic power, ever pressing forward, does not lie in individuals, but in the whole human race.

Mellingsta was built in the olden style, although it had undergone many alterations. It was a three-story house, with high windows, which of old used to be arched, but which more recently had been changed, as a semicircle over each window clearly proved. A round tower, which rose somewhat above the pointed roof, stood forth like a colossal pillar; within this tower a spiral staircase led to each floor; the steps were worn away, which one generation after another had ascended and descended. Behind this large gloomy building was an extensive garden with its straight alleys, and quite in the background lay the small cottage in which Master Peter dwelt. But even here the pointed black roof of the castle was visible, and likewise one of its greatest peculiarities, namely, a bell, which hung beneath a dark green copper covering. This bell had no other inscription than an "Ave Maria," most probably traced by the hand of some monk; for the bell was believed to have been carried off from a monastery by one of the ancestors of the baronial family during the time of the Reformation. Even in my childhood that bell hung there. It was never used, for no bell-rope was attached to it; but tradition relates that it rings of itself at midnight when any great misfortune is about to take place in the family. Further, it is told that several of the former proprietors of the castle, not liking this evil-propheying bell, determined to take it down and have it melted; but when people were sent up to remove it, one of the men was always hurled down by an invisible power, and hence no soul now dared to make any further attempt to dislodge it. The bell, therefore, still hung in its old place, and was regarded by the surrounding peasantry with a mysterious dread.

Even Master Peter could not free himself of this popular belief; on the contrary, he had carefully noted down how often he had heard the hollow tones, and added an account of the misfortune which immediately after, or at the same moment, had overtaken the family. Now this one, now that one had died, now one of the family estates had been laid waste by lightning, now a member of the noble race had fallen into disgrace with some high personage—an event which was always deeply lamented in those old aristocratic families.

In the evenings, when Master Peter was making his daily observations on the weather, if by chance he cast his eyes in the direction of the castle, and beheld the bell, which hung in its elevated position, silent, like inscrutable fate, with its motionless iron tongue suspended from its wide and gaping throat, the old man's brow would contract, and he would turn

quickly away. If you watched the play of his countenance at such a moment, you would see an expression of pain pass over his features, and at the same moment you would hear a deep-drawn sigh. There was something in all this which naturally attracted the attention of us children. His usual mild, cheerful expression changed so suddenly. Children are faithful and sharp-sighted physiognomists; they understand better than grown-up people the workings of the soul portrayed upon the features, and they draw their own little conclusions. Hence we settled in our own minds that Master Peter was afraid of the bell, that he feared he might suddenly see its ponderous tongue set in motion by an invisible hand, and hear its ominous and dreaded toll. We ourselves were in fear lest this might take place, and we could scarcely look up to where the bell was hanging without shuddering. But we were mistaken. Master Peter had other causes for pain, which were awakened afresh whenever he cast his eyes upon this fatal bell.

The good man had not always lived like a hermit. Many years ago he had an amiable wife, who superintended his limited household, and helped him in his work. She was a charming person—just such a benevolent, kind-hearted creature as himself. They lived happily together, and if they ever *did* disagree, it was never very seriously; they were both too good and sensible for that. Thus they spent many peaceful years, but at length cruel death robbed the poor gardener of his sweet wife, and all that now remained to him was a son, to whom he gave a good education to fit him for one of the learned professions.

His son did not disappoint his ambitious hopes; but, alas! the mother died on the very day on which the son, amidst the sound of music and the din of cannon, received *the wreath of laurels*.*

Johannes—so the son was called—returned home to his father. That was a day of mingled joy and sadness to the old man. His son accompanied him to the village churchyard to pay a first visit to his beloved mother's grave. There they sat recalling the time when Johannes was a child, and used to help his father with his instruments and his humble researches. Now the youth had outstripped the old man in the career of learning, but the parent felt no envy at this; on the contrary, he was proud that he possessed a son who excelled himself—all his ambition was centred in him; Johannes was more than himself—he was the joy and pride of his old age.

They had sat thus a long time absorbed in the recollections of the past, when they were suddenly aroused from their meditations by a cheerful "Good evening!" Master Peter sprang up and bowed low. Johannes, however, merely smiled and offered his hand familiarly to the new comer as he said, "Good evening! dear Johanna."

"Of what are you thinking?" exclaimed the father. "It is the daughter of our noble lord; it is the Lady Johanna——"

"No, no," said the young girl, seizing the proffered hand of the son—"no, no, Master Peter! Johannes knew me in times gone by, when we used to play with each other. He is quite right."

* Every three years, in Sweden, a public examination is held, when those who have distinguished themselves at college receive the title of Master of Arts, the badge of which is a wreath of laurel.

"Pardon me!" stammered Johannes, embarrassed at having forgotten the change a few years had wrought in their relative positions—"pardon me, my lady! At the moment I thought only of my former playfellow, and not——"

"And not," continued the damsel, laughing, "that I have become a tall girl, and you a tall gentleman, with stiff collars, instead of those very becoming turn-down collars you used to wear of old. Dear Johannes, you really do not look half so handsome now as then."

"I cannot," replied Johannes, fixing his eyes upon the lovely, blooming girl—"I cannot say the same of you, my lady!"

"I beg pardon in my son's name," exclaimed Master Peter. "He still preserves his Upsala manners, and is somewhat free and easy, but that will pass off. He means no harm by it, my noble lady."

The young girl smiled at the good old man's excuses, and without answering him a word, she plucked a rose, and offering it to Johannes, she said,

"My dear master of arts! do not allow yourself to be appalled by the title of lady. Johanna, alas! is just as childish as she was formerly; and, what is worse, she has hardly sufficient respect for learned men."

They now separated, but Johanna's image had again found its way into the young man's susceptible heart, and now no power could banish it.

At the sight of his former playfellow all his boyish love for the beautiful child was reawakened, and he determined to quit his home before his feelings acquired too great a mastery over his reason. But Providence had willed it otherwise. The proprietor of the castle, Baron Kronswärd, was in want of a tutor for his son, and it so happened that he fixed upon Johannes to fill the place. The young man clearly perceived the dangerous consequences which such a situation might entail upon him, therefore he did his best to escape it; but Master Peter worked against him, and he was obliged to submit. The baron could do so much for him, he could be of such assistance to him in his future career, that he was at length forced to accept the dangerous offer.

Baron Kronswärd was an upright man, of honest old Swedish principles. He never suspected deceit, and still less that he might awaken wild and impetuous feelings. He himself had always been free from tender passions, and therefore he imagined that every one resembled himself. Hence it was sheer ignorance of the human heart which induced him to invite the playfellow of his daughter's childhood to be a daily guest in his house; ignorance also made him as little suspect the folly of which he was guilty, when one evening, after Johannes had shown himself a perfect master of the pianoforte, he proposed that he should give his daughter lessons on that instrument.

If the good baron had caught the slightest glimpse of the quick glance of joy which Johanna cast upon the young master of arts, he most probably would have let the matter drop, but he observed nothing; on the contrary, he forced Johannes to begin at once his musical instruction.

A young man and a young girl ought never to play a duet. Music is the language of passion and love; it is the language of the heart, and betrays our inmost feelings even without our consent. The young people had not long continued their musical studies before *he* was aware that he

had said too much, and *she*, that she had too fully understood the mysterious language in which they were conversing. Both Johannes and Johanna's manners now assumed a certain bashfulness; they reminded themselves, at each moment, that they were no longer children. If Johannes wished to steal unperceived a glance at his pretty neighbour at the pianoforte, and found himself detected by her, he would cast down his eyes and examine the keys as earnestly as if he were studying Hebrew; and Johanna would blush, and strike the chords harder than usual, in order to recover her self-possession. Both were perfectly well aware that they dared not love each other—and yet!

It was a most painful position for Johannes; he therefore determined to propose that his pupil and he should travel for a few years in foreign countries.

"It will be a great trial for me," said he to himself, "but when I come home again she will be older; she is now only sixteen years of age. Perhaps she will then be married, and away from Mellingssta, and I shall meet her no more. But still I may be permitted to dream of her, and to adore her. Ah, well, if I only could travel!"

At the expiration of a year—a year spent in endless struggles between duty and love—the journey was determined upon, and the baron decided that the youthful Adolf, accompanied by his tutor, should make a tour through Germany, France, and Italy, and be absent about three years.

At the entrance of the park, on the other side of the extensive garden, lay a summer-house, on which Master Peter had exhausted all his taste. It was situated on the banks of a murmuring rivulet which had forced its way through the long grass. Hidden behind sweet-scented hedges, and shaded by a far-spreading maple-tree, stood the little summer-house in its solitary beauty. The interior was hung with white and red, and rich gilding, forming thousands of fanciful rosettes and garlands, was scattered among the flowing folds of the damask with which the walls were covered.

One evening, in the month of May, Master Peter was standing contemplating the sun disappear behind heavy clouds, which betokened rain, when Johannes, lost in deep thought, came sauntering through the winding pathways of the park towards the small summer-house. It looked so peaceful, so inviting, that he stepped in to indulge in a few minutes' reflection; but how he started as he perceived Johanna, half-hidden by the curtain, sitting reading at the window! Her glowing cheek was resting upon her finely-shaped hand, and as she looked up on the young man's entrance, a tear trembled in her usually clear and sparkling eyes.

"Pardon me, my lady!" said Johannes, drawing back—"pardon me for disturbing you; chance led me here, and——"

"Enough," said the girl, interrupting him; "it is not altogether chance, although it may appear so to our human ideas. You are welcome; you do not disturb me; I am sitting here thinking of you, and of my brother's journey; will it be a long one?"

"Very long," said Johannes, casting his eyes to the ground.

"Very long!" repeated Johanna, with a slight tremor in her voice; "then perhaps we may never see each other again."

"Oh, do not say so!" exclaimed the young man, earnestly.

Johanna shook her head, and then slowly resumed: "It almost appears to me as if it were the last time—the very last time——" She suddenly ceased speaking, and the tears, long restrained, flowed in drops clear as crystal over her flushed cheeks.

"Perhaps the very last time, Lady Johanna?" exclaimed the youth. "Dear Johanna!" continued he, eagerly, "do not weep; you are the friend of my childhood—let us hope! Many changes may befriend us, notwithstanding our fears to the contrary. As in our happy childish days, let us part with hope and confidence!"

The young girl had by this time recovered her self-possession, and she cast a joyous glance upon Johannes, who stood like a supplicating angel before her.

"Yes, let us hope," said she, slowly. "I like you to call me Johanna; you should always call me so, Johannes. Though no longer a child in years, I am still your companion—still one who loves you with childish sincerity. Since we *must* indeed separate, let us do so with confidence in the future, and without reproach for the present. Farewell, Johannes! You now know all I feel."

The youth seized her hand and pressed it with fervour to his lips. "With hope and without reproach," murmured he, softly. "Adieu, Johanna! Adieu, adieu!" He rushed from the summer-house and hastened to his father; but, though apparently a listener to the old man's conversation, his thoughts were far otherwise occupied. Master Peter informed him at least twenty times that the hygrometer which hung in the passage had turned half an inch to the right on the rainy side, and that the barometer had fallen half an inch. Johannes paid not the slightest attention to him.

"It really grieves me that we are threatened with stormy weather," at length the old man continued, "for you must set off to-morrow, and you will have most unpleasant weather for travelling. Both you and the young baron might catch cold. You must take some elder-blossoms with you, and if you do not feel well make some strong elder tea, and drink that. One ought not to trifle with one's health," added the old man.

Johannes smiled at his good-natured father's numerous little anxieties; he felt within him a fire which overcame the fear of all colds; he was so happy, so full of hope, and yet he saw nothing but twilight and gloom in the future. For the present, however, Johanna's love was all-sufficient for him; he could admit no other thought into his mind.

The following morning, according to Master Peter's prophecy, it rained heavily, but a large closed travelling-carriage stood before the castle door, and many servants were bustling about, carrying boxes, portmanteaus, &c., to it. Johanna and Johannes, who had both been extremely silent all the morning, met by chance near the pianoforte, and yielding to the impulse of the moment, they sat down to play for the last time one of their favourite duets—but the hour of departure had arrived. The old baron, punctual as a clock himself, disturbed their *tête-à-tête*, by observing that it was ten, and that post-horses had been ordered at Strahalla Skjuts to be in readiness precisely at eleven o'clock. To remain together longer was impossible, and Johanna and Johannes took leave of each other in a

polite, cold, and formal manner, and in another moment the travelling-carriage had driven away, bearing far from the young lady of the castle two beings she loved so much.

Not far from the city of Sienna in Italy a small river wound through the valley, the banks of which were covered with tall, thick forest trees, down to the very brink of the water. The river was crossed by an old bridge, a remnant of Roman architecture, now in ruins, yet good enough for the Romans of the present day, the wretched descendants of a people who once ruled the world. The little river was almost dammed up by large square stones, which from time to time had fallen from the bridge. Portions of an inscription peeped forth here and there from beneath the green moss which covered the stones. The inscription was doubtless intended as an everlasting record of the deeds or triumphs of some Roman consul or emperor, but it had been obliterated by the more humble yet more lasting moss.

A gloomy wood of larch and cork-trees terminated close to the water's edge, and rendered the narrow river still narrower to the eye. It was evening; from the rocks above one could see far into the Campagna, and the light red vapour which lay upon the horizon enveloped in its misty veil the city of cities—the ancient mistress of the world. The perfect stillness which reigned around was broken ever and anon by the distant tones from some shepherd's horn, which came floating on the air in long and melancholy strains. There was a rustling among the bushes near the river, and two men, with loaded pistols under their arms, forced their way through the thicket, and crept beneath the ruined bridge. Another person, an old man, clad in miserable rags, also emerged from the forest, and seated himself not far off. He was accompanied by a girl, who remained standing before him, gazing at him earnestly for a considerable time.

"Well, Maria," demanded the old beggar, in a severe tone of voice, "why do you look at me so strangely to-day? Go back into the wood until we whistle for you. If the carriage comes, and we are lucky—which may the holy Virgin grant!—we shall have enough to do; we shall then want you; but go now."

"But, father!" said the girl, clasping her small hands over her breast, "do not attempt anything to-day, I pray you; the heavenly Mother is not propitious to you to-day; this affair will end badly."

"Why so?" asked the old man. "Is it possible that I should have presented her with two pounds of tall wax-lights, and this morning, before I tasted a morsel of food, repeated sixteen Ave Marias, all for nothing? Do you mean to say I have done all that in vain, or is it your opinion that the blessed heavenly Queen does not help every good Catholic Christian? Besides, it is a holy work I am about to undertake; only heretics are in question; for the honour of the holy Church we——"

"Enough, father!" said the girl, anxiously—"enough! but promise me one thing—do not murder them, my father!"

"Ha, ha, ha! you are terribly compassionate to-day. You were not so soft-hearted when the Englishman passed this way. Eh! how was that?"

"Father!" replied the young girl, somewhat embarrassed, "he was an old man."

"Ha, ha! you think old people are of no consequence. So these milk-faced Russians, or whatever they are, please you? That may be, but they do not please me. Go!"

"But, dear father! spare whom you can," entreated the girl. "I know," she continued, coaxingly—"I know you will refuse your dear Maria nothing."

"Well, well, circumstances must decide my actions. Go at once! They might come soon, and a ball might chance to strike you. These gentlemen are sure to be armed, and they shoot badly. Go, Maria—do go!"

The girl glided back into the wood, but the old man placed himself at the end of the bridge, taking up nearly half the narrow way with his body.

Soon after the sound of carriage wheels was heard descending the neighbouring hill, and immediately after, amidst a cloud of dust, was perceptible a travelling-carriage, well laden with boxes and portmanteaus. The instant the old man caught a glimpse of the vehicle he blew a shrill whistle, and quick as lightning a couple of faces peeped over the edge of the bridge, but immediately disappeared again. Meanwhile, the carriage approached. When, however, the horses had arrived at the middle of the bridge, the coachman drove slower, so as not to run over the beggar who was stretched on the ground, apparently sleeping. The concealed bandits took advantage of this momentary delay; they clambered up the sides of the bridge like cats, and rushed upon the carriage with their pistols cocked.

Two persons were seated in the carriage—a boy and a young man of noble appearance. The elder of the two instantly seized a double-barrelled gun and fired at the head of one of the robbers. He fell; but at the same moment the traveller himself received a shot which made him reel. However, he still had strength enough to fire again; but the ball whistled past the man at whom it was aimed, and entered the forest. The old man in rags had by this time risen, and had seized the reins of the horses; his remaining accomplice, feeling himself more secure now that the two barrels were empty, approached the door of the carriage. At this moment a low wailing was heard in the direction of the wood. The old man in the tattered garments listened anxiously; he then suddenly let go the reins, and crying, "Jesus Maria!" he rushed from the bridge into the wood.

The coachman, being accustomed to such scenes, had retained his presence of mind throughout the whole affair. He lashed the spirited horses; they dashed furiously past the only remaining bandit, cleared the bridge like lightning, and disappeared amidst the forest. The robber, it is true, fired his gun in his rage, but the ball lodged in a portmanteau without doing any further injury.

"Pietro is a despicable fellow," muttered the robber; "he ran like a roebuck. How are you, Mattheo? This speculation has failed." Mattheo lay bathed in blood with a deep wound in his breast, and the death-rattle in his throat was his only answer. "Well, well," said the other, "it is

all over with you, comrade. I will give St. Borromeus six pistoles and ten white wax-lights to secure the peace of your soul. St. Borromeus is an honest patron, and will surely help you out of purgatory."

The countenance of the dying robber brightened, and a smile full of sweet hope played round his mouth. He was dreaming of the merciful sentence he hoped to have secured to him, and of a blissful eternity.

"I suppose I must seek that despicable fellow who ran away just as he was most wanted," continued the robber to himself, as he proceeded towards the thicket. There another spectacle of death met his view. Pietro's daughter, the lovely Maria, had been wounded by a stray shot; bleeding and moaning she lay stretched upon the soft moss, which greedily absorbed the blood, as with each feeble stroke of the pulse she grew fainter and fainter. Pietro was on his knees beside her, with his face bowed down to the ground, in his grief and rage tearing his grey hair. The younger robber stood leaning upon his gun contemplating the scene.

"Now you see, Pietro," said he, at length, "that is what you have got for always praying to the Virgin. She is expected to help so many, that she has not time to devote herself to all. It is quite another thing with the holy Borromeus; he has had little to do for some time past. It was just as I said; it is not of the slightest use to waste prayers upon the Virgin Mary, for we constantly see how seldom they reach her ears. I assure you St. Borromeus was quite delighted when I thought of him. The monk said so too. Pietro, all is over with Maria, and with Mattheo also. There is a pair gone together!"

"A pair together!" murmured the dying girl, with great difficulty; "was the stranger, the young foreigner, also shot?"

"Oh yes, he got his deserts," replied the bandit, laughing.

"The pair together," muttered the young girl. "He also—it is well."

"Do not lie there like a madman; do you not see she is dead?" exclaimed the robber, after a while. "By St. Borromeus! your tearing a few grey hairs more or less from your head will not bring her back to life! Now, get up, old man! or else we shall have a company of devout soldiers, thorough cowards, from Sienna upon us. Well, do you wish to be shot dead too?"

At length the younger robber succeeded in bringing the old man to reason, and in silence they bore the corpse away between them. Meanwhile, the sun had gone down, and night had spread its dark veil over this scene of sin and misery.

Johannes, for he was the wounded traveller, was taken to Sienna in the utmost haste; physicians were immediately called in, but all was of no avail, the ball had too surely done its fatal work. It was night, the unfortunate young man still breathed, and his pupil, weeping passionately, knelt at the side of his bed. At length he opened his eyes, which seemed lighted up as if with a ray from a brighter world. He pressed the hand of the sorrowing boy.

"Do you hear, Adolf?" said he, softly—"do you hear, the bell at Mellingsta is tolling—do you not hear? To me it rings sweetly, although to Johanna and my poor father it must sound hollow and dismal; greet them both from me!" He sank upon his pillow, pale as a broken lily;

and in another moment all was over! His death took place on the 3rd of October.

It rained violently, and the wind blew hard upon the 3rd of October. Master Peter shook his head, and prophesied that winter was near at hand; the leaves had already fallen from the trees, and were now performing their death-dance along the dreary pathways of Mellingsta.

The family were alone at the castle, the baron endeavouring to amuse himself with a game of patience, his wife reading a romantic tale of the newest French school, and Johanna seated at her pianoforte extemporising, and now and then falling into the last piece which she and Johannes had played together before their parting. All were serious and preoccupied, but none expressed his or her thoughts. The baron was the first who broke the silence, by saying:

"I cannot understand the game this evening, it goes all wrong; ten times I have placed the cards round our Adolf, but they never succeed. God grant that no evil has happened to him."

The baroness smiled, and made some observation upon superstition; but Johanna rose, and assured her father that there was no signification attached to the cards.

"At least a hundred times I have placed the cards," said she, "to see if I should get a pair of gold bracelets like Adolf's, and patience always told me I should have them; nevertheless papa has not bought them for me."

"But if it so happened that I *had* bought you such a pair of bracelets, and that they *had* arrived, what would you then say of the cards?"

"Ah! I should return kind patience my most grateful thanks," said Johanna, who was forcing herself to appear gay, although her heart was oppressed by a secret dread for which she could not account.

The baron rose and left the room; in a few moments he returned with a pair of bracelets just such as Johanna had wished.

"Look here," said he, "*your* patience has not deceived you; now what do you say to *mine*?"

Johanna turned pale; she smiled, but it was a gloomy smile.

"I am not superstitious," said the baron. "I cannot conceive what is the matter with me to-night."

Suddenly, father, mother, and daughter sprang from their seats and listened; they all heard the dull, hollow strokes of the death-bell. Too true! it tolled in slow, measured beats. It could not be the sport of the wind, it could not be a trick of imagination, for they all heard it.

"The bell!" they all exclaimed with one accord; and the baron stretched out his arms to his wife, as he cried in anguish, "Mother! do you hear that bell? it tolls for Adolf; we have now no son!" She sank into his arms, and a long and painful silence ensued. Johanna had fallen upon her knees, fervently and devoutly praying. The bell had continued to toll; suddenly, however, it ceased, and they again heard the rain beating against the window-panes, and the wind whistling through the belfry.

The ringing of the bell had also awakened Master Peter from his uneasy slumbers. The old man sat up and listened, then lighted his small night-lamp, and wrote in his journal: "On the 3rd of October, at

a quarter to eleven o'clock, the death-bell at Mellingsta began to toll; the tolling continued until precisely eleven o'clock—noted at the time—wind north-west, heavy rain, barometer pointing to rain, thirteen degrees Celsius.”

The old man again retired to his couch, and lay conjecturing what misfortune was likely to fall upon the noble family. It is true he thought of Baron Adolf, but he speedily rejected that idea. “He is so young,” he muttered; “besides, he is under the care of Johannes; it must be for some old aunt or other.” And having come to this comfortable conclusion, he turned himself on his couch and went calmly to sleep.

About a month after this the baron came down to Master Peter, who in all speed hastened to his study to change his coat, that he might receive his noble guest with due honour. Master Peter did not remark that the baron was very pale, and that there was a look of sadness in his face as he entered his modest roof. He merely thought of his toilet, the poor old man.

“Good day, Master Peter!” said the baron, seating himself upon the chair which was offered him. “How are you, good Master Peter?”

“Quite well, sir, the Lord be thanked—quite well.”

“You have had a happy old age, Master Peter,” continued the baron. “God has hitherto granted you many blessings. You are healthy.”

“Yes, God be thanked! as sound as the kernel of a good nut,” replied Master Peter.

“Did you observe about a month ago that the wind set the old bell upon the top of the castle in motion? Did you remark that?”

“Yes, to be sure I did,” answered the old man, fetching his journal and putting on his spectacles. “Look here: ‘On the 3rd of October, at a quarter before eleven, the death-bell at Mellingsta began to toll.’ The Lord be thanked,” continued he, “it foreboded nothing.”

“Do you think so?” asked the baron; “but it *did* forebode something; we have sustained a painful loss.”

“Who?” asked the old man, looking inquiringly at the baron; “surely not the young——”

“No, dear Peter, no; another person died on that night, whose last thoughts and words were for Johanna—my Johanna, Master Peter—and——you.”

“Me?” said the old man, gazing fixedly before him—“me?—Johannes did not belong to the family——”

The baron seized the old man’s hand and cried in great agitation, “Poor old man, your Johannes was as dear to us as a son.”

“Johannes! Johannes!” whispered the unhappy father, disengaging himself gradually from the baron’s grasp.

He seated himself quietly upon the edge of the bed, and uttered not another word; the deathlike pallor of his countenance alone betrayed that he had understood the baron, and what he was suffering—all his earthly happiness was snatched from him.

Many years had elapsed since the events above recorded had taken place. The castle, after the death of the baron, had remained long deserted and unoccupied, when at length a widow came to reside there. It

was Johanna, who had lately lost her husband. Hers had been a marriage without affection or domestic happiness, nor had she any children to interest her. She had married only to please her parents. She was now free again, and in deep mourning came to take possession of the deserted old castle, her paternal home, which had become her property in consequence of the death of her brother.

Master Peter, now in his eightieth year, was once more gay and lively. His second childhood had begun, but he still wandered about Mellingsta, talking nonsense about the hidden powers of nature, and amusing himself with his scientific instruments. Not to wound the old man's pride, he had been permitted to retain the superintendence of the garden. The grounds had not gained by this arrangement; the hedges had run wild, the paths were overgrown with weeds, and the summer-house had almost gone to ruins; it looked deserted and dreary. Everything was altered; the fatal bell alone hung as it did of old.

It was about this time that I first saw the old man, for it was still one of his greatest pleasures to invite the children of the neighbourhood into his little study; when alone, he plunged with increasing eagerness into his researches, which, alas! only led to perplexity. But he fancied that by studying nature, however imperfectly, he was approaching in thought, at least, those realms in which his Johannes dwelt, and where he awaited his aged father.

The baroness, the once gay and happy Johanna, had become a grave and serious woman. She also drew youth around her, and established a girls' school, in which she herself undertook the part of instructress. She would often go down to Master Peter's cottage, and converse with him about Johannes, about his childhood, his games, and pleasures. Thus she would go over with the old gardener all the events of his son's childish years, and live anew in the past, as she hoped to live in the future with her dear Johannes.

"It is remarkable," the old man once observed to the baroness, showing her the entry in his journal—"it is remarkable that on the 3rd of October the death-bell began to toll—and look further down—can your ladyship see? it is rather badly written, for I was weeping at the time like a child, and some tears dropped upon the paper, but there it stands: 'This tolling was for my son Johannes, as if he had belonged to the noble baronial family.' Do you not think that was very remarkable?"

The baroness pressed her hand tightly over her heart, as if she wished to quiet the rebellious spirit within, and replied: "No, Master Peter! it was not remarkable, for he *did* belong to the family—I feel it *HERE*."

A SWEDISH VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD IN THE YEARS
1851, 1852, 1853.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. BUSHBY.

Panama, April, 1852.

WHEN last I wrote to you, I thought that my next letter would be from San Francisco; but as I find that the post for Europe goes to-morrow, and I have time and matter enough, I will relate to you now the continuation of our voyage along the western coast of America.

Valparaiso is the most important seaport belonging to the Republic of Chili, and may also be looked upon as a great storehouse for the whole of the west coast of America. The harbour of Valparaiso is, therefore, the resort of ships from all countries. There is scarcely a merchant-ship that navigates the Pacific Ocean which does not touch at that port, with the exception of the whalers, of which but few stop there.

The outer port of the harbour is open, and not very safe, so that many disasters happen there. I have never anywhere seen so many vessels at once under repair. More like an open roadstead than a snug harbour, it is particularly exposed to the storms from the north, which, during the winter months—from May to September—are very violent. It is related that, in 1823, seventeen ships were dashed to pieces upon the coast, and that every year fresh calamities occur. During the summer months, however, the harbour is always safe, although the land breeze, which is generally mild by day, is sometimes tempestuous. One day during our stay at Valparaiso, it happened that a canoe, in which were an old woman and three children, who were all unskilled in the use of the oar, was driven far out in the harbour. The woman and the children stood upright in the canoe, and with tears and lamentations besought assistance from those on the ships they passed, or they would be carried out into the open sea. One of our boats was sent to their assistance, and the poor creatures were brought safely back to dry land.

At the first glance there is something about Valparaiso that reminds one of Madeira; there is a similar background of hills, and a similar reddish, burnt-up look in the soil. But one misses Madeira's high crest, the mountain ridge, with its jagged lofty peaks veiled by the clouds. The hills here stretch, almost at the same elevation, from one side of the horizon to the other; here and there varied towards the north by some higher eminence in the shape of a bank, or by some considerable sink, forming a chasm in the elevated line of mountain. Petrified torrents, as it were, descend from this chain down to the very margin of the sea, and occupy so much space, that but a small strip of land is left free. Upon this narrow strip lies the town, which consists, consequently, of but two long streets running parallel to the sea-shore, joined by cross streets. But somewhat farther to the north, where the hills recede a little from the sea, lie the suburbs, named *Almendral*, which has a very different appearance from the town itself, the latter being called, in common parlance, only "The Harbour." Here the houses are packed close together, without courts or gardens, and have a very European look. The place

is filled with merchants, shipowners, and sailors; and all is business, bustle, and noise. Almendral is much more quiet; the houses in it resemble small detached villas, surrounded frequently with gardens, and altogether it has a very Spanish appearance. Valparaiso, however, is far from being so pretty as Monte Video or Buenos Ayres. The better class of houses are so intermingled with low public-houses, that neither taste nor order can exist. The windows generally look into the interior courtyard, which gives a dead aspect to the street. At "The Harbour" the shops are almost European; valuable goods are displayed in large windows, as at Berlin and Paris; and everywhere are to be seen confectioners and Swiss dairies. At Almendral, on the contrary, everything is sold without the least parade: the wares are arranged in small, miserable booths, and not unfrequently only on a board before the door of the vendor's house. These booths and boards are often the sole means of support of a whole family.

In the northern part of the town there are many large gardens, where fruit is principally raised. I saw at Almendral two public gardens, where people promenaded in arbours of lattice-work, from which hung large bunches of grapes, mingling with beautiful flowers. I was surprised to find that the favourite garden flowers of the South are the same as flourish in our northern gardens, while the wild flowers which grow in the open fields, away from the towns, though also beautiful, are very different both in their shapes and in their leaves. What interested me most in both of the above-named gardens was a pair of gigantic specimens of that wonderful tree, *ARANCARIA EXCELSA*, that here, in its native land, grows under the free air of heaven. At Rothschild's garden at Frankfort I have seen this tree of a considerable height, but here one is lost in amazement at its immense loftiness, which far exceeds that of our tallest pine-trees.

Valparaiso is not rich in public buildings. The theatre has a pretty façade, but has no particular architectural beauty. During our stay, the two last representations of the season were given, and the pieces were "Ernani" and "Nabuccodonosor." I was told that they were very well performed. In Victoria-place, fronting the theatre, there is a double row of posts painted green, all surmounted by the pretty flag of Chili—red, blue, and white, with a star in the corner—which gives a singular look to the place. Not far from the theatre is a large church, which already begins to look like a ruin, though it is not yet finished; at least, the walls falling down in different parts, and the large empty window spaces, give such an idea. There are many other churches, but I saw nothing of the interior of them. There are still six convents in Valparaiso, although taking monastic vows is now forbidden, and the monks with their shaven crowns will soon be done away with.

There is no want of educational institutions in Chili. The University of St. Jago has quite an American character; and several schools at Valparaiso are conducted according to the English system. One of the principal public buildings is the Exchange. It lies at a short distance from the pier, and the space or square in front of it, which is like a market, is filled with English, French, and German manufactures; and all sorts of people connected in any way with trade and commerce, from the highest to the lowest, are to be seen there. The custom-house duties are heavy in Chili.

Such is Valparaiso *infra montes*, but up among the hills there lies another portion of the town, which has its own peculiarities. Here reside the dregs of the people, and their habitations are in keeping with themselves. These consist of wretched clay huts, a few ells square, with fire-places almost always outside of the doors, and are generally propped up by a few posts. Impurities of all sorts taint the air, and dark, wild-looking, loathsome faces peep forth here and there. One shudders at the contemplation of such a "*quebrada*," and however picturesquely these huts may hang over the steep hill-sides, all artistical illusion vanishes when one sees them near in their disgusting filth. Above these abodes of misery, again, upon the high, flat ridges, are to be seen pretty villas, with balconies, and bowers, and terraces, from whence the eye wanders over the town, the harbour, the sea beneath, the rocky coast, and the snow-capped hills around, among which the volcano Aconeagua raises its mighty head towards the heavens.

The higher classes at Valparaiso have always mingled too much among foreigners to have retained anything of the Spanish characteristics except an unbounded hospitality. Those who have had the opportunity of being introduced to private families must be aware that the welcome they invariably receive is, "Look upon my house and all it contains as your own." The evenings are passed in music and dancing; one finds nothing but gaiety, good breeding, and amiability. The ladies are of the Spanish type, and are remarkable for their beauty and elegance. They dress with taste, especially taking much pains with their hair and feet; but they do not seem to be good housewives, according to our European ideas.

One hears a great deal about the laxity among married people in Chili. The cause of this may partly be traced to the inattention of the women to their domestic duties, and partly to the loose morals of the men, and their discontent at home. Another cause assuredly is, the indifference to religion, which unhappily prevails throughout the whole of South America.

But look at Chili! How richly it has been endowed by the Lord of the Creation! Fertile valleys, producing every species of grain in far greater abundance than the wants of the population require; coasts, that seem as if expressly created for every industrial and commercial purpose; mountains, teeming with the most valuable and useful metals; in a word, containing within itself everything requisite for a powerful and happy country. Time out of mind has this Chili been the arena of selfish ambition and partisanship, with all their crushing and desolating consequences, yet still it survives, and courageously struggles to improve itself. The time surely cannot be far distant when this fine country will throw off its fetters, and flourish under the blessings of freedom.

If the higher classes are possessed of pleasing manners, and exhibit a certain amount of intelligence and civilisation, the lower classes are a complete contrast to them. They are dirty in their habits, and repulsive in their appearance, evincing, both in their interiors and their exteriors, a total want of cultivation. The peasantry have not the open, hearty look of the peasantry of other countries. The oppressive old Spanish feudal system still exists here, and it weighs heavily on the labouring portion of the population. The workmen belonging to the town seem equally under its yoke, and equally limited in their ideas. If they can get a

little dried meat and some water-melons they are satisfied, and they are content to sleep amidst bare walls in rude huts not unlike dog-kennels.

The Indians were formerly constantly at war with the European inhabitants of Chili, but latterly they have withdrawn more to the south, and have taken possession of large, unoccupied tracts of land; while it is the policy of Chili to live in peace with the smaller tribes of aborigines who still dwell between the Cordilleras and the Pacific Ocean. The Gausos of Chili are of the same class as the Gauchos of the provinces of La Plata, whom they resemble much in all respects. They are often to be seen on horseback at Valparaiso, with their ponchos and their long spurs; the most wealthy among them sporting spurs of silver, and having their straw hats and their ponchos adorned with trimmings of gold embroidery.

A severe attack of illness prevented me from making two excursions I had proposed: the one to St. Jago, the capital of Chili, the other to the valley of Quillota, about six miles from Valparaiso, which is said to deserve by its beauty the name that has been bestowed upon it, viz., *THE VALLEY OF PARADISE*. Valparaiso has obtained its own appellation in consequence of the pleasant refuge it offers to voyagers who have been so fortunate as to have weathered the difficulties and dangers of Cape Horn.

The geological formation of Valparaiso is volcanic, and evinces many wonderful peculiarities in its soil, the results of frequent earthquakes. During the rainy season, namely, from September to April, a great deal of rain falls in the southern provinces, while in the northern, on the contrary, which border on the arid tracts of Peru, scarcely any. A heavy dew compensates, in the summer months, for the want of rain, and therefore the mornings at Valparaiso were often very foggy. The sun was seldom seen before eleven o'clock, but it would then shine forth in all its glory, amidst a cloudless sky of the deepest blue. Hurricanes are quite unknown, and the climate is so mild, that Chili may be considered one of the most healthy countries in the world; epidemics never break out here, and illness is rare. Snow never falls in the immediate vicinity of the sea, though on the Cordilleras in such large quantities that the passes are sometimes entirely closed for a long time. The population of Chili is about two millions; the country itself is so fertile and rich, that it might become of great importance, were it not torn to pieces by internal dissensions, and languishing under bad government.

We left Valparaiso on the 5th of March, and though we were wafted by favourable breezes along the coast, the wind was not strong enough to enable us to make speedy progress. We had scarcely left the harbour before the ship was surrounded by a swarm of sea-swallows, new to us. They followed us as far as the tropics, when they left us. In the Straits of Magellan we had been attended by flocks of sea-gulls and other aquatic birds; beyond Terra del Fuego by shoals of white and black seals; and now, farther up than Valparaiso, by albatrosses and Cape doves. These successive appearances and disappearings of living creatures, introducing us, as it were, to new scenes and a new climate, was something that spoke to the imagination. Thus it is on the pathway of life—one makes new acquaintances, whom one afterwards exchanges for others.

Eight days after having left Chili we anchored outside of the Chincha Islands, situated near the town of Pisco in Peru. We had passed several

groups of islands, such as San Gallaro, &c. &c., whose extraordinary formation attracted our attention. Destitute of every trace of vegetation, these islets lay, now shining a dazzling white—Heaven only knows with what—now looking like high sand-hills of curious shape. Large spaces appeared to have worn away, or been fretted away, on the rock-girt shore, till they formed grottos that even stretched across the entire islands, and resembled massive gateways. The three guano islands seemed lower than those above named, and were of a redder colour, not unlike that of scorched heather. The beach looked, every here and there, as if dismembered from the steep, precipitous rocks, strangely sundered into caverns of various shapes. We anchored close to the most easterly of these islands, where were lying twelve merchant vessels of different nations, and a Peruvian brig (man-of-war) to keep order among their crews. The ships were mostly laden with guano for England or North America.

We landed at the southern extremity of the island, beneath an almost perpendicular wall of rock; and climbing a flight of steps, the hewing of which had apparently been a work of great labour, as the ascending of them certainly was, we stood, on gaining the top, in the midst of the only houses on the island. Two or three of these were of wood, but as poorly furnished as possible, and in these dwelt the book-keepers and the overseers of the labourers. The labourers themselves lived in huts constructed of bamboo-sticks and rushes, generally about four ells square, some a little larger, some smaller, but none being more roomy in the inside than the little outhouses one often sees in the country villages at home. They were not floored; in short, they were so rude and comfortable that one could hardly conceive it possible for human beings to exist in them. The persons employed to break and collect the guano, however, could not expect that much attention would be paid to their accommodation, for some of them must have been criminals, to judge from an iron ring round the leg, and others were political prisoners from Peru. Not *political prisoners* in the European acceptance of the unhappy term, but such poor devils as had played the very inferior part of shouting and hurraing during one of the almost daily revolutions in Peru. Besides these, there were about a hundred Chinese emigrants, who had no doubt gone there to obtain employment; but the loss of whose national queue, or pigtail, betrayed that they had not been very well treated by the other members of the little community, restrained though these were by the rigour of the law. Nothing can be more melancholy than the sight of these miserable creatures. Their faces—indeed their whole bodies—covered with the unsavoury brownish guano dust, their garments in tatters, their countenances, with a few exceptions, in keeping with the chain on their limbs, they look so frightful, that one wonders how any person can remain in safety among them. They seem to amuse themselves by laughing at the Chinese. We were told that the Chinese and the prisoners remained there from four to five years, that they received four piastres a month as wages, for which they contracted to furnish ninety wheelbarrows full of guano per day, and for whatever quantity they could bring over that, they were paid separately, so that they had sometimes an opportunity of earning a spare shilling.

We went to see the place where, for the time being, the guano was, it

might be said, *quarried*. It was a high, steep hill, on the sides of which each labourer had taken a longitudinal space of about two ells in width, separated from his neighbour's allotment by upright ridges of guano, like walls. Within these enclosures stood the labourer, and with a hatchet broke off the guano, which, thus loosened, fell to the bottom of the hill, where it was packed into a large wheelbarrow and removed to the shore for exportation.

The island itself, in size about eight English square miles, is composed of a mass of rock, on which the guano lies in enormous quantities. By a computation which I heard made, it was asserted that the island could yield 50,000 tons of guano annually for two thousand years. The guano, as every one knows, is the manure of the inconceivable number of sea-birds who have dwelt here, I had almost said since before the creation of man; for, when one gazes on that immense quantity of matter, and remembers that the world is said to be not more than 5854 years old, one is almost inclined to lean to the new hypothesis, which, after all, may be as correct as any other. The guano islands are covered not only with the dirt deposited by the birds—that precious article which sells for 1*l.* sterling per ton—but also with the wings of the birds, their skeletons, and their bones; these substances are pretty much mingled with the upper layers of the guano, but are not found buried in the under strata. It is these which impart the light brown colour to the guano, and the dust from them is whirled about by the wind, falling on everything, and causing the same smell which may be noticed in a hen-house which is not kept very clean. Peru, to whom these islands belong, has rented them to an English company.

When, after having wandered with weary steps through the island, over, I cannot say the fields, but the surface, where no hillock, no tree, no herb, no blade of grass, not even a bit of marshy ground contrasts with the reddish brown tint of the soil, and where the foot, at every instant, sinks into the soft matter on which thousands of birds assemble—when one then descends to the shore of the island, one does not meet with a less extraordinary spectacle. The sea dashes its foaming billows against the foot of the perpendicular rocky walls which rise to a great height. Above, one looks up to those vast masses of guano which have partially worn away the rocks, and caused large fragments of them to become so loose that they have fallen down to the beach below, where they lie in the most fantastic confusion. The wall of rock is not always smooth and solid; spacious caverns, opening one into another, enormous hollows, and great blocks of dark projecting stone, give them a picturesque and majestic appearance. In every hiding-place, upon each jutting mass, nay, on the smooth and polished rock itself, are perched birds by thousands; some small, with red feet and beaks, and pretty shining wings; some of the pelican species, birds of prey, all screeching most discordantly, in concert with others who are floating upon the waves. Innumerable marine animals live amidst the sea-weed; and if death reigns, and the leavings of death abound in dark uniformity above, here below all is replete with manifold life.

From the Chincha Islands we proceeded to Callao, where we remained three days. On the first day I sauntered about the town, on the second I went to Lima, and on the third to the island of San Lorenzo.

Long before we had reached the harbour, we had been enjoying the

beautiful panorama that was spread before us. Far away in the distance the Cordilleras reared their snow-capped heads towards the sky; nearer to the foreground lay rows of pointed hills, at the foot of which a fertile plain sloped gently towards the sea-shore, where, at the farther extremity of this verdant slope, was to be seen Lima with its white spires, and at the nearest point were situated the houses and fortress of Callao, almost hidden from view by the masts of the numerous ships which crowded the port. The harbour is well protected, on the north and east by the shore, on the south-east by a long projecting tongue of land, and on the south by the hilly island of San Lorenzo; it is only open to the sea on the west.

On landing at Callao, one is struck with the singular uniform—blue striped linen—of the Peruvian soldiers, many of whom are to be seen in and near the custom-house, and with the heaps of corn piled up without any covering in the open air. But it never rains here. The dew, which falls from eleven o'clock at night till about eleven o'clock in the morning, suffices to give moisture and nourishment to vegetation. A tramway goes direct from the pier to the railway station, which is situated at no great distance from the landing-place; and by this railway goods are transported in less than twenty minutes to Lima, from whence they are sent to different parts of the country. There is also a communication by water between the river Rimar and the harbour. The town itself, as the seaport of the capital of Peru, and next to Valparaiso the most commercial place on the west coast of South America, is, like its harbour, full of bustle and animation. The principal street runs parallel to the shore, with substantial, but by no means elegant, houses and shops. In the centre is a market-place, with a bubbling fountain, and a miserable-looking church, constructed of wood and clay. Other streets lead from the principal one, and farther up the town is the market for fruit, butcher's meat, and many other articles, which are displayed under awnings of sail-cloth, or rushes; white people, negroes, and Indians mingle here, and the noise is almost beyond bearing.

On the outskirts of the town, where the poorer class dwell, the habitations are wretched in the extreme. Here are to be seen huts composed of reeds, formed into walls by means of being attached to bamboo stems driven into the ground. These frail walls are sometimes smeared over on the outside with clay mixed with lime, so that they become firmer; and for a roof the hut has only a sort of mat, on which they strew sand or gravel, for, as it has already been mentioned, the absence of rain renders any waterproof covering scarcely necessary. The whole abode is merely a room without windows, without flooring, without any furniture except a large bed, on which, however, excellent bedclothes are often found. Everything here betokens either great poverty, or a great want of the necessaries of life; and in a country like this, where wages are very high, and people live principally upon fruit, one is surprised that so many needful things are dispensed with.

In the middle of the last century the old town of Callao was entirely destroyed by an earthquake. It was situated south of the present town, which at that time was one of two Indian settlements lying just under the walls of the old Callao. It was a fine city, filled with handsome churches and palaces. The heaving of the ground during the earthquake

overthrew many of the houses, and the sea retired so far that the greatest part of the harbour was left dry land. But it rolled in again at length like one vast wave, and on its fearful onward course it overwhelmed everything that came in its way: human beings and every living creature perished, the remaining buildings were swept off, and not a vestige of the once flourishing city remained. The sea dashed on as far as Bellavista, a small town in the interior, where an iron cross now recalls the memory of that awful inundation. No traces of the old Callao are now to be seen, but in very calm weather pieces of wall and the ruins of houses are visible beneath the water on the coast.

The present Callao derives its consequence partly from its being the greatest storehouse of Peru, and the port of Lima, partly from its fortress, San Felipe, which stands at its southern extremity. This place must have been very strong formerly, for it held out long against all the attacks of the insurgents during the War of Independence; and it was the heroic assault and capture of this stronghold that, in 1826, wrested Peru from the Spanish yoke. The greater part of this fortress is now converted into a dépôt for goods, and its military importance is far less than it used to be.

Lima, the capital of Peru, was founded in 1535 by Francisco Pizarro, and was at first named CIUDAD DE LOS REYES. It lies at a little distance from Callao, at the entrance to the mountain pass, which forms, at an elevation of 500 feet above the level of the sea, the limit to the before-mentioned sloping land. Formerly omnibuses and diligences travelled regularly between the two towns; but the great traffic has already called into existence a railroad, and now one goes with ease in twenty minutes from the one place to the other. The railway station at Callao has none of that comfort and luxury which one is accustomed to meet on the continent of Europe. A roof of rushes, upheld by some bamboo-trees, forms the little shed where the tickets are sold. But the carriages and engines are excellent, and are all of English workmanship.

The inclined plane over which one travels has two very different aspects. That portion which lies to the north of the railway is extremely fertile, abounding in rows of willow-trees, and rich in various kinds of vegetation. That portion, on the contrary, which lies close to the ancient Callao and the sea-shore is a mere waste, the barren surface of which is only diversified by half dried-up pools of water, whose white margins extend very far. Everything around conveys the idea of extreme indolence in agricultural affairs. The railway goes straight into the town. The station here is of a very different description to that of Callao, and in turning a corner the stranger finds himself at once in one of the principal streets.

A stranger is much struck with the large balconies and their green-painted lattices, that hang like gigantic cages from the walls of every house. In them the ladies spend all the cooler hours of the day. The windows towards the street are closely jalousied. Massive gateways lead to a court-yard surrounded by buildings, the walls of which are covered with fresco paintings, representing scenes from the Bible, or from the Grecian and Roman histories, and occasionally from the ancient history of Peru. This first court is generally ornamented with trees and plants growing in tubs and flower-plots; and farther back are two or three other court-yards, devoted to household purposes. One or two

handsome staircases lead to the upper stories, which are often built like a gallery, with curtains falling in heavy folds. The rooms are elegantly furnished, and there is no want of mirrors, paintings, &c.

The lowest stories of the houses are almost all used as shops, in which the newest and richest importations from Paris and London are to be found. I have nowhere in South America seen such splendid shops. Lima deserves, in this respect, its name of "Little Paris." On one side of the great market-place stand the cathedral and the palace of the archbishop; on another side is situated the government house, while the other two sides are filled with private dwellings, having their lowest stories converted into shops and gay bazaars. The cathedral is a fine edifice, built in the Moorish style, its façade painted and highly embellished, and altogether wearing an imposing appearance. The interior is quite in keeping with the exterior. The high altar is very costly; it is encircled by twenty-four columns, which were originally of solid silver, but these found their way to the state treasury, and from thence into the pockets of the government officials and their partisans, and in their place are now twenty-four wooden columns, covered with plates of silver. The bishop's pulpit, its canopy, and the chairs for the other dignitaries of the church, are all of beautifully carved wood. The walls of the side chapels are covered with paintings by Italian masters, and the whole cathedral is filled with gifts from the pious, consisting of pictures, sculptures, and various expensive works of art. There is perhaps no city in America which has so many churches as Lima. There are said to be sixty, besides monasteries and convents. The observations which I have made with regard to the state of religion in other parts of South America also apply in their fullest extent to Lima.

In the centre of the market-place is a handsome but somewhat dilapidated fountain, with numerous jets of water, and surmounted by a statue of Fame. Around this the populace throng of an evening, smoking and chattering together. Proceeding on towards the bridge over the river Rimar, a lovely view presents itself: the distant hills towering one above the other until they seem to touch the skies—the wild mountain streams dashing over their rocky beds, and forming here and there a foaming cataract—the painted houses on one side of the river, and the verdant plain that stretches to the shore—all this is beautiful. The bridge is a favourite lounging-place, where, seated on stone benches, the ladies, as well as the gentlemen, enjoy their cigars. Continuing one's walk in the same direction, one comes to the suburb called Macambo. No more shops are to be seen here, and one only finds the dwellings of the lowest classes. Although these are not merely huts made of rushes, as at Callao, still they are ill-constructed and dirty enough to evince the poverty of their inhabitants. Lima is quite a Spanish town, but the Spanish style of building is modified to suit a place where earthquakes so often occur. The streets all bear names which sound unpleasantly to the ears of Protestants—viz., "*Calle de Jesus Maria—Calle de Jesus Nazareno*," &c. There are a great many public buildings besides the churches in Lima, but they have all seen their best days, and seem now only decaying evidences of past prosperity.

The population of Lima, which formerly amounted to 100,000, is now reduced to 40,000, a fact which speaks volumes as to its present condition. It could not be otherwise in a place where internal disturbance,

like earthquakes, have destroyed all order, and where there is so little security that, between Lima and Callao, no one after nightfall is safe from robbers. Besides the white inhabitants—the descendants of the Spaniards and the European settlers—the population consists of such a multitude of negroes and Indians, that with the exception of Brazil, no equal number are to be found in any other part of South America. The offspring of the whites and the Indians are called Cholos, of the Indians and the negroes Sambos, and of the whites and negroes Mulattos. The Spaniards have the usual dark complexions, black hair, fine sparkling eyes, and peculiarly proud bearing of their European brethren. The only thing remarkable in their dress is the so-called *Almaviva* cloak, in which they all, without any exception, wrap themselves up to the eyes, winter and summer, like banditti. The ladies are entirely guided in their apparel by the Parisian fashion-books. They dress tastefully and expensively, but have almost entirely discarded the picturesque costume which not many years ago formed one of the most striking peculiarities of Lima. This consisted in a “*saya*” and “*manto* ;” the *saya* was a long silk robe that descended almost to the beautiful little feet, so that the wearer could only take very short steps ; it was more like a case than anything else. The *manto* was a dark silk cloak attached to the *saya*, enveloping the head and shoulders, and concealing all but one eye and one hand, the latter of which was generally laden with costly jewels. Above all was thrown a splendid shawl, which was worn so as almost to touch the ground. This dress, in which the wearer could not be recognised even by her nearest relations, enabled her to visit every place of amusement, and to engage in any intrigue, and imparted to society a sort of masquerade character, which veiled many an adventure,—some doubtless of an equivocal, but others only of a romantic nature. The day of adventures, however, of little gallantries and love intrigues, is gone for ever. Publicity, which, like a great subjugating power, is making the round of the world, has forced its way even into far Peru, and has wrought its accustomed changes there.

One meets occasionally with some traces of the old Peruvians and the race of the Incas. In the neighbourhood of Lima, Indian temples have been found, but entirely in ruins. Ancient relics are still frequently dug up, and the Museum at Lima, which has also many objects interesting to the natural historian, possesses a good collection of them.

On the last day of our sojourn here I visited the island of San Lorenzo. It is a bare rock, with deep layers of sand upon the surface at the top. No plants grow there, with the exception of an anemone, and a juicy herb which here and there raises its solitary head amidst this desert. When I climbed to the summit of the hill I was so fortunate as to have clear weather, and consequently a delightful view. In the distance the Cordilleras and lower ranges of mountains, before me the sea, the coast, and Lima with its numerous spires, and at my feet these masses of rock that disclose the history of a revolution brought about by a greater power than mankind's limited and selfish will. I have seen many fine views at home and abroad, but few that could compare with this one in grandeur and beauty.

Two things on the island particularly attracted my attention. At the base of the hill I observed several large apertures, farther up several smaller ones, and between the two sets of holes, little lines of commu-

nication. The larger hole I found to contain birds'-nests, the lesser serving as a sort of window to the dark interior of the rocky habitations of the feathered tribes. I also remarked towards the summit of the hill, every here and there, channels scooped out in the rock, like conduits for water, and in which I expected to see water, but on closer examination I discovered that these little hollow paths were filled inch-thick with white snails, which are found in frightful quantities among the layers of sand. On the side of the island nearest to Callao we saw some miserable fishermen's huts; and behind these, in the midst of sand, was a churchyard, where several English and American sailors had found their last resting-place.

It is well known that Peru is perhaps more favoured by nature than any other country in South America. Besides its vast herds of cattle, its rich vegetation, the mines yield, or would yield, enormous wealth. At the end of the last century 670 gold and silver mines were in full operation, and 578 had been commenced to be worked. Spain drew from the district of Potosi alone six millions of piastres annually. The returns are now far different. Exhaustion after the fierce civil war, insecurity, and indifference to the future, have succeeded to the universal disquiet and constant commotions that so long disturbed this unhappy land. The victory of AYACUCHO, which was won in 1824 by General Suere, put an end to the revolutionary war against Spain, and placed Peru, with the exception of Callao, in the hands of the patriots. But since that period the country has been a prey to repeated insurrections, not unfrequently led by subaltern officers, and persons of a similar grade. No president has almost ever been elected without violent party strife and civil warfare. Three or four pretenders to the supreme power have often been known to spring up at the same time, each of whom had gathered a crowd of followers, many of them wild adventurers; each party plundered and murdered, and were in turn routed and dispersed. Yet, as they were permitted to remain undisturbed in the country, they were ready at the first opportunity to react the same scenes. Thus the history of Peru for the last twenty years is but a record of a series of outrages which, having impoverished the country and broken the spirit of the people, has left them in such dejection, or despair, that they have become totally indifferent to the prosperity of their native land, and do not care to exert themselves in her cause. Even now one does not see any probable termination to this unhappy state of things, for at this moment another revolution appears ready to break out. Peru, which formerly was proverbial for its gold, its importance, and its flourishing condition, is now, like many other decayed states, but a shadow—a ghost of the past.

We left Callao on the 18th of March, and shaped our course to Guayaquil. We glanced at Payta, in Upper Peru, whose coast presented the appearance of a sea-washed calcareous hill, without any trace of vegetation; passed the rocky island of Santa Clara, in the bay of Guayaquil, on which there stands a lighthouse; and, on the 25th of the same month, anchored close to a small town on the east side of the island of Puna, which lies farther up the bay. It was an enchanting spot. In the midst of a thick and leafy grove, fragrant with the perfume of the most beautiful flowers, and watered by a rivulet whose banks were adorned with rows of an American plant, from which green tendrils fell into the stream, floating on it in circles like emerald coronets, lay a small town, or village,

containing about twenty houses, raised some distance from the ground by being built upon posts of four or five ells in height. The inhabitants dread the dampness of the rainy season. The spaces under the houses are often used as pens for goats and sheep. Most of these primitive dwellings consist only of one room, in which the whole family assemble, each in his hammock. From all appearance one would fancy that their principal use is to give shelter from the heat of the sun.

There was something more peculiar about this little town than about any place I had hitherto seen; it was so wild, that it forcibly reminded us of our being in a country new to us. It was now about the end of the rainy season, and the temperature was low, yet all nature looked as gay and as fresh as on one of our liveliest spring days. Parrots and humming-birds, and thousands of other birds, brilliant in plumage and graceful in form, and gorgeous butterflies, wandered among the trees, which were entwined by wreaths of convolvuli; and all around was redolent of gladness and beauty. It was a sight not easily to be forgotten.

Our entrance to Guayaquil was marked by an unpleasant event—the execution of some pirates, of whose vessel we had seen something on our voyage from Callao. Six of them were put to death. They were bound, blindfolded, to as many wooden posts, and shot by a detachment of soldiers drawn up at a short distance from them. The pirates begged, before their execution, to be allowed to say a few words to the people—a crowd having collected to see them die—but they were not permitted to speak; and it was whispered that, had they done so, they would have revealed a secret which would have implicated in their guilt sundry personages of an elevated rank; it was, therefore, *inconvenient* to grant their request.

It would be almost impossible to convey an idea of the spirit which pervades official life here. The state is overburdened with a host of public functionaries and military authorities. There are almost as many generals and commandants as there are common soldiers; and nearly the whole of these, and the members of government, are abused by their countrymen as thieves, cheats, pirates, intriguers; in a word, as the worst of mankind. There is so little stability in affairs, and so little security for anybody, that every one seeks to scrape together all he can, and make the most of the passing day, no matter by what means. Every one connected with the government, from the president down to the lowest official, has but this one aim—*his own advantage*. Hence spring these incessant revolutions—these changes of the constitution—these party strifes, with all their attendant enmity, hatred, and insecurity. Power falls to the share of him who can collect the greatest number of adherents; and these are obtained by the most corrupt and audacious bribery. And thus is this country impoverished, which might be free, happy, rich, and respectable.

Guayaquil, the most important mercantile town in the Republic of Ecuador, is by no means a pretty place, but it has a certain originality, which is wanting in the others. At Guayaquil all is Moorish. Most of the streets are overgrown with grass and weeds, where horses, goats, lamas, and mules graze in peaceful harmony together. The principal street, however, which is very wide, is kept free from these animals; the houses in it are two stories high, while in the other parts of the town they are mostly of one story. The balconies of the second story—where

there are second stories—are supported by arches, which form an arcade beneath,—a pleasant walk during the heat of the day, or during the heavy rains which come on so suddenly.

There was not a single hotel or public-house in the town. Visits from strangers were so rare that these places of resort had not been needed. We were assisted out of our dilemma about lodgings by a German, who most kindly invited us to his house. We were grateful for his hospitality, though our quarters were none of the best. We occupied hammocks in his shop (the lower stories of the houses in the principal streets are converted into shops), on the walls of which enormous cockroaches, gigantic spiders, and scorpions, held their nocturnal revels. During our long voyage, as you may have observed by the sameness of my narrative, we had met with no sort of adventures; but I assure you, as I lay awake these nights, I prepared myself to do battle with the scorpions, or any of the other creatures whom I every moment expected to invade my hanging couch.

While we were at Guyaquil, it wore a very warlike aspect. An attack from Flores was hourly expected, and to defend the town against him, three batteries had been constructed of great beams of timber, mounted with very serviceable cannon, ready for use at a moment's warning. Recruits, in blue and white summer uniforms, were diligently exercised, and the sound of trumpets and fifes was constantly heard in the streets. Entrance into the harbour after six o'clock in the evening was strictly forbidden; and an English steamer, probably not aware of the order, that had come in, was fired at. Nevertheless, Flores had many adherents in the town, among whom indubitably was our host himself. The government of the day, in its proclamations, denounced Flores as a pirate, and offered a reward to any one who would take him prisoner.

Guyaquil lies in a plain at the foot of a range of hills; these looked so fresh and charming, that it would have been a pleasure to have ascended them, had not the troublesome mosquitoes, in vast swarms, assailed every one who attempted to intrude on this sacred domain. But numerous as the mosquitoes are, here, I cannot with truth say that, either in point of annoyance or number, they rival the gnats of Lapland. Earthquakes are frequent in these parts, therefore houses are built so as best to resist them: the partition walls are composed of rushes and earth, which form a substance that will bend, but not fall beneath the violence of the shocks.

Chimborazzo lies about twenty-five leagues from this place, and when the weather is extremely clear one can catch a glimpse of its blue stupendous mass; the Cordilleras are more frequently seen.

On the 4th of April we returned to the frigate, which we had left at Puna, and made sail for the open sea. When in the vicinity of Santa Clara, we saw a steamer and four sailing ships, which proved to be the squadron belonging to Flores. A deputation of officers came on board our ship, with a letter from Flores to our commander, setting forth his wrongs and his expectations, and requesting that if we would not assist his plans to overthrow "the usurper Urbina," and to restore his followers to their families and their home, we would at least preserve a strict neutrality. As may be supposed, we were noway inclined to mix ourselves up in his affairs; so we quietly held on our course till, on the 16th, we anchored in the roadstead of Panama.

INFORMATION RELATIVE TO MR. JOSHUA TUBES AND CERTAIN MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY.

CAREFULLY COMPILED FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

BY E. P. ROWELL.

XIII.

THE DAY OF RECKONING.

MR. CHRISTIAN was a mild, easy man, quickly disturbed by anything disagreeable, and a note which was put into his hands one morning while he was at breakfast, very much surprised and startled him.

It was from the solicitor of a railway company in which he held shares, stating that unless he at once paid a certain overdue call thereon, legal proceedings would of necessity be taken against him.

"Overdue call," muttered Mr. Christian to himself—"why I paid it some weeks back. There cannot be any mistake about it. Ah! it was to Henry Marsden I gave the money. That's fortunate. I have his receipt. I must call on this solicitor after breakfast."

Accordingly, Mr. Christian waited on Mr. Sharp without delay.

"All I can say, sir," said Mr. Sharp, in reply to Mr. Christian's statement, "is, that your name has appeared before the board many times in the list of defaulters, and as you took no heed of the ordinary notices——"

"Notices?" interposed Mr. Christian. "I have had no notices."

"I cannot see why they should not have been sent you, but——"

"But, excuse me. I should not complain if I owed the money, but I repeat, I paid it weeks ago."

"Ah, yes. I beg your pardon. I understood you that you *thought* you had paid it, and that was the reason of the delay. You have a receipt, then, of course."

"Certainly. I took a receipt from——"

A light broke in upon Mr. Christian—a light which made him sick and giddy, and stopped his further speech. Marsden was saved for the moment. Had Mr. Christian uttered his name, the lawyer would immediately have perceived the explanation of the mystery, and in an hour Marsden would have been in custody.

"You are ill, sir," said Mr. Sharp, rising.

"I shall be better in the air," replied Mr. Christian, faintly. "I will investigate this matter further at the office. Good morning." And he departed.

Staggering and stumbling, as though he carried a heavy load, the kind-hearted but easily shaken man wended his way through the crowded streets (wherein people always seem so selfish, so wrapped up in themselves, and so perfectly regardless of others), and arrived at the railway-office. Marsden was at his customary desk, but he rose to greet Mr. Christian immediately on his entry.

The young man was pale and haggard enough but now, yet one glance

at Mr. Christian's face rendered his own as ghastly as it would have been in death. Mr. Christian regarded him for a moment steadfastly.

"I want to speak to you for a few minutes, Marsden," he said, in a broken voice. "Come with me."

They went together, without a word, to an hotel close by, and sat down in a small private room.

Marsden was the less agitated of the two. He had become almost reckless.

"Let the blow fall, Mr. Christian," he said, covering his face with his hands. "I know what you seek to say. There is no reply. Let the end come."

"Is it possible, Henry Marsden!" exclaimed Mr. Christian, with warmth, "that you not only have committed this terrible act, but that you treat it with a comparatively reckless air?"

"You look only upon a part. The dark *whole* is before me," replied Marsden. "I have been torn and tortured till I am absolutely wishful for the final stroke of misery—would it were of death."

Mr. Christian was greatly shocked.

"You would seem to imply more than this one calamity," he said; "what more has to be revealed?"

"Certainly not from wilfulness," replied Marsden, rising, and pacing the room in terrible agitation—"certainly not from want of appreciation of the kindness which I know is still in your heart towards me—which has prompted the mode in which you have communicated to me the discovery it is clear you have made—but for the reason that I am beyond help, that my ruin *must* come, and that all conversation is only purposeless torture, let me entreat you to say no more."

"Merciful Heaven! what is to be done? What could be your motive, Marsden, for this act?"

No answer.

"Bringing shame and ruin on your own head, and disgrace on all connected with you."

"Forbear, sir, forbear!" exclaimed Marsden, almost fiercely, stopping and confronting him. "I have told you that I am prepared to suffer all that may come. Why torture me unnecessarily?"

Mr. Christian could not understand this. To a man of his mind, bended knees and floods of tears, tearing of hair, uplifted eyes, and beating of breast, would have been more appropriate than this demeanour.

"Unfortunate young man," he faltered. "Indeed, I think you are beyond help. You have made your bed, and must lie upon it."

"Ah, yes," replied Marsden, bitterly, "so say; many a worse fate than mine has received that comment and then passed from recollection."

"And what right have you," returned Mr. Christian, with severity—"what right have you, or any one, to complain of the remark? Why should you, or any other misguided man, seek to make the world appear harsh or unforgiving, because it refuses you any other couch than that you have prepared for yourself? But I am very far, Henry Marsden," he continued, in a much milder tone, "from wishing to say one word to add to the pain which you must feel. Now I can see the explanation of your illness for weeks past, remarked by us all—now I can understand the infrequency of your visits—now——"

"My dear friend," interposed Marsden, and taking his hand, "in mercy, forbear! There is no remedy for what has occurred. It remains simply to suffer the extremity of calamity. Do your duty. It is unfortunately clear and plain. I shall go from here to my lodgings, and there I shall await whatever may be befall me."

He turned to go. Mr. Christian was again disturbed by mingled feelings. Not taking into account what Marsden had previously undergone—not perceiving that to a nature like his it was the guilt which constituted the thorn and not its penalty, something melodramatic would have touched him very much, and excited acute sympathy; but Marsden's calm seriousness and determination betokened to his mind a comparative hard-heartedness, which, to say the truth, somewhat shocked him.

He rose, intending to recal Marsden—then he hesitated—and he was alone.

In a very bewildered and unhappy state of mind, Mr. Christian returned home, determining, at all events, to do nothing that day.

An eye one-tenth part as loving and as watchful as his daughter's would have detected something wrong. He had scarce set foot within his house before her arms were round his neck, and she was overwhelming him with vehement inquiries as to what was amiss.

"Yes, Emily, I confess," he replied, "something has occurred which has worried me sadly."

"Something in connexion with that letter which was delivered to you at breakfast, papa? I thought so. I was afraid its contents were unpleasant."

"That letter, my dear, told your father that he was about being sued for a larger amount than he could pay."

"Sued, father! What is this misfortune? I did not know we were in debt to any one."

"Nor are we truly, my love. But I am afraid the miserable folly (I will speak as gently as I can) of one whom I trusted as I would have my own son, has inflicted on us a serious injury. Did you think Henry Marsden could have committed a deliberate act of fraud—one for which he will stand at the bar of a criminal court, and be sentenced to transportation?"

"Merciful Heaven! no—is it possible!"

"Now, is it not clear *why* his cheek grew thin and pale, and his manner absent—*why* his eye shunned ours, and his speech faltered—why his visits became so infrequent of late—and why, when he came, he always seemed glad to depart?"

"Ah! we have all noticed and grieved at it. But what has he done? What could be his motive? What will become of him?"

"He took from me, some time back, a cheque for 450*l.*, and spent it, instead of handing it to the company, his employers. Who will be the loser I don't know. I was satisfied with Marsden's memorandum, which I ought not to have been. Therefore, I expect I shall lose the money—that is to say, the company will proceed against me as though I had not paid it."

"Ungrateful being!" exclaimed Emily, weeping.

"Dear Emily, what has distressed you so much?" eagerly inquired Mary Thorneley, who had just entered the room.

Emily Christian started from her father's arms, and threw her own round Mary's neck. *She* knew how terrible would be these tidings to her friend.

"Never mind now, dear Mary," she replied, striving to wipe away her tears. "Another time I will tell you. I hope the matter is not so serious as it appeared at the moment. There, I'm cheerful again, you see."

Alas! Mr. Christian was very blind. He could not understand Henry Marsden just now. He regarded as indifference and impenitence the demeanour of a man so deeply and sternly struck with a sense of wrongdoing, that the very approach of a bitter penalty seemed like a relief. And now, instead of divining that there must be some motive for Emily's hastily and ill-assumed cheerfulness, and acting accordingly, he at once became angry, and charged her with unkindness.

"I don't see why it should be kept a secret, Emily," he grumbled. "The affair is very serious. I don't wish, I'm sure, to——"

"There, dear papa," interposed Emily, again placing her hand on his shoulder, and looking earnestly in his face, "let it rest. I will tell Mary presently—by-and-by—not just this moment."

"Why, what *does* it matter, my love?" half petulantly exclaimed Mr. Christian. "It does not concern Miss Thorneley half so much as it does us. What is Marsden's villany to her?"

Emily threw her arms round her friend's neck with a low wail.

"Tell her all now," she murmured.

"Of course, of course, I'm going to. You needn't look so startled, Miss Thorneley. You will be grieved, naturally. Everybody is grieved at finding a person with whom they have been associated turning out—ah, yes—I must say—a thorough scoundrel."

"Come away, Mary, just for a few minutes," said Emily, renewing her efforts to withdraw her from the room.

"Did—did you name Henry—Mr.—Marsden?" falteringly inquired Mary, pale as marble.

"Yes," replied Mr. Christian—"Nonsense, Emily; I shall be very angry presently. Leave Miss Thorneley alone."—"I did; and to bring back the colour to those pale cheeks, which look as though you thought some very dreadful news must be coming, I will tell you the whole at once. Henry Marsden has turned out a swindler and blackleg. To-morrow he will be in prison——"

"Good gracious! papa, she's fainting," exclaimed Emily.

"——And a month hence," continued Mr. Christian, not heeding the interruption, "will be transported—perhaps for life."

"She has fainted now," said Emily Christian, almost reproachfully. "Help me, father, to carry her to her room."

Mr. Christian, considerably surprised at the apparently excessive result of his communication, complied mechanically, and Mary was conveyed to her bedroom, and there left alone with Emily.

Consciousness then returning, she poured forth passionate inquiries as to the full extent of the blow which had fallen.

"Your father said to-morrow, Emily—to-morrow he would be—in—in prison for this dreadful matter. So he is free to-day, and to-day something must be done."

"Alas! my dear friend, what can we do? My father, I know, though not poor, is not rich, and cannot pay the money, even were he inclined; and I am afraid, even kind-hearted as he is, he would——"

"Emily, leave me. Go down to your father, gather from him what is really requisite to save Henry, and return to me quickly. O dear Emily, do your best to aid me."

"I will, I will," replied the latter. And she descended to the parlour. Mr. Christian was pacing the room in great agitation.

"What is all this, Emily?" he hurriedly inquired. "Why should this news have such great effect on Mary Thorneley?"

"Papa," said Emily, "something has been kept secret from you which I feel now had better have been told."

"Eh, Emily—more disclosures—more misfortunes, I will venture to say, by your looks."

"Mary Thorneley is engaged to—to Henry Marsden," faltered Emily.

"What!" almost shouted her father, "the unutterable scoundrel! Where did this take place?"

"I believe a short time after they again met each other here. But, dear papa——"

"Oh, Emily, Emily, this is terrible. My old friend Thorneley—what will he say to me?"

"But, papa, hear me one moment. What is the extent of this misfortune? Is it known now that Marsden has taken this money?"

"No; it must be to-morrow."

"Its amount is 450*l*?"

"Yes. More than I can pay, or than he has any chance of paying."

"I will go back to Mary for a moment."

"Stay, Emily. Tell her this from me: I am hurt grievously by what I hear. She has wronged and deceived her best friends, and this day of mourning to her has been well deserved."

He abruptly left the room as he spoke, and Emily returned to Mary.

"It is so," said the former; "nothing will be done against him till to-morrow. If we could but find 450*l*. we could save all the misery; but where can we look?"

"Emily, there is one effort I can and will make at once. I will see my uncle."

"Alas! Mary, I am afraid he would be very, very angry at your engagement; so that his helping Henry Marsden would be out of the question."

"Never mind, I will go to him, tell him all, and will try."

"But you cannot go now. You are too unwell. Besides," she added, looking out, "it is quite dusk, and raining fast."

"Nothing shall deter me—I will go."

Finding her thus resolute, Emily, without consulting her father, lest he should arbitrarily oppose, directed a conveyance to be fetched.

"God bless you, Emily," said Mary, as she hastily entered it.

"May Heaven prosper your endeavour!" returned Emily. And they parted.

"How thankful I am my father did not see her," said the latter to herself, as she re-entered the parlour. "He would certainly have prevented her going; alone, at all events."

"Where is my father?" she inquired of a servant.

"He has been gone out some minutes, miss," was the reply; "and I was to tell you when you came down not to wait dinner, for he would probably dine at Mr. Thorneley's."

"Mr. Thorneley's!"

"Yes, he's gone there as fast as a cab can take him. He was to give the man extra for doing the two miles in twenty minutes, which cabby said was wonderful travelling."

Emily sat down in despair.

"My father, in his present mood," she murmured, "will be an angry opponent, and poor Mary wants support instead of opposition. I am in great mind—I will," she said, starting up—"I will follow them; I may be of some use. Fetch a cab for me directly."

In a few minutes the cab was brought.

"There was only one on the stand, miss," said the servant, "and I don't much like the look of the driver. You're not going alone, are you?"

"Yes; why not? it is not far," replied Emily. And she hurried into the conveyance. "Tell him where to go to—make haste."

"Russell-square," screamed the servant.

No answer.

"Russell-square," screeched Susan, again.

"Oh, ah, hum," were the only sounds audible in reply.

"I'm afraid he's tipsy, miss," said Susan, putting her head into the cab.

"Never mind, so long as he's sense enough to get to Russell-square," replied Emily, excitedly. "I will risk everything."

"Did you say—say—oh?" muttered cabby.

"Russell-square," once more shouted Susan.

"Hum—very good—quick's the word," said cabby, starting into activity. And away they went at a good round pace to Shoreditch.

"This is a queer start," said Susan, to her fellow-servant, the cook, when she had returned into the kitchen. "What's up now, I wonder?"

"Never mind what's up with others," returned the cook; "we have only to mind what's up with ourselves, which, just now, Susy, is the parlour dinner."

"What a sin that it should all be spoilt," exclaimed Susan.

"That's just what I'm a revolv'in' in my mind," answered the cook.

"There's such a lot of it, too," cried Susan.

"Quite so; yes—that's it—will you?" said cook.

Acting in accordance with the secret meaning of this disjointed and mysterious speech, Susan disappeared for a few minutes. When she had returned, the three sat down to a comfortable meal.

"Glad I happened to get back to my beat in time," said the third person, when he was a little refreshed. "I'd just walked off a cove for stealing a leg of mutton, and uncommon rumbustical he was, to be sure."

THE TIGER-KILLER.

It is not often that we have it in our power to introduce our readers to a French novel. They can easily understand the reason why, without any explanation on our part ; but at length we have stumbled on a real gem, called "*Le Tueur de Tigres*," by Paul Féval, the scene of which is laid in England, and throws such a new and unexpected light on ourselves and our institutions, that the readers of the *New Monthly* must necessarily receive a perfect flood of instruction about a country of which they are so ignorant as their own ! All hail, then, to the Frenchman who has undertaken to be your guide, philosopher, and friend ! Welcome him to your homes and hearts as the benefactor of the world in general, and of England particularly.

Our readers are, of course, aware that when our young countrymen have spent all their money, they do not imitate the nigger boatman by working for more, but straightway load a pistol to put an end to their miseries. At least such was the case with our hero, M. Christian, and this was the more unpardonable, as the sun was really supposed to be shining on this eventful morning : of course it could not be seen through the covering of fog and smoke with which London is continually *coiffé*, still something of the sort might be guessed at. It was in an empty house of Golden-square that this tragedy was to come off, where Christian and a young lady, temporarily residing with him, of the name of Mees Jane (we beg our readers' pardon, but a Frenchman must be allowed the liberty—had she been his wife, the story would be quite insipid), were drinking their last bottle of champagne at breakfast. Of three thousand guineas left him by his uncle only two solitary specimens remained, and, woman-like, Jane immediately declares she loves him better than ever. Eventually Mees proposes to visit her Uncle Saunders, who lives in Pall-mall, and is rich as Croesus. Christian consents, for he wants to execute his fell design alone. Unfortunately, he could not go out of the world without writing a letter or so, explanatory of his motives, and so our author interrupts him by various episodes. First of all his landlord, Tom Borne, a Jerseyman (*les Jersiens sont les Bas Normands de l'Angleterre*, our author adds in explanation, for geography is not the forte of young France), announces to him that he had better go, for the house was let to a Mylord. The Mylord anon walks in, in the person of Commodore Davison, an ardent follower of Courtenay. Who he was we will tell you directly. With him was his daughter, a *fade* beauty of beyond the Straits, and thorough English vignette, whom Christian had seen before on the boat of Richmond, and incontinently fallen in love with, to the intense disgust of Mees Jane. The Commodore was an "eccentric," which he proved by imitating the great Courtenay, the lion of the fashionable world—because he could eat fifty dozen of oysters without drinking. But, alas ! the ostreophagist had met with a premature end through a bet he made with Waterford, that he would eat seventy-five dozen—and died in the struggle, having only reached seventy-three. Readers, let us pause and wipe away the involuntary tear due to our great countryman's memory !

The Commodore being disposed of, the pistol is again raised, only to be laid down by the entrance of the bailiffs, who carried off all the furniture not yet converted into champagne. Decidedly it was time for Christian to quit this world of grief, but again he is disturbed by the entrance of his pitiless creditor, Mr. Carter, who desires to make a proposal.

Mr. Courtenay, for whom we recently shed the sympathetic tear, had been the lay figure on which sundry tradesmen, Mr. Carter included, had displayed their wares. By a considerable outlay they had raised him to the height of fashion, and had he lived but one year more, their fortune would have been made. But death plotted against them, and they were in despair, when luckily Mr. Carter bethought himself of Christian to supply the place of the defunct. The terms were speedily agreed on, and Christian's speciality was to be tiger-killing. His rooms were to be hung with skins as trophies; his portrait lithographed in the Bengalee costume, with a rifle of fantastic shape pointed at a colossal tiger; and a young live specimen was to be put in a cage and kept in his study, which he educated out of charity, after destroying father and mother. Thus, then, Christian Macaulay would be launched on the world, with a monthly salary of 300 guineas; for, although the hapless Courtenay only received one hundred, as our hero justly observed, there was a vast difference between swallowing a tiger and an oyster.

The pistols were speedily uncapped, and off our hero started on his new career, forgetful of poor Mees Jane, who speedily returned with a huge bag of sovereigns under her arm, to find herself a widow *de facto*, if not *de jure*. We will leave her in a syncope, from which Tom Borne tries to arouse her by sending huge puffs of tobacco-smoke up her nostrils, while we follow our tiger-killer in his glorious career. And here for a bit of quotation from a chapter which our author calls *Profilé Anglais*:

Brighton was in all its splendour: Brighton, that English paradise, where the sky is sometimes blue, where the sea shakes off now and then the heavy fogs to bear to the shore the caresses of its cerulean waves: Brighton, the spot of delight where the flower of fashion expands, the great arena where the tournament of elegancies and Britannic eccentricities takes place: Brighton, the cold and smiling oasis, where the three kingdoms go, yawning the while, to doctor their spleen and kill the hours. The season was magnificent. According to the oldest *habitués* a more lovely one had never been witnessed. London entire, I mean the noble London, the élite of Almack's, had deserted the banks of the Thames, and it might be asked whether this year the high parliament had renounced the life of the château. Brighton was brilliant, Brighton was thronged; the noble residences in the vicinity, full from the ground-floor to the garret, sent guests to the public-house (auberge), and you would have found on the lists of the furnished houses all the old names of the peerage.

The reason why Brighton was in this abnormal state was the rising on the horizon of fashion of two new planets: a female author of the rarest merit, Lady Desdemona Bridgeton, and a lion of colossal proportions, the famous Christian Macaulay. Lady Desdemona (it will be no breach of confidence to state this is our old friend, Mees Jane) had already made her *début* in the best accredited reviews, in addition to the great dramatic victory she had gained at Covent Garden Theatre by her tragedy of "David Rizzio." This was a very different sort of thing

from Miss Edgeworth or Mistress Inchbald. In her bold *mise en scène*, there was a touch of Shakspeare: her lyricism recalled Byron: and when she deigned to write simple prose articles, of the magazine order, people began to fancy that Addison had risen from his tomb.

But Christian? In thirty days he had become more known than Sir R. Peel or his Grace the Marshal Duke of Wellington. His every gesture was copied: he had become the glass of fashion and the mould of form. Our little friend, the English vignette, though attached to Sir Edgard Lindsay, could find no escape from the match which the Commodore designed between her and the lion. This rivalry, of course, leads to a duel, for Christian is annoyed at the attentions which Sir Edgard pays to his Jane. But there were others to be consulted before the duel could come off: the tradesmen had the most pressing interest in the safety of their tiger-killer, and could not allow him to risk his invaluable life. They put the police on the track, and at last, by a plausible pretext, Christian is locked up securely in a room at Mr. Lewis's, the tailor, as it is hoped out of harm's way.

Unfortunately, the best-planned schemes fail, and the Commodore, who is mad to be Christian's second, for the sake of the notoriety, brings the rivals together in Mr. Lewis's waiting-room, which appears to have been a regular arsenal, for the walls are hung with coats of mail, doubled-handled swords, and, above all, with two arquebuses, with their forks, which excited the admiration of all connoisseurs. The tailor and his merry men, attempting to interfere, are expelled, locking the door behind them, and the Commodore remains master of the situation. Then follows a scene, unparalleled in modern history, and which we quote *in extenso*, to show how duels are fought in England.

"Pardieu," said Christian, "let us fight here."

"I thank you for that idea," cried Edgard, with ardour.

"I too, Macaulay, I too," said the Commodore, who fumbled hurriedly in his pockets. "Nothing easier, thank goodness; here's powder, here are bullets. Diabolical, diabolical," he interrupted himself, with a desperate air, "the pistols are in the carriage!"

The two young men assumed a look of disgust.

"Listen," Robert Davidson went on, "when you're at Rome you must do, &c. You could still have a little boxing-match to pass the time."

"Sir," Edgard said, solemnly, "I want a combat to the death."

"A weapon—cannot we find any?" the lion growled, losing patience.

The Commodore writhed again. "My friends, my very dear friends," he said, "you are on the scent; it would have been magnificent indeed, and I would give all in the world to extricate you from your embarrassment. Come, what do you say to each taking one of these andirons?" And he pointed to two heavy bars of iron resting against the chimney. "I mean, of course," he added, seeing that the young men assumed a disdainful smile, "that we will make them red-hot before beginning."

Edgard and Christian turned their backs.

"The excessive originality of the idea terrifies them," the Commodore thought. "I must knock out something else."

Two or three minutes passed. "What a torture!" said Edgard, stamping his foot.

"Morbien, sir," cried Christian, "will you take to the pokers?"

The Commodore knelt before the fire, and thrust the two bars among the coals. But Edgard and Christian simultaneously uttered a cry of joy: they had just noticed the two trophies. They had an entire arsenal at their disposal.

They pulled down the double-handled swords, and made a grimace; the Commodore followed their every movement, and an infinite lightness dilated his heart.

"None of these are of any use," said Edgard; "let us take the arquebuses." "The arquebuses," said Christian; "of course." The Commodore held his head with both hands.

"Beautiful!" he said. "My friends, I desired to leave you the merit of the idea. Sir Edgard, by Heavens! you are a true gentleman, and if you kill Macaulay, I promise you shall be my son-in-law."

Christian dusted his weapon; but Davidson took it from his hands; he displayed incomparable zeal.

"No, no," he said, "that is my business. I'll load; you get ready the forks and matches.

Edgard and Christian put up the two forks opposite one another at each end of the room.

"That's a good distance," said the Commodore. "These arquebuses ought to have gun-range for that. Come, I have twenty-four bullets; I'd better put twelve in each."

"Twelve bullets?" both young men remarked.

"I have only that number, my boys. I fancy six charges of powder will be sufficient."

Edgard and Christian made an involuntary grimace.

"I have four charges left," the Commodore continued; "I will divide them fraternally, as you appear to desire it." While speaking, he stuffed both barrels. "Have you got the matches?" he asked. "Good! What a row this will make in the papers to-morrow! and the editors would be precious idiots not to add something of this sort: 'The only witness of this prodigious duel was the worthy Commodore Davidson, so well known for his originality.'"

He rubbed his hands, while the adversaries regarded the loaded arquebuses with some degree of suspicion.

"Come, my dear boys, here are your weapons!"

At the moment when Edgard and Christian each took his arquebuse, he added, without any hesitation:

"Would you wish anything to be done after your decease?"

"My last thought to your daughter, sir," said Edgard, in a low voice.

"Good, very good! my poor boy. I fulfil your request. And you, Macaulay?"

Christian thought, "Jane no longer loves me!" So he said, in a firm voice, "Nothing!"

"Full of character, that nothing!" the Commodore muttered. "I will make Lady Bridgeton a present of it for her next tragedy."

"To your arms, my children." He gave the word of command as he stooped to light the matches. "I fancy not an Englishman can boast of having seen a thing of this sort."

The arquebuses were resting on their forks. The two rivals took the matches without saying a word. We are compelled to avow that their ardour was slightly slackened. The Commodore, on the contrary, could not contain himself.

"All is properly arranged," he said; "take a careful aim. At the word 'Three!' you will fire together."

He clapped his hands—one, two. The young men half turned their heads away. The Commodore's eyes were sparkling like twin stars. "Three!" he shouted.

It is possible for a man to be very brave, and yet not admire fighting in a close room, at three yards distance, with arquebuses stuffed with eight charges of powder and a dozen balls. It was, in fact, no combat, but a double suicide. The young men could not entertain the shadow of a doubt; their last hour had arrived. They both were disgusted at this stupid butchery, which satisfied neither, and which would leave no victor; but they dare not draw back, because the Commodore was present.

The two matches were lowered on the little cone of powder covering the vent-holes. They fell at the same moment; the Commodore uttered a shout of delight. The powder squibbed and sent a double wreath of smoke to the roof. That was all. Edgard and Christian remained motionless, and even paler than corpses; they hardly knew whether they were alive or dead.

"Confound it," said the Commodore, "such accidents only happen to me. We will start afresh," he added, in an insinuating tone, for the pitiable looks of the adversaries caused him much disquietude. "It is nothing, my dear fellows, only a little rust in the vent."

He took a long pin and began clearing them out.

"Be quick," said Edgard, in a trembling voice; "this delay is intolerable."

"The fact is," Macaulay added, with a vain attempt to smile, "we are not exactly on a bed of roses."

You would have pitied them. Their faces had altered as if a violent poison had been acting on them. When their eyes fell on the gaping throats of the arquebuses, a violent convulsion agitated their limbs, and large drops fell down their livid cheeks. But they remained at their post.

But the duel was not fated to come off, for one of the creditors peeped through the keyhole, and they rushed in in a body to prevent the loss of their valuable lay figure. To make assurance doubly sure, they arrested Sir Edgard on a bill of five hundred pounds. But they find a new opponent in Mees Jane, who, for reasons of her own, wishes to have Sir Edgard at liberty. For that purpose she must have money, and no better plan suggests than to make use of her literary name, and raise the sum among her publishing friends. Fortunately for her, a Mr. T. R. Pinkerton, editor of *Pinkerton's Paper*, 20, Burlington-arcade, Piccadilly, makes his appearance to ask her valued co-operation—not on the paper, for that, although enjoying a sale of 24,000, was only for the public, and of course her ladyship could not condescend to that—but on the *Review of the Centre*, a rival of the *Quarterly*. On the mention of the latter, Mees Jane takes a letter from the mantelpiece from the publishers, asking her to become a contributor. Mr. Pinkerton is horrified at their low manners in addressing a lady by post. Her ladyship puts an end to the conversation by asking for 500*l.*, after showing a letter from the *Edinburgh*, offering to cover each page of her writing with gold. The *London Magazine* also places its treasury at the disposition of her ladyship. Against such arguments the publisher cannot steel his heart, but pays over the money. The beauty of it is, that Mees Jane has usurped the laurels of Sir Edgard, who is the real author of "David Rizzio," but would not have the fact known for the world, because, as our author justly and profoundly observes, the journalist of London is scarcely a gentleman: he occupies much the same position as the *poète librettiste* of Italy. A lord would willingly marry a dancer of the second class, or a *cantatrice* slightly depreciated, but no lady would ever think of giving even a finger to a *folliculaire*.

Will our readers pardon a short departure from our subject, that we may say a few words about the low opinion which French writers appear to entertain of British authors and the British press? Why it is so we cannot surmise, except that, being a nation of shopkeepers, we must all sell our wares to the highest bidder. In the ridiculous book we are now noticing, there are repeated instances of the *Times* and other first-class papers being bribed to insert puffs on the tiger-killer. The reason for

this idea, we fancy, can be found at home, as the reader may judge from the following anecdote, which we give on the highest authority : On the loss of the *Lyonnais* being announced in Paris, the owners sent the official report to an influential journal, thinking it would prove a valuable item of news. It was returned to them with 800 francs marked on the margin, as the price of the insertion. Thirty-two pounds for publishing an account of a shipwreck in which hundreds of Frenchmen were deeply interested !

The tradesmen, noticing the growing attachment between Christian and Mees Jane, determine on putting a stop to it, by the intervention of her respectable papa, a farmer of the name of Saunders, who suddenly makes his appearance during a tender scene, insisting on Christian making a choice between matrimony or the huge club, which, as the representative of the farming interest, he always carries to *assommer* his oxen, or his wife, or daughters. However, we have not space for any more absurdities : the reader will understand for himself that all ends happily : that Mees Jane becomes an honest woman, and Amy marries the object of her choice, for the Commodore cannot refuse him when he finds that he is the celebrated author whom he so much admires. The Commodore, finding two lions snuffed out at once, determines on assuming the rôle himself, under the consolatory idea that a widower lion would be an original. His last determination is to purchase a sick elephant in the Zoological Gardens, and fight him publicly with Congreve rockets. With his skin he would make—— But a horrible fear assailed him—he could not make a robe of it, for Hercules had already robed himself in the skin of the Nemæan lion—and Robert Davidson must be original. He was luckily drawn from his embarrassment by the bootmaker, who recommends that he should make boots *à la Commodore* out of the elephant's skin.

Such, ladies and gentlemen, is the brilliant result of the Exhibition and Crimean fraternisation ! Such is the magnificent knowledge of England, offered for the study of Young France ! Do you not feel quite proud of your countrymen, and appreciate the feelings with which you must be regarded on your periodical visits to Paris by the *flâneurs*, who have no better way of killing time than by reading Féval's novels ?

But your hero Frenchman is sublime in his audacity. M. Ponsard, author of two or three second-rate comedies, inaugurates his accession to the academic chair by condescending to speak well of *ce divin Williams*, forgetting that he has mainly made his reputation in France by running down Shakspeare to the glorification of Corneille.

But it is no use being angry, or attempting to break a butterfly on a wheel. The only revenge we will take is, that whenever we come across such books as the *Tueur de Tigres*, we will do our best to give Englishmen a true picture of themselves as drawn by the French, and only hope it will afford them as much amusement in the paraphrase, as the original, to which we recommend their attention, has given us.

THE TALKER AND THE WORKER.

A HOME NARRATIVE.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

V.

THE FALSE STEP.

JESSIE GRAY and Lucy Smith were constantly running over to one another's houses, and as Gray's second daughter, Pattie, was getting old enough to keep the other two out of mischief, the walks that Jessie was enabled to take with Lucy grew more frequent, though, somehow, there was so much to do that they grew later and later in the evening.

One day Mr. Gray was struck with several books lying on the parlour table, which he knew formed no portion of his limited library, but nothing was thought of it when he learned that Jessie had met William in one of her evening walks, and he had lent them to her. The books were frequently changed, but Donald had something else to do than take notice of them.

The beginning of January was certainly not the most congenial time of the year for young ladies to indulge in woodland rambles, or even walks upon the hard, dry road, but our fair ones were true country girls, and the muff had not then degenerated into the mere cuff, nor had the comfortable boa gone out of fashion.

Behold, then, the two friends trudging one fine, sharp, frosty evening along the road so frequently mentioned in the course of this narrative. The little village of Woodside is already out of sight, and from an eminence on the road, the crown of which they have just turned, the gaslights in the streets and in the tall mills, which seem like monster lanterns only made to be illuminated, blaze brightly in the still distant town beneath them. Almost simultaneously the huge beacons are extinguished, and the street gaslights, and the dim outline of large stacks of buildings and towering chimneys, alone mark the spot. Work is over there for the day; still the two friends move onward. The evening grows darker, and they walk as far from the hedge as possible. It cannot be for the mere pleasure of a walk that these two timid girls, who are frightened at the beating of their own hearts, are thus moving in a contrary way to their dwellings. Still they proceed onward, and now sharp, quick steps are heard upon the battered ground. They halt and listen, clinging still closer together in their uncertainty as to the approaching wayfarers. Hark! there is a low peculiar whistle. They recognise the signal, and in a few seconds are joined by Harry and William.

The four turn round and proceed on the way to Woodside. A little arrangement is necessary, however, for the homeward march. William takes Lucy under his protection, and Jessie hangs upon the arm of Harry Sharpe. Was this her first false step? No! and how or when it came about these chronicles detail not. It must have cost Jessie a struggle to make it; probably, most probably, she did meet Harry, first, by accident, and then promised to meet him again—for once. She would not do so,

however, alone, her friend Lucy should accompany her, and Harry took good care that William should accompany Lucy.

It would be interesting to contrast the earnest converse held between this two pair of lovers—for so in downright English we must call them, since there is no longer any necessity for disguising the fact. We, who are privileged to probe even their very thoughts, could do so, but we will merely accompany them to the entrance to Woodside, where, after some lingering adieux, and reiterated vows of constancy and truth, they parted for the night, the girls to coin some excuse for the lateness of their return, and William and Harry to pursue their four-mile walk to Chesterpool, of which it may easily be imagined they thought but little.

Poor Jessie! she was fairly caught in the casuarer's toils; but then why should she doubt him? He was her brother's friend. Her mother, too, had never thought unfavourably of him, and he had spoken to her of his means, and of his desire to accomplish more. Yes! he was young, generous, talented, and noble.

As the time for Harry's departure drew near, the meetings in the evening were more frequent—more so, we fear, between Harry and Jessie than William was aware of; it is true that they did not take place at a distance, but nearer to her father's house. Suffice it to say, that when they parted for a time it was with vows of mutual fidelity—they were, in fact, betrothed. A correspondence, even more dangerous to Jessie, then took place; Harry was great at letter-writing—"twas his vocation." Lucy was again the medium of communication, for the letters were enclosed to William at Chesterpool, and transferred to Lucy as opportunities occurred. The same method was adopted by Jessie in her replies, and so the affair was kept a profound secret from the old people. This was Jessie Gray's second false step.

And where was Edward Smith all this time? Did he never visit the cottage? He did; and in due time boldly declared his passion for Jessie. His father, grown old, had resolved to leave the farm and live upon his means, still in dear old Woodside, his native village.

The Foss Farm—such was the name it was known by, from a straight, narrow road, no longer used as a public way, which intersected it in the middle, and which antiquarians declared to have been made in the time of the Romans,—the Foss Farm had been in the occupation of the Smiths for more than a century, and in accordance with the established rule on the estate, Edward was to succeed his father in the tenancy. He was thus at once enabled to offer Jessie all the comforts and advantages of a home.

That such a union would be highly satisfactory to the Grays must be evident; indeed, Donald had set his heart on it, and never doubted that his daughter's prudence, if not her inclination, would chime in unison with his own. There were not many girls in Woodside, it was true; certainly not one but would, as the saying is, have jumped at Edward's offer. Nay, the match would not have been a bad one for many a Chesterpool tradesman's daughter, but Edward preferred a wife who had been brought up in rustic simplicity, and Jessie Gray had long engrossed his affections.

William and Lucy were in a terrible state of alarm when they found the turn that affairs were likely to take, for although they had no idea

of committing matrimony themselves at present, they feared that an estrangement between the families was inevitable, and that their own relative positions might be compromised by such a circumstance; besides, now that Harry was away, they plainly saw the error they had committed, and felt as if they had sacrificed Jessie for their own personal gratification.

Mrs. Gray, too, now that Edward was to have the farm, fully appreciated the advantage of the match, and was equally desirous with her husband that it should take place.

At length, the storm that we have seen gathering, burst over this hitherto united family. Edward formally proposed to Jessie and was rejected. In vain her father pressed her to explain her objections to the union; tears fast and frequent were the only reply he could obtain. A letter found by Mrs. Gray in Jessie's bedroom a few days after explained the truth.

Donald was highly incensed, and peremptorily required that all Harry's letters should be given up to him. He threatened Jessie with the curse of the disobedient if she suffered him any longer to occupy her thoughts, and vowed that no power on earth would force him to consent to their union. The part Lucy had taken in the matter somehow transpired, and led to a scene of painful recrimination between her and Edward; old Mr. Smith was also apprised of it, and forbade the continuance of her intimacy with William, while the latter and Edward were, of course, no longer friends.

As soon as Donald had possessed himself of Harry's letters he forwarded them to his address, and gave him thoroughly to understand that all correspondence with his daughter must from that time cease.

It was a severe blow to the honest Scotsman to find his favourite, Edward, rejected; it wounded his pride, too, to think that the daughter he had cherished until she was on the very verge of womanhood—his eldest and only marriageable girl—should thus set an example of disobedience in his family, and fly in the face of his parental authority; but it wounded him still more that his first-born, William, should have been a conniver, if not an abettor, of the plot against him, for in that light did he unfortunately consider it.

There was a strange alteration in the family of the Grays from that time—William no longer came over to Woodside on the Sunday, and Donald went in and out from his meals preserving a sullen silence. He worked away at his garden as usual, and regularly attended the market in the town, but it was evident, for all that, he was a disappointed man.

Poor Jessie! hers was a weary lot—suspected by her father, and having to endure much of his ill-nature second-hand, for her mother, kept in a constant state of irritation by Donald, found a vent for her anxiety by retaliating upon her daughter. The children alone afforded her gratification; and when the summer came round, they were again sent to play in the little garden; and again Jessie took her work, and watched their gambols from her seat in the dear old porch.

But even the garden partook of the change that had occurred under Donald's roof-tree. The honeysuckles, no longer neatly trained over the trellis-work, hung in tangled bunches, and did not reach half so high as formerly. The dahlia-roots were duly planted as an article of commerce, and bid fair to maintain their former splendour; but several of the flower-

beds had been dug up and planted with vegetables, just as if Donald had no longer any ambition in making his garden ornamental.

Time wore on. One day, when Jessie was sitting in the clear sunshine, she descried a figure coming towards the cottage. She could not be mistaken; he appeared careworn, and less respectably attired than when she last saw him, but it was Henry. He must not meet her—oh! not there. She rose in alarm. He comprehended the action instinctively, and paused. The children were at the further end of the garden, where they had put up a swing between two apple-trees. Donald had gone to market at Chesterpool, and her mother was busily engaged in the kitchen. Jessie's thoughts were not of joy for again beholding him; they were of home—of home that had been made wretched by her conduct, by theirs. Stealthily she flew to him down the little path that led to the road. They met, and in tremulous accents Jessie told him that it must be their last meeting. Not so: Harry must see her again; his life depended on their meeting in the evening; he had much to say, but he would only ask her then to grant him that one interview.

A loud cry from the children was heard—they would be discovered—she had not time to argue her refusal. Yes, she would meet him, once more, that night.

Without waiting for his reply, she flew back to the garden. The swing had broken, and Pattie, who was getting somewhat too heavy for that branch of gymnastics, was rolling on the grass.

When Mrs. Gray came out, Jessie was repairing the rope in the primitive way that has long been established for such repairs—she was tying a knot. She had tied one stronger than she thought for a moment before, but her secret was safe.

What a long, dreary day was that to Jessie; she thought the dinner would never be over. Then the children would swing again in the afternoon: it was a new toy to them. Then Donald returned with the boys, and the cart, and old Dobbin, and the boys were tired, and Jessie was sent to fetch old Dobbin's feed of corn from the granary, and then there was something hot to be prepared for Donald; then the market had been a dull one, and half the vegetables had been brought back again unsold; and then Donald had met William, who had been very ill and under the doctor's hands; and altogether everything was as uncomfortable as possible. Never before had home appeared to her more dreary.

At last the evening meal was spread. How different to the cheerful suppers of a short time back! Scarcely a word was spoken during the repast, and when it was over Jessie brought her father his slippers and his pipe. Somehow or other, Mrs. Gray was in a hurry to get to bed—probably she saw the mood that Donald was in, and wished to avoid the after-supper conversation. Many wives adopt these little stratagems, why not Mrs. Gray?

Why did Jessie go and kiss her father before she followed her mother up-stairs? Latterly she had not done so. Was it to lull him into security? Oh no, for she had firmly resolved in her own mind that her interview with Harry should be the last.

What a time Donald stayed down stairs that night smoking his pipe in the chimney corner. Jessie extinguished her light, first putting on a cloak and bonnet, and then stood listening for the sound of his footsteps on the stair.

She half resolves to break her appointment with Harry. Hark! Donald is fastening up the doors and windows, protecting the cottage from interlopers from *without*. She trembles like an aspen; she can never unfasten that door without her father hearing her. At length his footsteps shake the stairs, and she hears the click of the lock as he fastens his bedroom door. But she does not venture even then; she waits another quarter of an hour—to her an age—once more she goes to the children's beds, and listens to their breathing; they are sleeping in each other's arms, dreaming, perhaps, those fairy dreams that only childhood knows.

Silently she unfastens her chamber door, but again she stops to listen—this time at the sanctuary of her unconscious parents; then she creeps cautiously down stairs. She dares not attempt the lock—the inner door leading through the little store-room to the parlour is unfastened—she gains the parlour, the shutter that protects the low bay-window is removed, and she stands out in the clear moonlight.

Beautiful was that moonlight scene. The far hills, shadowed forth in the distance, with just sufficient light to render their dim outlines distinguishable, seemed to mark the point where earth and heaven meet, all was so calm, so still.

Jessie had never before contemplated that peaceful valley under its present aspect. The scene appeared to her entirely changed; it was more like some dream of fairy regions than the familiar panorama she gazed on every day. The distant wood alone seemed like a blot on the fair face of nature; the fields and meadows slept in the mellow light, and the river flowed silently along, a streak of liquid silver. Why did she pause at such a moment to fold, as it were, that tranquil scene in her mind's embrace, and hold it there for ever? Had she some vague thought that memory only would reflect it for the time to come? There are moments when the past, the present, and the future seem so blended and confused, that the mind wavers, and we are incapable of action, and leave all to fate, or rather chance. It was so with Jessie. Everything around her appeared mysterious, and to herself she was the greatest mystery. A blind bat that struck against the window-pane aroused her from her reverie, and she passed through the garden, and stole cautiously down the narrow path.

Once more she turned round to look at the cottage; all was safe, the windows were all darkened, not a soul save herself seemed to be awake in the whole village of Woodside. She turned into the road, and the cottage was hidden behind a clump of trees; she felt her courage strengthened now that she had lost sight of the old place, and walked on faster until she reached a large oak-tree. It had been their place of meeting many times before, and, though she did not name it in the morning, she doubted not that Harry would await her there. She had guessed rightly, for as she approached, a form glided from under its ample shade, and again she was by her lover's side.

Never did man plead more eloquently to woman than Harry pleaded to Jessie on that calm and tranquil night; he pleaded for life, for life without love would be a blank; her presence, her love, was as essential to him as the air he breathed; what had he not suffered in her absence? What had he become? All would go well with him if she were by his side to cheer him.

Long and painful was the struggle that passed in Jessie's mind: she

knew her father would never consent to their union, yet she would not bid him cease to hope for ever, and they could wait, for she loved him still.

"Why," he argued, "should her father control her actions when nature had proved to her that he could not control her heart? While she remained at home, her father's esteem could only be regained by her marriage with Edward Smith; and was she prepared to sacrifice him to a senseless clod? If they were married, that point would be settled for ever, and he would soon relent; besides, her mother and her brother had both been privy to their engagement. She must fly with him, and in a few days she could write and ask her father's forgiveness. If it came not, she would have a stronger, a holier claim on him to protect her. He had a home—an humble one, it was true—but love could make the lowliest roof a heaven."

Jessie wavered. Her conscience told her she was committing a great error, but her conscience failed her. Prudence whispered, "Do not marry him," but Inclination answered, "I love him." He solemnly swore by the bright orb above them to shield and protect her for ever, and the helpless girl consented to go out into the great world with him to whom she had trusted her guileless heart.

This time they both bent their steps towards the town. She dared not look behind her; there was no turning to that old home now. Whatever of weal or woe she must know, she must look for it in the dark future.

She felt herself as one impelled to proceed by some mysterious agency, rather than a living being walking over the hard, solid ground.

At length they reached the town. It wanted some hours to morning, but Harry had arranged his plans, and, taking her down one of the long, narrow streets, they reached the coffee-house where he had taken up his temporary lodging. They were evidently expected, for after a few raps at the door, it was opened by a sleepy girl, the waitress of the "establishment," and Jessie was shown into a dirty parlour, where a breakfast, in the usual coffee-shop fashion, shortly made its appearance. There was an air of discomfort about the room, which already seemed to foreshadow to Jessie what she might expect in her new home; she was enabled, too, by the dim light of a miserable candle, to perceive that Harry was far more careless of his personal appearance than formerly; his face was thin and emaciated, and she could not avoid remarking that she thought he must have been ill. No! he had only been over-taxing his powers, writing late through the night, and getting little rest—that was over now, and, with her, all would soon go well again.

He allowed her little time for reflection. He told her all his plans for the future: how, at first, they must be contented with an humble lodging, but how he hoped soon to grow into repute, and to thrive as others have thrived before him. He spoke of those whose names were now household words in many an English home, who had commenced poor as himself, and were now reaping the reward of their long struggling and perseverance. She did not doubt him—she would share even poverty with him, and strive to make him happy; but their marriage—how, when, where was it to take place? He had planned that, too. He would take her to the house of a friend, whose wife would be her companion until their union. He silenced every doubt, and strove to calm every fear that arose in her bosom. At five o'clock they would start for London.

THE HISTORY OF THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS,

AUTHOR OF THE "EIGHTEENTH CENTURY."

X.

The Rebellion, and the Papers it called forth—Henry Fielding—The *Champion*—The *True Patriot*, and *Jacobites' Journal*—Fielding's Sketches of the News-writers—Unstamped Papers—Fielding and his Assailants—A Specimen of their Scurrility—William Guthrie and James Ralph—Prosecution of the *National Journal*—A few Celebrities of the Press—Dr. Johnson and the Newspapers—The Doctor a Newspaper Drudge.

WHILST the reporters had been struggling to get into the House of Commons, with the pertinacity and ultimate success which we have described, the swarm of political writers were thrown into commotion by events which were crowding on and plots which were thickening. The young Pretender had raised the standard of insurrection, and thrown a plentiful supply of food to their hungry pens; but now, pushing them good-naturedly aside, there strides forward a doughty champion of the house of Hanover, who flings before the public sheet after sheet of remonstrance or argument, and over his adversaries a heap of ridicule and sarcasm. The people were not overmuch attached to the German rule: the Highlanders were marching on from success to success; and, for a brief period, the second restoration of the Stuarts seemed not so unlikely an event after all. It was at this crisis that the playwright turned politician, and by turns grave and gay, laughing and moralising, but always studiously disclaiming partisanship, HENRY FIELDING takes his place in the ranks of the newspaper writers. At an earlier period (in 1739) he had been part proprietor and writer of the *Champion*—a thrice-a-week essay-paper, which he wrote conjointly with James Ralph (a poor mercenary), under the name of "Captain Hercules Vinegar." To the *Champion* was attached a supplement, called an "Index to the Times," which contained the current news of the day, and was compiled by Ralph, who assumed the name of "Lilburne." As the time approached when Fielding was to be called to the Bar, he gradually withdrew from the *Champion*, and had nothing to do with the periodical press till the Whig cause staggered under the heavy blows it was sustaining from the Jacobites, when he rushed to the rescue with the *True Patriot*, the first number of which came out on the 5th of November, 1745. In his opening address he gives us a picture of the newspaper press at that time, which, taken with all due allowance, is not very flattering:

"In strict obedience to the sovereign power (fashion), being informed by my bookseller, a man of great sagacity in his business, that nobody at present reads anything but newspapers, I have determined to conform myself to the reigning taste. The number, indeed, of these writers at first a little staggered us both, but upon perusal of their works, I fancied I had discovered a little imperfection in them all, which somewhat

diminished the force of this objection. . . . The first little imperfection in these writings is that there is scarce a syllable of TRUTH in any of them. If this be admitted to be a fault, it requires no other evidence than themselves and the perpetual contradictions which occur, not only on comparing one with the other, but the same author with himself on different days. Secondly, there is no SENSE in them. To prove this, likewise, I appeal to their works. Thirdly, there is in reality NOTHING in them at all. And this also must be allowed by their readers, if paragraphs which contain neither wit nor humour, nor sense, nor the least importance, may be properly said to contain nothing. Such are the arrival of my Lord — with a great equipage; the marriage of Miss —, of great beauty and merit; and the death of Mr. —, who was never heard of in his life, &c., &c. Nor will this appear strange if we consider who are the authors of such tracts—namely, the journeymen of booksellers, of whom, I believe, much the same may be truly predicated as of these their productions. But the encouragement with which these lucubrations are read may seem more strange and more difficult to be accounted for. And here I cannot agree with my bookseller, that their eminent badness recommends them. The true reason is, I believe, simply the same which I once heard an economist assign for the content and satisfaction with which his family drank water-cider—viz., because they could procure no better liquor. Indeed, I make no doubt but that the understanding as well as the palate, though it may out of necessity swallow the worse, will in general prefer the better.”

Fielding was, we dare say, not very far out after all in his estimate; for the newspaper press, which we have seen gradually corrupted by Walpole, was recruited, as its more powerful members were bought off, from the ranks of an irregular squad; and for the last few years the unstamped papers had been rapidly increasing, and were openly hawked about in defiance of the law, whilst the regular papers were being amalgamated or entirely discontinued. Indeed, it had been found necessary in 1743 to insert a clause into the 16th George II., cap. 26, declaring that, “whereas great numbers of newspapers, pamphlets, and other papers subject and liable to the stamp duties, but not being stamped, were daily sold, hawked, carried about, uttered, and exposed for sale by divers obscure persons who have no known or settled habitation, it is enacted that all hawkers of unstamped newspapers may be seized by any person, and taken before a justice of the peace, who may commit them to gaol for three months.” A reward of twenty shillings was also offered to the informer who might secure a conviction.

The *True Patriot*, coming at such a time, among such competitors, from a vigorous writer who threw himself heart and soul into the cause—not hastily taken up, but one to which he had all along been warmly attached—we say the *True Patriot*, written by such a man, and in such a manner, could not fail of concentrating the distracted attention of the nation. The affrighted citizens read it for comfort and reassurance, and had more confidence in its arguments than in the camp at Finchley. The hesitating Jacobites were dismayed by the tone of ridicule with which it spoke of their cause; and when the final blow crushed them to the ground, and drove the young Pretender a fugitive from the field of Culloden, its merciless satire did more to extinguish all feelings of sym-

pathy with the broken party than the savage butcheries of the Duke of Cumberland, or the cold-blooded atrocities of the law—which, in fact, but for Fielding's more destructive sarcasm, might have had just the opposite effect.

The paper continued until April 15th, 1746; and in the following year, "to discredit the shattered remnant of an unsuccessful party," as Sir Walter Scott says in his "Life of Fielding," by covering it with ridicule, and holding it up to national contempt, he conceived and brought out, with the encouragement, as it is thought, of the government, the *Jacobite Journal*, which was commenced in December, 1747, as the production of "John Trottplaid, Esq.," and bore the representation of Mr. and Mrs. Trottplaid; the former wearing a plaid waistcoat, and the latter a plaid petticoat, and both lustily huzzaing, whilst a Jesuit is assiduously calling their attention to a copy of the *London Evening Post*. The first number presents us with another unfavourable view of the contemporary press:

"If ever there was a time when a weekly writer might venture to appear, it is the present; for few readers will imagine it presumption to enter the lists against those works of his contemporaries which are now known by the name of newspapers, since his talents must be very indifferent if he is not capable of shining among a set of such dark planets."

And the affectation of printing so many words in italics, without any rule or reason, and expressing only the first and last letters of others, of which we have already given examples in another place* from the *Political Register* and the *London Evening Post*, were not lost upon the watchful satirist, who thus whimsically imitates it:

"In this dress I intend to abuse the * * * and the * * *; I intend to lash not only the m—stry, but *every man* who *hath* any p—ce or p—ns—n from the g—verum—t, or who is entrusted with *any degree* of *power* or *trust* under it, let his r—nk be ever so *high*, or his ch—r—cter never so *good*. For this purpose I have provided myself with a *vast* quantity of *Italian* letter, and asterisks of all sorts. And as for all the words which I *embowel* or rather *enwowel*, I will never so mangle them but they shall be as well known as if they retained every vowel in them. This I promise myself, that when I have any meaning they shall understand it."

The unscrupulous tribe of writers whom he attacked and ridiculed in these papers caught up the only weapons they could wield—scurrility and abuse,—and attacked him with the fury of the intellectual pigmies that they were. *Old England, or the Constitutional Journal*—a weekly paper in opposition, principally written by Guthrie, but to which Lord Chesterfield was an occasional contributor—gives us on the 3rd of March an average sample of the language in which they replied, describing Fielding as "a needy vagrant who long hunted after fortunes, scored deep at taverns, abused his benefactors in the administration of public affairs, from the state to the stage; hackneyed for booksellers and newspapers; lampooned the virtuous; ridiculed all the inferior clergy in the dry, unnatural character of Parson Adams; related the adventures of footmen, and wrote the lives of thief-catchers; bilked every lodging for

* "Eighteenth Century," pp. 107, 108, and 113; and *New Monthly Magazine*.

ten years together, and every alehouse and every chandler's shop in every neighbourhood; defrauded and reviled all his acquaintance, and meeting and possessing universal infamy and contempt."

Fielding might indeed be well content with this character from men who thought Parson Adams "dry and unnatural;" well might he smile at being called a bookseller's and newspaper hack by such writers as Guturie and his fellows.

The government formed a better estimate, and one which was not disappointed by the way in which he fulfilled his duties as a magistrate for Middlesex and Westminster,—an office which they conferred upon him at the earnest solicitation of his old schoolfellow and faithful friend George Lyttleton, now a lord of the treasury. Of course this appointment, which, if it had been given in reward for his services (which it undoubtedly was not), would have been a very inadequate one, gave an opportunity for the ungenerous remarks of his enemies of Grub-street; but the manner in which he performed his duties, driving corruption from the bench and putting justice in its place, remains recorded as a noble reply to their calumnies. The appointment took place at the close of the year 1748, the *Jacobite Journal* having ceased in November of that year, from a conviction of its conductors that the Jacobite cause was entirely disarmed by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. *Old England* exulted over the decease of Mr. Trotplaid in a scurrilous epitaph, which thus opens with a spiteful and personal attack:

Beneath this stone
Lies Trotplaid John,
His length of chin and nose;
His crazy brain,
Unhum'rous vein
In verse and eke in prose.*

William Guthrie, the principal writer of *Old England*, is the same man who afterwards, as we have already seen, made up the "Parliamentary Debates" for Cave. A needy Scotchman, sent forth from Aberdeen to seek a living from the world of letters, he fell into the hands of the booksellers, who plucked him and sold his feathers. A publisher's drudge, besides having to do with many of the newspapers, he wrote several works to order, amongst others, a history of England, which nobody ever reads, and a geographical grammar, which was at the time thought a work of merit, but is of course now obsolete. He died in 1769, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. Sir John Willes, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, was suspected to have written the attack on Murray (afterwards Lord Mansfield) in *Old England* of December 27th, 1746.

A hireling confederate of Fielding's—certainly in the *Champion*, and probably in his other papers—was James Ralph, formerly a schoolmaster at Philadelphia, but who came to London about 1729, and embarked as a party writer with a capital of considerable talent. Unfortunately, it was about the only capital he possessed; of money he had little, and of principle less; and he tossed about on the troubled sea of politics, as all have done who have ventured upon it with only talent for their ballast, and got cast here and there with every change of the political current. Ralph, who aspired to the title of historian, and wrote a forgotten his-

* *Old England, or the Broad-Bottom Journal*, November 20th, 1748.

tory of England, also tried, with the versatility to which hard necessity occasionally drove him, what he could make out of the stage, and wrote some plays and a poem, which elevated him to a place in the "Dunciad," in a note to which he is described as a low and illiterate writer. This was not true; for he was certainly a Latin, French, and Italian scholar. His connexion with the stage brought him into the acquaintance of Fielding, and they went to work together at the *Champion*. Poor Ralph (who wrote the pitiful "Case of Authors") was like most of his contemporary labourers, well acquainted with poverty and want, and Mr. Nichols has preserved some of his cries for bread in the ninth volume of the "Literary Anecdotes." "I am now really at my last resource till my play is finished," he writes at last, in the accents of despair, "and, unless you can relieve me, both that and I shall die together." Bubb Dodington took him up, and in his service he brought out the *Remembrancer*—an organ of the Dodington section of the Leicester House party, which received a gentle check from the government in 1749:

"*November 24th.*—Earl of Middlesex and Mr. Ralph were with me to acquaint me that the printer and publisher of the *Remembrancer* was taken up for his paper of last Saturday, the 18th instant, but that the messenger used them with uncommon civility, touched none of their papers, presses, or effects, and took their words for their surrendering themselves the next morning."*

We are afterwards told that the Prince of Wales agrees to indemnify them against all loss or damage.

Dodington, though he speaks of him as "honest Mr. Ralph," admits that he was "ready to be hired to any cause." Poor fellow! life was sweet and bread was dear, and the highest bidder had him; but in 1762 the politicians and the booksellers lost their drudge, for death outbid them all.

Notwithstanding the violence of the papers and the character of their writers, we only find them in one instance brought into collision with the government by the events of 1745-6, and that was in the case of the *National Journal*, or *Country Gazette*, an evening paper started on March 22nd, 1746, and attacking the government so intemperately that on the 12th of June the printer was committed to prison, and not released until February, 1747, on the expiration of the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act.

Of the next ten years of newspaper history we have but little to record. Among the writers of the various periodical papers which flourished in that interval were Mrs. Heywood, who wrote the *Parrot* in 1746; Lords Chesterfield and Lyttleton, contributors to *Common Sense*, the former writing occasionally in *Old England*; Sir John Hill, who wrote "The Inspector" for two years in the *Daily Advertiser*, commencing in March, 1751; Arthur Murphy, the writer of the *Gray's Inn Journal*, under the name of "Charles Ranger, Esq.," October 21st, 1752; Edward Moore, the author of the "Gamester," who commenced the *World* January 4th, 1753, and was assisted by the Earl of Chesterfield, and some thirty contributors of eminence; Bonnell Thornton, who wrote the *Drury Lane Journal* (in opposition to Fielding's *Covent Garden*

* Diary of Bubb Dodington.

Journal, started on the 4th of January, 1752, by "Sir Alexander Drawcansir, Knight"), and who afterwards united himself with George Colman in the *Connoisseur*, commenced January 31st, 1754, "by Mr. Town Critic and Censor General;" Dr. William King, of the *Dreamer*, in 1754; and the much-belauded Alderman Beckford, the City patriot, who projected the *Monitor* in 1755. Most of these were only essay-papers, treading, at a very respectful distance, in the footsteps of the *Tatler*, but a few copied it in publishing brief items of news. On the 6th November, 1756, the *Test* first appeared in opposition to Pitt; it was edited by Arthur Murphy, but only ran to the 9th of July, 1757, having had a formidable antagonist in the *Cow-Test*.

It seems strange that men accustomed to reflection, exercising themselves in the daily study of mankind, and practised in the tracing of its actions to their motives, and its feelings to their sources, should so often have been moved by surprise at the growth of an affection for news among the inhabitants of the most important city of the world. Strange would it have been, indeed, if, on the contrary, the citizens of London had exhibited an indifference to what was going on abroad, and an apathy to events which must influence their prosperity—strange if they, so jealous of their rights and privileges, should have turned a deaf ear to those who were the organs of asserting them—strange, too, surveying the subject from lower ground, if gossip, or even scandal, appealed to the attention of the town in vain. Yet we have found men at different periods of the growth of the newspaper press—shrewd, reflective, and thinking men—apparently staggered and puzzled by the phenomenon of its increase in numbers and importance. Ben Jonson, Burton, and Addison have all in turn been quoted as astonished at the "thirst for news," and, as late as 1758, we find Dr. Johnson still mentioning the fact with a tone of surprise:

"No species of literary men has lately been so much multiplied as the writers of news. Not many years ago the nation was content with one *Gazette*, but now we have not only in the metropolis papers for every morning and every evening, but almost every large town has its weekly historian, who regularly circulates his periodical intelligence, and fills the villages of his district with conjectures on the events of the war, and with debates on the true interests of Europe."* He accounts for it, somewhat clumsily, we think, by the presumption that idleness finds an easy employment in the perusal of the papers—"reading without the fatigue of close attention;" and the world, therefore, swarms with writers, "whose wish is not to be studied, but to be read." If so, the state of things had very much and very rapidly changed, for we have all along heard of the earnestness with which men read the newspapers, and entered into their arguments. The hot and angry politicians of the coffee-house, who were ready to support the views of their favourite writers, either with tongue or sword; the tradesman, who ran out from his shop to get an early sight of the paper, and made himself master of geographical knowledge with great pains and labour, in order to follow the march of an army; the statesman, who thought it worth his while to scatter gold broad-cast among the newspaper writers, seem to tell a different tale. In a previous number† he

* *Idler*, No. 30, November 11th, 1758.

† *Ibid.* No. 7, May 27th, 1758.

had had his sneer at the newspaper writers, who, had as they undoubtedly were at this time, seem to have been the pegs on which every satirist and writer hung his ridicule, but he grudgingly yields the admission that newspapers *may* be of service in the state:

"All foreigners remark that the knowledge of the common people of England is greater than that of any other vulgar. This superiority we undoubtedly owe to the rivulets of intelligence which are continually trickling among us, which every one may catch, and of which every one partakes." Still, he never has any enlarged foreshadowing of what newspapers may become, or be made; it seems singularly to have escaped him that the press might in time obtain a leverage upon the nation's mind.

For this reason, possibly, he felt no pride in his own connexion with the press; in fact, it was a connexion not calculated to awaken agreeable feelings, for it was one of necessity, not choice; and the series of papers which we have been quoting was itself written and sold to garnish a newspaper—appearing in the *Universal Chronicle, or Weekly Gazette*, a paper projected by Newberry, of St. Paul's Churchyard, in 1758, of which the "occurrences of the week were not sufficient to fill the columns."

In the previous year, too, he had written the preliminary discourse to the *London Chronicle*, of Dodaley, for the "humble reward" of a guinea.*

AN ITALIAN SKETCH—1855.

BY FLORENTIA.

III.

PERUGIA is a wonderful old place: scarcely one street is level, and all the houses look as if not a brick had been touched since the middle ages. It is the most consistently ancient city I ever saw; more so even than quaint Verona, a modern capital compared with the frowning, tumble-down aspect of Perugia. The very latest fashions date back three hundred years, and one feels quite relieved while contemplating something light in the gothic palaces, after seeing the stupendous antiquity of the Etruscan walls, which certainly must have been raised by the Titans themselves long before their disgrace, somewhere in the time of Deucalion or Nox.

I proceeded from the hotel into the grand piazza, where stands the Duomo, a bold, grand pile of gothic splendour, raised majestically on a flight of marble steps. In the centre is a beautiful fountain of exquisite

* Note by Murphy. (Works of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.)

workmanship, where a little river gushes forth to descend into the spacious basin beneath. Opposite is the Palazzo Comunale—an immense double-fronted gothic pile, partly standing in the Piazza, and partly in the great street that opens from it. Here is an abundance of all the elaborate tracery and luxuriant fancy of that picturesque age. Heavily groined arched windows, solid, yet graceful, occupy the grand story; while below, a vast portal, ornamented with every elaboration of mediæval grotesqueness, opens into gloomy halls and staircases. At the far end of the Piazza there is a dark old archway, and a descending flight of steps going Heaven knows where—down to unknown depths in the lower town. What a brave old square it is! Not an object but is in keeping.

I ascended the steps and entered the Duomo, where the *coup d'œil* is very imposing, the pervading colour being of that warm yellow tint so charming to the eye. The pillars of the nave, and, in fact, the whole interior, struck me as very graceful. It is one of those buildings one can neither call large nor small, from the admirable proportions of the whole, where no inequality betrays the precise scale. Frescoes there are all over the roof, and a few choice pictures; one in particular, a deposition by Baroccio, in a chapel near the door, painted, it is said, while he was suffering from poison given him, out of envy, at Rome. This picture has the usual visiting-card, common to all good paintings, of having made the journey to Paris.

Here, too, in a chapel, is preserved the veritable wedding-ring of the Virgin, which came, I suppose, flying through the air like her house at Loreto, and various other relics, all more or less fond of locomotion. In the sacristy, or winter choir, is a lovely picture, a Sposalizio by Luca Signorelli; in front of the figures is a tumbler of water with some carnations, painted with that delicacy of which only the old masters were capable.

The more I walked about, the more I became charmed with Perugia; up and down we went, under old archways, and through narrow streets, each more quaint than the other. Whenever there was any opening, such views appeared—mountains tossed as if by an earthquake, deep valleys, great walls built on rocky heights, massive fortifications—all romantic beyond expression. We reached at last a distant spot, called the Frontone, planted with trees, situated at the very edge of a stupendous cliff. The sun was just dissipating the morning mist over one of the grandest views on which the eye ever rested. Mountains, hills, rocks there were, of every shape and size, piled one over the other, terrace-like; while to the right lay the blue lake of Trasimene, spreading like a glassy plain in the midst of the chaotic confusion around. High mountains shut in the view behind; in front, the rays of the sun were condensed into a golden mist, obscuring all nearer objects in its brilliant vapour. To the left lay a vast plain, fat and fertile, a land flowing with milk and honey, where uprose the city of Assisi, sparkling in the sunshine, seated on a height, also backed by the lofty Apennines.

Close by this glorious panorama stands the curious church of San Pietro, desolate and lonely, yet full of interesting pictures. Its form is the perfect Basilica; the space over the columned nave is covered with frescoes. In the sacristy are some most interesting pictures—delicate Sassoferratos, elegant Pinturiccios (an artist, by the way, one learns to

esteem properly at Perugia), and some Peruginos that might well pass for the works of Raphael, so clear is the colouring and so admirable the drawing. One little picture of Christ and St. John, as children, painted by Raphael in his youth, is very interesting. Pale and dirty as it is, the forms are full of elegance.

After we left this church, we walked up a hill so steep, I decidedly expected never to get my breath again. There was a grand view before us, as everywhere near the walls, from the exceedingly elevated situation of the city. At last we came to the Porta Augusta, one of the grandest Etruscan monuments in the world. It is of immense size, and formed of stones actually gigantic; the walls of Fiesole are nothing to it. I cannot describe the solemn grandeur of this portal of unknown, almost fabulous antiquity, frowning down on the pigmy erections of later ages. There it stands in its glorious solidity until the day of judgment; nothing short of a universal convulsion can shake it. Over the arch are the letters "Augusta Perugia," looking at a distance like some cabalistic charm; on the left is an open gallery, and two massive towers surmount the centre. There is actually an awful look about it, like something seen in a hideous dream.

Hard by is the College of the Belle Arti, containing the most curious Etruscan relics, wonderfully fresh and sharp in outline. Rooms there are filled with stone tombs, small, of course, in size, as the custom of burning the dead prevailed. All have some recumbent figure reposing on the lid, as invariably seen in the sepulchral remains of this people; vases, too, there are by hundreds; and a pillar in the centre of one room marvellously fresh. In an upper gallery are a few pictures, but of no peculiar interest. Below, a lonely botanical garden, planted with laurels, stretches out, terrace-like, over the walls—a place in which to meditate on the strange destiny of a people capable of such wonderful achievements in the various branches of art, leaving not a vestige of their history to enlighten posterity.

But I was obliged to rush away without any ceremony; and, taking a brusque leave of the Etruscan monuments, found myself suddenly turn up in the cinque-cento Sala del Cambio, covered with beautiful frescoes by Perugino. Here are depicted prophets, philosophers, and warriors, in an odd jumble; as well as the Nativity and the Transfiguration. I confess, I was not much interested in this apartment, reserving all my admiration for the chapel beyond, where there are some exquisite frescoes by Raphael—sybils and angels, of a grace and refinement marking them as beings of an order he alone could create, amid the most exquisite arabesque ornaments and fanciful devices. The ceiling being low, one can entirely enjoy these charming works. Here also are paintings by Perugino and Spagnoletto; but all sink into insignificance beside the fairy pencil of the great master.

After seeing something of the paintings at Perugia, one can estimate the influence exercised by the Umbrian schools over Italian art generally. The admiration of classical subjects, and the fall of the Romanesque school, caused by the obscurity and troubles of the middle ages, and the deplorable condition of Rome, the mistress of all civilisation—then degraded to a provincial city under the mistaken policy of the Eastern

emperors—superinduced the progress of the Byzantine style all over Italy. Success in this branch of art required no creative genius, there being an accepted type for every subject which it would have been scandalous not to follow. Art was cramped and confined into certain patterns, without drawing, form, or nature—long, lank, wo-begone spectres, whose only merit in our eyes is their extreme grotesqueness and antiquity. When art seemed degraded to a mere tradition, the impulse given to painting by the Tuscan school, in the persons of Cimabue, Giotto, and their immediate followers—whom we may call Naturalisti, from their simple imitation of nature, as contradistinguished to the Byzantine disregard for aught save servile copying—at last produced a more healthy tone, and gave an impulse to art in the right direction. But the naturalistic tendency of this school caused, in progress of time, a move in an opposite direction, and from the over-appreciation of nature, and a tendency to reduce the holiest mysteries—nay, the very representation of the Trinity—into forms too common-place, arose the school of Umbria. These artists are distinguished for a certain deep and fervid piety, expressed in every lineament of the holy personages they portray. Like the blessed Fra Angelico du Frisole, they seem to have devoted their talents entirely to God, and to have made painting the subject of earnest prayer, as he is said to have done; never retouching his pictures, under the impression that he was inspired while painting.

The retired and secluded position of Umbria,—the small traffic her cities carried on beyond their own sphere (so unlike the busy life of Florence or Venice, where carnal tendencies soon were developed),—the immediate vicinity of Assisi and her enthusiastic inmates, followers of that mystical visionary St. Francis, all tended to strengthen and develop this religious tendency. None can look at the paintings of Pietro Perugino, Sassoferrato, or Pinturicchio, without perceiving their deep mysterious enthusiasm. They are, *par excellence*, devotional pictures; the subjects of their pencil are ideal in expression, bearing, indeed, the common human stamp, but entirely sanctified. This school reached its climax in Raphael, the pupil of Perugino, who created beings of another and a more celestial race—around whom seemed to hover the very airs of heaven—beings too pure for either the passions or the temptations of humanity. Still, to a certain degree, this was a false tendency. What his powerful genius could command at pleasure sank with him, and soon became among his followers but tame and maudlin affectation. All that is not nature must fall; and any school of painting, however charming, not founded on this great principle, is fated as prevenient to decay. Its very merit of extreme ideality and spiritualisation contains the germs of its destruction.

Even the most cursory view of the pictures at Perugia must verify these remarks, and show the peculiar characteristic of the school of which this city formed the centre. It would be easy to spend at least a week in this most interesting place, divided between the Etruscan antiquities, the exquisite scenery, and the paintings, where Raphael first developed that surprising genius which still astonishes the nineteenth, as it did the sixteenth century. I was extremely grieved to leave Perugia so soon, but there was no help for it; the hardest part of our journey through the

great chain of Apennines that bounded the prospect, lay before us, and we must reach Rome on the morning of the sixth day.

One church I must mention, which I saw on returning to the Hotel San Dominico, with the grandest painted glass windows in the choir I ever beheld—the greens, and blues, and purples brilliant beyond expression. This is the only window I ever saw comparable to those three glorious sisters at Milan, where the whole Scriptures are depicted as in a magic mirror.

Supposing I have a vetturino who is not a beast—supposing I am not put to sleep in the room haunted with the shades of half the defunct crowned heads in Europe—and, finally, supposing the second Sicilian Vespers, prophesied by Mr. B. so earnestly, do not take place and make the very streams run aristocratic blood—supposing all this, I hope to visit Perugia again more at leisure.

The vetturino was at the door, and so was Mr. B., who would not look at a single thing, being solely interested in the meat, and the internal struggles of Italy. He was in a great fuss to be off, so in five minutes we were rattling through the gloomy old streets, out of the Roman gate, and down a tremendous descent, into the rich plain I had seen from the Frontone. After about an hour's drive, a lofty cathedral uprose before us; this was Santa Maria degli Angeli, the cradle of that great order founded by St. Francis, and built over the original cell where he first felt those mystical inspirations to which he so strangely abandoned himself. Begging and mendicancy generally being inculcated as a cardinal virtue by him and his followers, one could not be surprised that in this neighbourhood it flourishes gloriously. The moment our carriage stopped, we were beset by about thirty men, women, and children, of the most importunate description, who hovered about us like substantial gadflies. Never, even in Italy, did I see such boldness; they followed me into the church, pulled my sleeve, my hand, and all but laid violent hold on me. As it was impossible to see anything until this generation was disposed of, we came to a parley, declaring that we would distribute three pauls among the whole set, on condition of being afterwards unmolested. This was agreed to *nem. con.*, and Mr. B. delivered over the money to a woman sitting at a small fruit-stall, who accepted the office. Around her they all instantly clustered, and such a quarrelling, screaming, and cursing began, as only Italians are capable of. One cried, another shrieked; then a couple of men began to fight, and, others joining, the affair seemed likely to end in a general *mêlée*; but as the fruit-seller stood her ground firmly, they all finally cooled down, and disappeared one by one into their respective lairs. This was the practical abuse of poor St. Francis's mendicant system, who boasted he had never refused alms to a beggar in his life!

After we had disposed of the importunate beggars, we turned to contemplate the noble and spacious church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, raised by the faithful over the rustic cell where St. Francis loved to offer up his devotions. Originally it was a solitary spot, distant from his native town, where he could retire unseen by every human eye, and abandon himself to those raptures which history scarce knows whether to denominate madness or ecstatic holiness. Here he came and passed days, nay,

even weeks, rapt in the contemplation of heavenly beatitude; and on this spot uprose the grand church which now lends so noble a feature to the surrounding plain, constructed so as to enclose his original chapel and cell within its precincts. The interior is perhaps too bare, from the excessive whiteness and simplicity of the massive pillars; but its size is commanding, and a noble dome rises in the centre. The present building is modern, the original church having been almost entirely destroyed in 1832 by an earthquake, which, however, respected the altar and cell of St. Francis, positively the only portions not reduced to ruin—a circumstance his followers of course attributed to a miracle. That more sacred portion of the church is railed off and locked up. While waiting for the sacristano, who was at dinner, I again fell a victim to some straggling beggars in the church, especially a woman in the pretty Romanesque costume, who pulled my cloak so perseveringly I was forced into attention. She informed me that, at the grand annual festa, ten or twelve thousand persons were frequently present, drawn from all the surrounding country by enthusiasm for the native saint. So intense, indeed, she said, was the crowd, that persons were frequently suffocated on these anniversaries. What the beggars must be on these solemn occasions I leave to the imagination of my readers; I confess myself quite at fault. At last the Franciscan brother appeared with the keys, and we entered the penetralia behind the screen. The deepest devotion was apparent in this man's deportment, as well as of others who chanced to pass us. He never mentioned the saint but in a whisper, at the same time raising his cap, and looked evidently with an annoyed and jealous eye at our intruding on the sacred precincts, heretics and unclean schismatics as we were. Near the grand altar is a small recess, where, as I understood, St. Francis died; paintings cover the walls, where burns a perpetual lamp, and the brother seemed to look on the spot with such devotion, I could not trouble him by a too impertinent curiosity.

But the most interesting portion of the building was St. Francis's cell, outside the church, in a small court at the end of a long stone passage, now converted into a chapel. Under the altar there is a deep narrow hole, visible through bars of iron, where the saint performed his flagellations, and lay as a penance for hours and days without eating or speaking. The legend goes, that the instrument of flagellation was the stem of a white rose-bush, growing in a little garden hard by (still visible), and that after his blood had tinged the broken branch the tree ever after blossomed of a deep red. It is also added, that a certain royal lady, within the last few years, after great difficulty, procured a slip of this rose-tree, which, when transferred from its native soil, returned to the original colour, and became again a white rose.

As we were returning into the church, the entire convent of nearly two hundred monks passed along the stone passage to the refectory, walking two and two, and singing. Their voices sounded hollow and melancholy as the chant echoed through the vaulted space; the dark dress of brown serge, and pale and downcast countenances, gave one but a melancholy impression of an order requiring all the enthusiastic devotion of its founder to render it palatable. The younger monks passed first, and our sacristan desired us ladies to conceal our dangerous faces behind the door;

the rear being brought up by aged and infirm brethren, who were considered well seasoned to like temptations, we were permitted to re-enter the passage into the church. These monks, I understand, fast to an extraordinary extent, and further exercise their self-denial by sitting for a long time repeating prayers, with their scanty food spread out before them, waiting until appetite be thoroughly conquered ere they allow themselves any nourishment. These unnecessary mortifications are a melancholy specimen of the weakness of mankind. Placed by a beneficent Creator in a beauteous, and especially in Italy a luxuriant and abundant earth, we are enjoined by Him to use the good things he has created for our enjoyment, and not abuse them. The deluded monk, thinking to serve the Almighty by a life of idleness and self-denial, passes a wretched existence below, under the mistaken impression of celestial happiness being the certain reward of such unreasonable penances.

St. Francis himself was by his life and character an exception to all ordinary rules—a man who voluntarily renounced parents, home, and the advantages of a worldly position, exposing himself to contempt and ridicule,—and from this lowly cell, or rather hole, where he began his impassioned career, finally leaving more than 150,000 followers at his death,—is so singular an example of the force of religious enthusiasm and power of persuasion, that the usual string of arguments are at once silenced. The classical Eustace draws a parallel between him and Lycurgus, boasting that the saint gave to his laws a longer duration and more extensive influence than the legislator; *ergo*, he must have been a more extraordinary person, and have derived from natural talent and accomplished eloquence still greater and more magical powers of persuasion. Lycurgus, too, had obedience to the laws and worldly advantages on his side; while the rules of St. Francis were painfully repugnant to proud humanity, inculcating utter poverty and humiliation, involving a literal practice of the grandest but most difficult precepts of the Gospel, “Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor.” The extraordinary resolution with which he himself worked out these precepts from the age of twenty-one years, with unflinching fortitude, during a period of nearly half a century, is an unanswerable argument for his deep and earnest sincerity. All the enthusiasm and warmth of a glowing Italian nature—all the fervid passions of a being born in the burning plains of the Romagna—was devoted in virgin purity to God; and none acquainted with his life, be they Catholic or Protestant, can deny that the practical goodness of his entire life, the privations that devotion called on him to endure, and which brought him to the grave blind and worn with disease, must command the deepest sympathy.

His deep humility, bordering on moral pusillanimity, joined to an eloquence lofty and ardent, and a matchless courage in the path of duty, form a singular and exceptional character. I confess I never could make up my mind as to the mystical part of his history. When I read the well-authenticated accounts of his receiving the *stigmata*—especially the minute description of the wound emitting blood, and the form of the nails—“black like iron”—I cannot but feel staggered at the unanswerable evidence, and the impossibility of deceit from so pure a soul as that of St. Francis. The details of his body being raised in the air, sometimes to the height of the ceiling, during his pious raptures, are utterly incredible. The question

arises, *Cui bono?* Where have we any parallel for the suspension of natural causes without any direct end to be attained?

This, at least, appears certain. St. Francis bore in his body most extraordinary marks, which his own imagination and the belief of his followers magnified into a miraculous *stigmata*, and his fond affection and deep sympathy for the sufferings of our Saviour led him to prize these marks as a celestial visitation.

I am a Protestant, and with all my admiration for St. Francis, I can concede no more; but this I will say, of all religious orders I most admire the Franciscan institutions, where the founder's precepts are faithfully carried out, as the nearest approximation to the laws and sentiments of our divine Saviour this world is capable of displaying.

IV.

AFTER leaving the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, I stood looking at the town of Assisi, grandly spread out on the mountain chain in front, at about a mile distant. The celebrated convent of St. Francis runs out like a cape, as it were, into the plains below, apart from the town, supported on arched foundations of eighty or a hundred feet high, fixed on the solid rock, and looking, at a distance, like piles of clustered pillars surmounted by some majestic edifice. The effect is extremely imposing, and quite singular. Behind is the city, surmounted by an ancient ruined castle on a green hill, while beyond, and enclosing the whole, are the lofty and finely wooded mountains. It was impossible to resist this enticing prospect at so short a distance, and I could no more have passed unseen the churches of Assisi than have left Rome without seeing the Coliseum. So we hired a light calessa, and Mr. B. and I proceeded towards the city, leaving the rest of the party to proceed along the plain to Foligno in the vetturino. Mr. B. was by no means a congenial companion, for he hates the monks, and evinced little sympathy for mediæval art.

"He felt," he said, "no interest in going to see establishments which he was morally certain two years at most would see destroyed, and every monk in Italy either murdered or sent out of the country. I am happy," said he, "to accompany you, but, for myself, I look with horror on every convent and its inmates as the cause of the national degradation of this fair country; and the more attractive such establishments may be, the more I detest them, as leading away men from the ordinary and practical callings of life, to waste their days in sin, idleness, and uselessness. These very monks of Assisi are all proprietors, in very easy, independent circumstances, yet professedly belonging to an order of mendicants—arrant knaves all. But there is a day coming that will settle all these accounts. Two years at most cannot pass by without the mighty arm of national independence and liberty——"

His soliloquy was opportunely interrupted by the carriage stopping with a sudden jerk that ended his discourse. We were straightway fastened to a couple of milk-white steers, to be dragged up the very steep acclivity on which Assisi stands, and as the road was rough and stony, all further conversation was impossible.

This was a blessing, for I desired to visit in a believing spirit the churches raised by the gratitude of successive ages to the memory of my favourite saint. The veneration in which the convent has been held from the thirteenth century—the celebrity conferred on it as being the sanctuary and cradle of mediæval art—make the burial-place of the saint a fitting object of pilgrimage for the artist or the Catholic. I wished to view it under both these characters.

As we approached, Assisi assumed a more and more singular appearance, commanding a magnificent view over the plain traversed by ancient aqueducts. Nothing can be more striking than the aspect of its half-ruined and excessively ancient walls and battlements, broken by towers, through which opens the gate; and the forsaken appearance of the streets makes it look more like a city of the dead than the living: one could easily believe the whole place had gone to sleep after the great churches were built, and never woke up again. High up before us, to the left, rose the immense arched foundations and the grand old gothic church, assuming a most commanding aspect relatively to the city, which, as it were, it overshadows. I became most impatient to approach and explore that mighty pile, which, from its position, so tantalisingly tempts the traveller long before it is reached.

Up and down two or three break-neck streets, and we entered the outer *cortile*, on a level with the middle church. High above rose the upper church, while below the ground on which we stood was the lower one—the burying-place of San Francisco, excavated out of the solid rock on which the artificial supports for the superstructure are founded. The *cortile*, surrounded by low open arches, is desolate and grass-grown; not a creature was visible—not a sound audible. We passed through a richly-sculptured pointed arch to the left into the cloisters, large and airy, covered with half-obliterated frescoes. In the centre was a deep well, full of the most lively fish, which, in this scene of silence, recalled the story in the “Arabian Nights” of the solitary pond in the midst of mountains discovered by a fisherman, where all the neighbouring inhabitants, having incurred the displeasure of a certain great magician, had been metamorphosed into fish. After some delay, and desperate efforts on the part of Mr. B. to penetrate the recesses of various dark and interminable passages in the *Clausura*, or closed part, where I, as a woman, dared not go, we at last laid violent hands on a Franciscan, and entreated him to show us the convent buildings.

First of all, he ushered us into the middle church, which, on the whole, I should say, was the finest and most interesting. There is a solemn, mysterious gloom about it, a “dim religious light,” that suits well with the character of the place, and responds agreeably to one’s preconceived impressions. The roof is entirely arched, and somewhat low, and the one long single nave, with a transept at either extremity, together with the side walls broken by chapels, are a mass of the most curious frescoes. Some in the chapels were so dark, that it was impossible to distinguish more than the general rich effect, but others, fresh and brilliant, were of extreme beauty. Here are the three celebrated frescoes, by Giotto, representing the virtues of Poverty, Obedience, and Chastity. Poverty appears as a woman given in marriage to St. Francis. She is represented as a sweet feminine figure, quite enshrouded by thorns; in front are boys mock-

ing her, while around are angels of great grace and beauty; by her side stands the Saviour, who is joining her hand with that of the saint. Chastity is represented by a woman in a strong fortress, surrounded by angels and hosts of mailed warriors. St. Francis advances towards her escorted by churchmen, and is in the act of driving away earthy, or impure love. Obedience is more obscure, rapt too deeply in emblematical allegory for me to interpret. Kugler says that tradition assigns the idea of these frescoes to Dante, who was, as appears from his "*Commedia*," an intimate friend of Giotto's. Every window in this beautiful church is of stained glass, lending a fine glow to the somewhat faded magnificence of the arrangements. This very air of age and decay about the altar furniture, though harmonising with the general character of the place, surprised me much, from the veneration in which the churches are universally held, and the richness of the gifts in other far less esteemed sanctuaries.

I bade a reluctant farewell to the beautiful frescoes, affording good study for many days to a lover of mediæval art, and descended a double flight of stairs opening from the centre of the floor into the third, or subterranean church. This, both in size and circular construction, recalled to me the chapel of San Carlo Borromeo, under the grand altar of the Duomo at Milan, only that the tomb of San Francisco is excavated out of the living rock, rising as a shaft through the circular space, giving a very singular character to the whole. The monk and his acolyte lighted our darkness with huge torches. When visible, the third church, or rather chapel, for its size scarcely allows of calling it anything else, appeared very magnificent, surrounded by a double row of yellow porphyry columns, one range encircling the rugged rock, the other surrounding the outer wall. The burial-place of the saint, under the altar, was approached by the monk with the utmost respect; and had it not been for the withering presence of Mr. B., redolent of the prejudices of the outer world, I think even I should have bent the knee before a shrine so endeared to the recollection of the whole Christian world. St. Francis expired in his cell at Santa Maria degli Angeli, below, but his remains were interred here after the piety of the middle ages had raised this majestic monument of sculpture, architecture, and painting—the very harvest of the period—to his memory.

A very long flight of back stairs conducted us to the upper church, which we entered somewhat abruptly near the altar. This church, which I had expected to find very magnificent, disappointed me, I confess. It is bare and bald compared with the gorgeously-frescoed walls beneath; and the full glare of day through lancet windows of plain glass appeared quite objectionable, after the solemn-tinted half-light in which the other portions are enshrouded. The merry light of day always displeases me in any church, more especially here, in this devotional sanctuary, reared over the grave of one who voluntarily shut out the outward light, and lived apart and alone, in strange and mystical communion with another world. I looked on it as more curious than interesting, forming, in fact, a species of art-museum illustrative of the middle ages. The altar wants all attempt at magnificence; it is surmounted by some curious gothic arches, and enclosed by a choir, with stalls of wood mosaics of the most wonderful beauty and finish. Here are ports

of saints and fathers, life-like in action and expression—especially a head of the Virgin, with a drapery after the manner of Bellini, which struck me as one of the sweetest countenances I had ever seen—quite Raphaelesque in pure virgin grace. Of these stalls there are one hundred and two, all the mosaics being executed by a monk of the convent named Fra Domenico di San Severino.

This upper church is also lined with frescoes, both on the walls and ceiling—the works of Cimabue and of Giotto. The ceiling is painted in alternate compartments of figures, with gold stars on a deep blue ground; but many of the paintings were exceedingly injured by the French during their occupation of Assisi. They broke the windows with their shots, admitting the rain and damp to injure paintings otherwise fresh and bright, after the lapse of so many centuries. How often it is thus in the history of art! Treasures respected and spared by the ravages of time are sacrificed in an evil hour to the passions and prejudices of the master-spirit man, for whose enjoyment they were conceived, and who alone in all creation can appreciate their beauty! Casting my eye around on the curious frescoes, where ignorance of art and consummate genius is quaintly visible, I was caught by one of the series containing St. Francis's life. He is represented ascending through the air to heaven in a monstrously awkward red car, little suited, certainly, for such an aerial voyage. It is shaped like the common *carro* one sees commonly yoked to the oxen; but this heavenly chariot is drawn over very material-looking clouds by a pair of fat Flemish horses, quite a match for the vehicle. St. Francis acts as the Jehu, holding his reins much after the style of Olympian Jove in some bad picture. Could he have conducted such an affair over infinite space, it would certainly be the most extraordinary miracle recorded in saintly annals, where, however, natural effects and causes are constantly disregarded in the most flagrant manner. There is another fresco in the same series—both attributed to Giotto—where the saint is represented in a pretty garden, surrounded by trees and verdure, preaching to little birds all grouped about him, or flying through the air in the utmost haste. There is some water, too, introduced, and the fishes' heads are visible, poked up with an air of the utmost attention towards St. Francis, who stands in a persuasive attitude with extended arms, as though he would embrace them all. I suppose a smile was visible on our countenances, for the monk laughed outright at the childish conceit, and indeed throughout manifested a very decided disposition to ridicule the extravagance of the saint's miraculous gifts. "Ah," said he, "è un' allegoria, tutta questa, non è la verità—this not true:" a fact we scarcely required to be told. Everything connected with these paintings of Cimabue and Giotto is deeply interesting; but the more I looked, the more I was disappointed in the garish air of the church, and its total want of grandeur either in the proportions or the details. It is considered a perfect model of a gothic church, which, in truth, I required to be told, and which much surprises me, as I never should have esteemed it a model of any kind, except as far as the curious frescoes go, affording admirable studies for the pre-Raphaelites. We made our exit from the upper church by the grand portal, where, if I remember right, there is a large catherine-wheel window, in the centre of a somewhat majestic façade. We had entered below, on a level with the middle church; but from the rapid rise

of the acclivity against which the church is built, we were now still on a level with the ground, and emerged on a spacious but lonely green piazza. Beyond were the time-worn, rusty-looking walls of the town.

Here, again, we fell a victim to the beggars, who, hearing that a party of *forestieri* were exploring the sights, watched us round, and came out strong and fresh on the green turf. Had Mr. B. not been with me, whose tall figure, and stern and somewhat morose countenance, imposed respect, I should have been positively frightened lest the beggars in this solitary corner might have rapidly passed into brigands, and robbed me. As it was, they caught hold of me, and surrounded me most pertinaciously, until Mr. B. showed fight by raising his stick. We selected from the group an intelligent lad as a guide to our carriage, which had gone a tour on its own account, and was nowhere visible. Up and down we trudged, through desolate, half-ruined streets, and along blank walls, until I thought our guide himself was misleading us. At last we emerged on the grand Piazza of Assisi, a wretched square, save and except for the noble Roman pillars and portico fronting what once had been a temple of Minerva, now of course a church. The symmetry of this classical façade was exquisite, and the columns in a much finer state of preservation than those much-boasted ones at Milan in the same style, which were so carefully cared for by Napoleon. I wonder one does not hear more of this beautiful temple, more perfect than anything at Rome save only the Pantheon. Coming, as it did, unexpectedly upon us, we were charmed by the classical purity of its style, and its admirable state of preservation.

Our carriage was in waiting, and we were soon rattling down the rapid descent from Assisi to Foligno, where the vetturino awaited us. As we descended, fine views of the plain below opened out from between the trees. The vast expanse of the valley of the Tiber, which lay stretched out before us in a quite boundless extent, is so richly cultivated as actually to be quite monotonous. Perugia was just visible in front, nobly seated on a height, encircled with rugged mountains; to the left lay Foligno and various other small towns, stretching down the mountain side, crested each with dark cypresses or pine-trees, while behind lay Assisi, perched high up in the Apennines, crowned by its ruined fortress. After about two hours' most agreeable drive down the declivity we reached Foligno.

V.

MR. B. and I landed at the inn of Foligno, after a two hours' drive, marvellous to say without having talked about the approaching revolution. But his mind, ever running on changes and reforms, as contradistinguished to abuses of all sorts, had not been idle, for he treated me with a lengthy dissertation on the mismanagement of schools and colleges at this time in England, relating how a certain nephew of his had, after every advantage showered on his academic career, returned home for his holidays at the age of fifteen years, when he (Mr. B.), undertaking to cross-examine him, discovered the melancholy facts that he could not read, and certainly not spell, while of Latin he could not even decline "Dominus" correctly. "On this text he spake," recounting the various horrors and atrocities current at Westminster and Rugby, furnishing

"startling facts" enough to form a pamphlet. What a queer, downright practical man he was, Mr. B., always grappling with some positive evil, or planning some positive reform. Romantic, dreamy Italy—where one is lulled to mental slumber amid the memories of the past, and forgets the present altogether as much as is compatible with a luxurious state of actual enjoyment—was the last place for such a work-a-day spirit as his. Indeed, he never could have supported the dreamy inactivity of such a life had his mind not been perpetually occupied with the approaching revolution, and its practical results on the country and population, to say nothing of his constant observations and speculations about the meat at various places, of which particulars I really believe he kept a diary, chronicling his remarks as others put down their ideas about scenery or pictures. At Foligno—which, by the way, is a pretty thriving little town, with two or three handsome buildings, and a most abundant market, all the animal and vegetable riches of the district being displayed in the grand Piazza as we passed through—at Foligno, then, Mr. B. encountered a friend and congenial spirit in the person of Count M., known currently as the "Red Count," who chanced to be travelling from Rome to Florence. To tell how these two men retired to the inn, and how and in what spirit they discussed the affairs of Italy, would be impossible. The Italian, fiery, voluble, and eloquent, discoursed like a railroad; while Mr. B., under the influence of strong excitement on his favourite theme, threw off all British *morgue*, and with staring eyes and loud voice proclaimed the near liberation of Italy—the plans Mazzini had confided to him about regaining Rome—the probability of a recurrence of the Sicilian Vespers—the certain murder and massacre of every "stoled priest and robed friar," together with a thousand other horrors. The "Red Count" received these sanguinary communications with ecstasies of delight; fond of anarchy, as his name denoted, he anticipated with rapture the rivers of blood about to flow to purify and invigorate the thirsty land. "I," said he, *in furore*, "will also grasp the sword. I will shed the blood of the stranger and oppressor of our dear country. I was compromised in '48, when tyranny triumphed; but when once more liberty spreads her banner over my country, we will have no political measure, but we will have their life!" To my astonishment, Mr. B. fully concurred in these wild and horrid sentiments; nor could I have imagined two men, outwardly humane and pleasing in person and manners, nourishing such murderous projects, did I not know from former experience the extent such sentiments can go, and the distortion of judgment that ensues when men actually fancy themselves saviours and regenerators of their country, while conspiring murder and anarchy.

It was under similar hallucinations that Marat and Robespierre called themselves liberators of France, while they drew her heart's blood, and would positively have annihilated her population, had the knife they loved so well not been timely directed against themselves. The rabid state of the Italian revolutionists is perfectly dreadful. Ever of a violent and excited nature, once roused on this subject they become very wild beasts in language, sentiment, and, occasion offering, in action. In their opinion, to murder the clergy, the foreign soldier, or the political opponent, is an act of justice agreeable to Heaven and dear to Italy, be it in open rebellion or by private treachery; and many otherwise good and really conscientious persons avow these sentiments, and justify them by every argu-

ment and sophistry current in the dark days that closed the eighteenth century.

The count and Mr. B. were at last obliged to bring their interview to a close, as we were to reach Spolito that night. I had listened to them in deep disgust, but from a curiosity to ascertain the extent to which the minds of men can be perverted by false and wicked notions of political liberty. It was consoling to remember that the whole was moonshine—that Italy, not able to govern herself, was well kept in check by foreign powers—that the Pope was safe at Rome, guarded by ten thousand French, and Radetzky at Milan, heading a perfect army of civil, quiet Austrian soldiers, whose name was Legion—that the laws were respected, the towns thriving, the land cultivated, no Italian allowed to carry arms, and, most of all fortunate, that Mr. Mazzini and his admirers were far away in the north, with as little chance of really upsetting the peace of Italy by their detestable cabals, as Ledru Rollin has of succeeding Louis Napoleon on the throne of France. Foligno, we learned, is strangely subject to earthquakes, which have created great alarm from their constant recurrence. I cannot investigate the scientific causes, but I can plainly see that all this country, for some distance on the other side of Perugia, has a wild calcareous aspect, indicative of all sorts of commotions among the elements. The lake of Thrasimene, too, rising in a dry plain, *à propos* to nothing as it were, and neither feeding nor receiving any considerable rivers, may that not, too, be of volcanic origin? The day was now drawing to a close, and I neither saw the Flammian Way which we had now entered, nor “the sweetest wave of the most living crystal” ascribed to the classical Clitumnus, which, however, I fancy, must be an excessively insignificant brook, from the general aspect of the country. The temple, too, of the River God was passed unheeded by, for, truth to tell, we were in great trepidation about our luggage, and eagerly watching the back of the carriage out of the window, lest the boxes fastened on behind should be cut off. I cannot at all agree with Dickens, who declares, in a similar position, “that he should really have felt obliged to any one for taking them away.” I was not so stoical, and strained my neck to overlook my property. The vetturino got so exceedingly nervous as the darkness increased, that I was heartily glad to find ourselves safely arrived at Spolito. Our whole road from Foligno had been along a level tract, skirting the base of lofty mountains, which in the morning we must traverse. High before us we had long seen the lights of Spolito, and were quite uncertain whether we were looking at the stars or any meaner light—a question settled at last by the real Simon Pure, the stars themselves appearing and showing by their brilliancy their heaven-born origin.

The inn at Spolito is extremely comfortable, and the people civil. We were, of course, preceded by another vetturino—our driver having a magnanimous habit of sacrificing us to all comers, by pertinaciously taking the lowest place in the road—so we only came off second best in accommodation, and dined in a sort of outer chamber. I was extremely amused by the process of bed-making, the performers consisting of two great women and a very small boy, who marched in a sort of procession in and out each room, the little boy shaking up the bed—a monstrous effort for such a dwarf—while the tall females stood by as spectators, only condescending themselves to spread the sheets.

VENEDEY'S HISTORY OF THE GERMAN NATION.*

ONE of the acknowledged wants of the day, and one which we are afraid it must be left to the coming man, or Mr. Macaulay's New Zealander, to satisfy, is a fair and impartial history of Germany, describing the rise and fall of the empire without *arrière pensée* or clannish spirit. It is not from the lack of attempts which have been made from time to time in every possible tone and tendency—reactionary, republican, national, and partisan. But can the most sincere admirer of German literature allow that he has yet come across an impartial history of Germany, enabling him to decide as to the causes which have led to the present abject condition of Germany, when compared with the glories of the middle ages? In default of this desirable consummation we are forced to put up with such fare as German *littérateurs* periodically dispense to us, and from this point of view we have no hesitation in asserting that Mr. Venedey's history, of which two volumes have already appeared, and which is evidently a labour of love to him, is one of the completest works which the German student can consult, if he desire to make himself practically acquainted with the history of a kindred people.

But the great charm, to our minds, which Venedey's work possesses, is that he sedulously avoids those laboured disquisitions about nothing to which the Teutonic mind is so predisposed, and contents himself with describing, in a lively and readable form, the various events of German history which have had an influence on its destiny. And it is a subject deserving serious consideration, when we reflect that the Germanic tribes were destined, under Providence, to fill up the gap occasioned by the dissolution of the Roman Empire. Two objects, however, had to be fulfilled—namely, the regeneration of the nations composing the Roman Empire, and, at the same time, the self-preservation of the German nationality. This regeneration the East German migratory tribes had pre-eminently undertaken, and fulfilled their mission, in a great measure, in the kingdoms they had conquered. The destruction of Rome, the repulsion of the Huns into Asia, and of the Saracens to Africa, were the first successes of the Germanic race, and they were sufficient to prove the youthful energy of the Teutonic element. At the same time, Italy, Spain, France, England, and from England a new world, were regenerated by the Germans and their descendants. The mission of preserving and fostering Germanity was rather the property of the Western Germans; and one of the Teutonic tribes—the Anglo-Saxons—has been enabled to maintain the vigour of the German race in its entirety until now, and has even been enabled to transfer it to a new world. In fact, the whole past of Europe is so closely connected with that of the Germans, that it is impossible to write any history without referring pre-eminently to the distinguished part the Teutons have played in the history of our own country and that of the affiliated nations.

And, of a truth, the history of Germany is one of the finest romances

* Geschichte des Deutschen Volkes von den ältesten Zeiten bis auf die Gegenwart. Von Jacob Venedey. Vols. I. and II. Berlin: Franz Duncker.

to which the curious student can refer. He will find in it the perfectness of chivalry, the most interesting details of the mutual relations of lord and vassal, and the most curious description of the intrigues which eventually led to the practical dissolution of the Germanic Empire. The extraordinary change which has come over the condition of the German Empire, from the period when the emperor first displayed his weakness in yielding to the pretentious claims of the higher nobility, and granting them fiefs which were a direct encroachment upon his prerogative, is most suggestive, and should serve as a warning to every potentate who has a large empire to administer.

The sudden alteration in the condition of Germany is, however, fully deserving attention, and it is worth while inquiring how it occurred that a nation once so great has ended by becoming so small. The gradual increase of the higher dukes in power and authority could not, of course, escape the notice of the emperor, and the discontent of the nation should have drawn his attention to the danger he was incurring by allowing the dukes to render themselves independent at his expense. The condition of the German nation was beginning to grow anomalous at the time when the dukes commenced becoming powerful, and the result was that the emperor, hopeless of success in any attempt at subduing the dukes, and at the same time keeping in check a nation rent asunder by internal faction, ended by allowing himself to be regarded as a puppet, and contented himself with the nominal authority which the title gave him.

The greatest blow given to the imperial authority was that which the Emperor Barbarossa produced. Although the most autocratic of monarchs, from his very autocracy he sapped his own power. Rendered furious by the opposition of the Milanese, and determined on checking the rebellion, he drove his army into Italy. After repeated attempts to check the rebels, in which his army melted away like mist before the sun, the dukes, when tired of war, quietly went home for the winter, perfectly prepared, if they had no better engagement, to return again with the swallows. But while nominally obeying the emperor—for none dared resist his impetuous order—they were the while consolidating their power at home; and when the pressure was taken off them by the death of the great hero, they enforced their claims on his weaker successor, and ended by becoming *de facto* independent, although all the while most faithful vassals of the holy Roman Empire. The character of Frederick Barbarossa has been very variously judged. While one party claim him as the king by divine right, and the greatest Emperor Germany ever saw, others are equally severe, and aver that the Emperor Frederick was the harshest tyrant that any age ever produced. The latter party argue that the pertinacious attempts to check the liberty of the Italians were merely the insulting displeasure of a great king, who denied that laws were made for him, and thought any opposition was the greatest crime which a subject could commit. We are of the opinion that much may be said on both sides, and are inclined to coincide with our author in the credit he gives to his august emperor. He has evidently come to the conclusion that the heroes of the middle ages are not to be judged by the criterion of the present day; and, this allowed, Frederick Barbarossa was indubitably a very great man, and much in advance of his age. The far-sighted policy which induced him to

protest against the authority of the pontiff is deserving of all praise, and it is to be regretted that his successors, blinded by bigotry, had not sufficient courage to display the same resolute conduct.

The struggle which went on between the Pope and the Emperor of Germany was an interesting one for the fate of nations; and the part the Germans played, for a while at least, most meritorious. The cause of ire was very simple as it stood: it was, whether the Emperor of the Romans was elected purely by the will of the people, or required the papal *exequatur* before he could enter on his functions. The emperors very naturally asserted the popular question, and for years on years successfully resisted the arrogant pretensions of the Pope. Even in those benighted days it was regarded as an absurdity that the lord of a great nation should hold his empire as a fief from the spiritual lord of Christendom: the German people had never been delivered over, bound hand and foot, to the mercies of the Catholic Church, and the Guilds strenuously resisted the encroachment on their privileges. They felt that the imperial power depended on their firm co-operation, and stood firmly to their rights without granting an inch of liberty to the representatives of the papal power. Such a state of things could not last long, and the Pope, though repeatedly held back by the secular arm, found a resource in the fearful punishment of the interdict. But even here the sturdy *Bürgers* would not give way; their religion was a great feature, but their allegiance was more, and they determined that, though the Pope was their spiritual master, they had a proper regard for temporalities; and, while fearing God, honoured their king. The natural result was that the townsmen, originally despised and treated contemptuously, became the finest element of the Germanic power; and the institution of the Hanse Towns soon proved what power these men possessed. They were true to their rightful liege, and no persuasions would induce them to open their gates to a pretender: they went on a common-sense principle, in perfect obedience to the laws, and faithfully served their master by granting him protection, and, what was still more valuable, subsidies. But when they found that their allegiance only led them more closely into connexion with the papal chair, whose prerogative their forefathers had been taught to deride, and whose encroachments, by a feeling of self-defence, they repelled, they decided on establishing themselves in an independent position, and crying the war challenge, "*Gare qui touche!*"

For a long while the struggle went on between Pope and Kaiser, until the Man of Men appeared in the person of Hildebrand, who made all people, no matter their pride or their descent, his obedient vassals. He bowed the power of the mighty Emperor of Germany: he proved that the Pope of Rome was master of the world—as will be seen from the following extract:

When Henry crossed the Alps, Gregory was just arrived in Upper Italy on his road to Germany. On hearing of Henry's arrival, Gregory retired to Canossa. Gregory's companions were Mathilde; Adelaide, Margravine of Susa, Henry's mother-in-law; Amadeus, her son; Azo d'Este; and the Abbot Hugo de Clugny. Adelaide and Amadeus had taken Henry prisoner on his passage of the Alps, and forced him, before obtaining his release, to yield to them a portion of the imperial lands in Burgundy. It is probable that Henry, with

this cession, stipulated on the intervention of the Margravine of Suse, with Gregory. She hastened immediately to the Pope, for she had now a very immediate interest to see Henry liberated from the ban, as the countries he had given up were far securer to her if Henry remained king than if he were deposed. The Margrave d'Este had advised Henry to proceed to Italy. Hugo de Clugny was not quite satisfied with Gregory's conduct, as will be seen from his letters. It was a long time before Hugo could be induced to visit Rome, although Gregory invited him most earnestly. In a letter of 22nd of January, 1074, Gregory utters the veiled reproach against Hugo, that "whosoever loves St. Peter, should not prefer secular princes to him." Henry could almost surely depend on the support of Adelaide and Amadeus de Suse at Canossa: he might have reasons, too, to believe that he would be supported by his grandson Hugo de Clugny; and hence it may be explained why, instead of trusting to the unexpected assistance he found in Upper Italy, he preferred going to Canossa to form a reconciliation with Gregory; and by being liberated from the interdict, deprive the German princes of the sharpest weapon they wielded against him.

At first Gregory declined to enter into any personal communication with Henry. Gregory desired to sit in judgment upon Henry at the Diet in Germany; and might apprehend that any humiliation and penance, although satisfying the pride of papacy, might thwart his allies in Germany, the secular and clerical princes, who desired Henry's deposition. On this account he replied, that the trial of an accused, whom he had laid under the interdict in his absence, according to the clerical law, could only be carried on when the accuser was present. But when the Margravine and Hugo de Clugny pressed him, he replied, "that if Henry repented his crimes, and would deliver to him crown and sceptre, while declaring himself for ever unworthy the royal name and office," he would liberate him from the interdict, and receive him once more into the bosom of the Church. Henry's mediators proved to Gregory the impossibility of such conditions, and pressed him, until he at last assented that Henry might come to Canossa, and there do penance for his sins against the Pope.

Thus Henry came. After passing through the gate of the castle, the door was closed behind him, and he was separated from his escort. Henry was then obliged to lay aside his clothes, and put on a woollen penitential garb. He was then suffered to pass through the second gate. But the main door of the castle still remained closed. Gregory suffered Henry to remain *three days and three nights* barefooted, in a sheet of penance, and fasting, while exposed to the intense winter's cold, patiently awaiting entrance to the Pope. What took place in the mean while within, is unknown; so much is certain, that at last Hugo de Clugny made every offer to induce Mathilde to employ her whole influence with Gregory to terminate the penance. At length Gregory yielded, and Henry appeared before him, to be liberated from the interdict, under conditions meant to bind him down more closely than ever.

After the negotiation had been completed, Henry was liberated from the interdict, and the mass was celebrated. Before the holy communion Gregory summoned Henry and all persons present to the altar, informed him of the accusations brought against him at the Synod of Worms, and declared them to be false. He then broke the Host in two, and swallowed the one half, with the expression that God might punish him with death on the spot, if the accusations were founded on truth. The other half he offered to Henry, and challenged him to swallow it as a proof that the accusations the German princes and bishops had brought against him were unfounded. Henry recoiled, and refused to accept the divine ordeal.

Those were glorious days for papal prerogative; and if kings governed

de jure divino, God's vicegerent on earth proved himself a most autocratic master. What a comfort it is to reflect, that with the progress of civilisation so great a change has occurred, and that the Pope is tied down by many bonds to good behaviour, while his throne is supported by French bayonets, for fear it may collapse, and bury him with his system beneath the ruins. But at the time of which we write, popes were established institutions, and governed the world by bulls, which were much in the habit of running-a-muck, and spreading confusion wherever they made their appearance. Legates *à latere* were as impudent as their master, and faithfully carried out the instructions they received. Fortunately for the world, their zeal outran their discretion, and the popes were fair prototypes of the Bourbons, in learning nothing and forgetting nothing. The natural result supervened, and the world was liberated from a thralldom surpassing in its pretentious absurdity the craziest fetish dream of the untutored savage. What the result of the blessed change has been we need not stop to elaborate: let the reader, if he have any doubt on the subject, compare the state of Protestant England with that of Catholic Italy, and he will be compelled to confess, even if he be Cardinal Wiseman himself, that, as far as progress is concerned, the balance is decidedly in favour of the schismatic. But why trouble the reader with our remarks when we can quote the words of our historian:

The portrait of Gregory is one of the greatest which the world's history can produce. His struggle bears such a brilliant character, that its very brilliancy is reflected on Gregory, and makes him appear in a halo of glory. In the name of Divinity he opposed humanity; with the word of Christ he bore down the sword of the potentates of this earth.

But, although the portrait of Gregory appears so brilliant when regarding him as a champion in the name of God, fighting with the power of the Word, still it assumes a gloomy colour when regarded from the broad view of humanity and Christianity, of divine love and charity. It is true that Gregory combated in the name of God, but the object of his struggle was human dominion; he certainly spoke in the name of that love which Christ had taught, but this name concealed the most terrible arrogance, opposed to the dearest interests of humanity: with the words of Christ's divine teaching on his lips he cast the firebrand of discord into the world: with the holy truths of fidelity and justice incessantly his motto, he pandered in the name of Deity to lying, deception, and brute force.

To ecclesiastic reform the road was paved: Henry III. had trodden on the head of the hydra of simony: the German popes had rendered the purity of the clergy a necessity of the Church: the whole world had been drawn to a deep religious feeling by the teaching of the monks of Cluny—all this was for Gregory merely a preparatory process—a means to attain his higher object, the domination of the world by the Pope.

The teaching of the Church, the dogmas and ecclesiastical laws, were to him mere extraneous objects—dominion was his intense desire. In the great struggle which Berengarius of Tours had to undergo, Gregory was at the outset on the side of this defender of a more spiritual comprehension of the doctrine of the Sacrament. At the Council of Tours (1055), at which Gregory presided as legate of Pope Leo IX., he so openly accepted Berengarius's views, that at a later date the reproach was cast upon him that he had participated in his heresy. On being chosen as pope, he suffered Berengarius to publish a profession of faith in 1078, which he was enabled to sign, because he was not compelled to believe in a "substantial" transubstantiation of the bread and wine into the

body and blood of Christ. The zealots of the day, however, demanded a confession, that the "conversion was not merely a sacrament, but the true body and blood of Christ, and that this body was broken by the priest, figuratively but actually in the sacrament, and, as such, subjected to the true believer." Gregory was not the man, who, for the sake of a word or a friend, would still further estrange the zealots, who were already fiercely opposed to him; and so, a few months later, he ordered Berengarius to sign the new confession of Substantiality. However, when Berengarius refused, he took no steps to force him, but allowed him to die peaceably, and be honoured by his devotees almost like a saint.

This tendency of *laissez aller* was quite suited to the policy which Gregory proposed to himself. The doctrine of Christianity is only animated by the feeling, "My kingdom is not of this world." For in this fundamental idea is contained the cession of all earthly selfishness, from which Christian love, devotion to the welfare of the world, and humanity spring up. Like his great predecessor of the same name, Gregory called himself "the servant of servants," but he demanded "that all princes should kiss the Pope's toe, and that he alone should wear the imperial insignia." "The law of the popes extends over further lands than those held by the emperor," he wrote to King Sweyn. He asserted the right to give away countries and peoples, to appoint and depose kings, and establish new principalities wherever he thought proper. He demanded tribute, vassaldom, and obedience in spiritual as in secular matters, from the princes of this world, as far as his empire reached, as far as he hoped to extend it—from the princes of the Hungarians, the Spaniards, the French—from the brave William the Conqueror, who certainly repulsed him roughly and successfully—from the Normans in Italy, the Danes, the Bohemians, the Poles.

"My kingdom *is* of this world, and the world is my kingdom:" such was Gregory's principal idea, and the object of his life's mission was its realisation.

But the kingdom of this world can be only acquired by the means this world offers us, by the sword, by force, and by treachery; and never were they so mercilessly employed for this purpose, under the cloak of the most pious love of one's neighbour, Christianity, and devotion to God, secret incitations of the laity against their priests, of subjects against their rulers, paternal dissensions, hatred between man and wife, conspiracies, perjury, deception, calumniations and abject devotion, civil wars, fearful and sanguinary desolation. Such were the methods which Gregory only too successfully employed.

Holy deception for holy purposes is nothing new; but the comprehensiveness with which Gregory employed it, in his struggle with Henry, is a novelty even at this day, and the system which produced a Machiavelli, who could lay down lying and treachery as the basis of politics, is the inheritance which Gregory left to the Church and to the world. The seed which he and his accomplices sowed broadcast has sprung up a thousandfold, and will never be thoroughly extirpated again.

Gregory himself appears, spite of the measures he employed, great and dignified, for he was governed by the tremendous faith in himself, his divine mission, and the welfare of the world, which he believed himself sent to force on humanity by war and bloodshed. Such unshakable faith is rare; and when it is wanting, Gregory's example serves not a whit the less to justify the application of bad means for a holy purpose.

If Gregory desired the dominion of the Church in the name of God, and yet helped to rear a throne for deception, still this contradiction only proves the more clearly that man ever remains man, subjected to error, and that a person who says of himself that he summons to his aid bad measures in the name of Deity and for the welfare of humanity, is only sure of one result—to commit and propagate deception and injustice in the name of that Deity whom he so grossly offends.

After quoting these burning words, we have not the courage to pursue

our subject further, although we had marked many favourite passages for quotation. While reserving to ourselves the right of pursuing this interesting subject further, when Venedey produces his other promised volumes, we may be allowed to say a few words in praise of the conscientious manner in which he has hitherto accomplished his self-imposed task. We could have deluged our paper with extracts of the highest importance—and, indeed, the whole of the work demands introduction to an English public in a translated form—but we have refrained, solely from the *embarras de richesses*. Had it not been so, we could have described the Germans, as the Roman historians have drawn their portraits for us—those blue-eyed barbarians, who destroyed the legions of Varus, and ended by carrying destruction and desolation to the farthest ends of the Roman Empire. We could have shown that the Teutons never feared their gigantic foe; that, Titan-like, they rose with renewed vigour after every defeat, and with the same spirit that at a later date imbued Arnold von Winkelried, were prepared to die on the lance's point in defence of their beloved country. We could have followed them in their earliest aspirations for civilisation, and their desire to appropriate those principles of cultivation which rendered brute force of no avail against the serried ranks of the Roman phalanx. We would have shown the gradual development of the civic spirit in Germany: the sturdy Bürger class forming a compact body against the tyrannous encroachment of the knights, and the formation of the Guilds, which, while holding out the fairest prospects for the empire, proved its most dangerous foe. The republican element has always been largely represented in Germany, let the professors say what they will; and the sturdy spirit of their forefathers has not been thrown away on the present generation. But the misfortune was that the empire was unwieldy, and the emperor generally weak, and the people, glad of the slightest prospect of emancipation, listened to the honeyed words of partisans, and left in the lurch their only true defender, the emperor. Italy was in those days, as now, a curse to its possessors; the people were arrogant, rebellious, and ungrateful to a degree, and though successive emperors ruined their home-prospects in the attempt to put down the papal power, the Italian towns only returned the obligation by the grossest treachery. But this is a subject which would lead us too far.

That the decadence of the German Empire should be an object of regret no one can deny, and the present state of the Continent amply confirms our view. We find here two great powers, Austria and Prussia, antagonistic and jealous of each other's prerogative. The former was founded on the remnants of the imperial power, which had eventually become a fief of the Austrian house; the other was a *parvenu* among nations, which, by extraordinary good fortune, was received into the list of the European family, while possessing no title or ground for the usurped pre-eminence. Austria has for many years been striving to consolidate her influence as not allied with the interests of the Germans; whether she is right or wrong, is a problem yet to be solved. Prussia, on the other hand, has rendered herself strong—nominally, we fancy—by extraneous alliances, and is pursuing the same policy at the present day. It is certainly a novelty in the history of Europe to find France and Prussia coalescing, but we imagine that it is merely an alliance or

potentates. The Prussian nation has too much yet to avenge before it can become a firm ally of the French; and we do not believe that, in any complication, they would remain allies.

The policy of England, on the other hand, appears now to tend to a more intimate alliance with Austria than any which has existed since the great Continental wars. We sincerely rejoice in it, for we can but be gainers, since we may expect in Austria a firm and faithful ally. Of all the German nations, none is so well adapted to remain on amicable terms with England as Austria, and we trust that this alliance may become a *fait accompli*. The Anglo-French alliance has been of the most vital importance, in proving to the Continent what firm friends the English can be, no matter what provocation may be employed, from interested motives, to rend the bonds. We have shown that we are still disposed to keep to our plighted word, and Austria will, no doubt, profit by the lesson. That Austria is playing true to us is seen by every despatch received, and the attitude she has assumed on the question of the Bessarabian frontier is deserving of all praise, for it proves that she is not terrified by the Russian bugbear.

As for the rest of Germany, but slight hope can be entertained of their ever emerging from their respectable mediocrity, unless some great scourge is again sent to purge the world of its impurities. The policy of the First Napoleon, the principle of the *divide et impera*, has borne its fruit, and the result, as seen in Central Germany, would be deplorable, were it not so intensely absurd. That poor old lady, the Germanic Diet, is still prolonging a decrepit existence, and fulminating portentous documents which nobody cares for, and nobody reads; and the division of the Holy Roman Empire into Austria, Prussia, and Germany, remains a *fait accompli*, which no revolution can ever subvert, let as many professors be sent to a possible Frankfort parliament as there are days in the year.

And so the world wags on: new alliances are formed, old alliances are broken through: empires are subverted, and new kingdoms are formed out of the fragments as they are rent asunder; on all sides we hear of rumours of war, and yet, for all that, England remains the same; the calm policy which has brought us safely through a dangerous crisis is presiding at the helm, and we may sit tranquilly by our fireside—for our streets are becoming, owing to the garotters, anything but a place for quiet meditation—and speculate on the decline and fall of empires.

The only thing we can wish the Germans, is that happy talent for carrying a revolution to a successful issue which their Anglo-Saxon brethren possess in so eminent a degree; and in return for Venedey's "History of Germany," with which they have favoured us, we cannot do better than recommend to them a careful perusal of Macaulay's History, in which they can learn what to do, and at the same time what to avoid.

MR. THACKERAY'S NOVELS.

JUST as every man in his relation to philosophy is born (according to Frederick Schlegel, and Coleridge after him) an Aristotelian or a Platonist, so it may be said of every contemporary novel-reader, in his relation to the novel, that, virtually, he has a congenital predilection for either Thackeray or Dickens. Hardly any reviewer of Dickens now misses drawing a parallel between him and Thackeray. The reviewer of Thackeray as a matter of course sets up a series of antitheses between him and Dickens. If comparisons are really odious, both Dickens and Thackeray may exclaim, "*Odi profanum vulgus*" of my critics. "We are inclined to believe," says one of them, "that while Mr. Thackeray has observed keenly enough the peculiarities of the world which he depicts, he has not gauged universal humanity so skilfully as Mr. Dickens." Again: as Mr. Dickens goes lower in the scale of intellect and manners, so also he rises higher than Mr. Thackeray. Again: what cannot be allowed to Mr. Dickens is the invariable fidelity which accompanies Mr. Thackeray's characters. While the latter are less marked, both in language and in exterior and manners, Mr. Dickens has a perfect passion for being particular, as if the portrait might be wanted in the "Hue and Cry:" the effect of all which is that you trace something genuine in Mr. Thackeray's figures more easily than you do in Mr. Dickens's—not having such a series of peculiarities to separate before you can regard the nature by itself. Or again: Rising from the perusal of Mr. Dickens's works, you forget that there is evil in the world, and remember only the good—while the distinction drawn between the bad and good is a broad one: rising from Mr. Thackeray's, you are doubtful of yourself and of humanity at large, for nobody is very bad or very good, and everybody seems pretty well contented—so that the *morale* might almost be summed up into the American's creed, "There's nothing new, there's nothing true, and it don't signify." This was said by the late S. Phillips in a comparison by contrast of "David Copperfield" with "Pendennis;" and he also pointed out how it is the habit of Mr. Dickens to contemplate human nature in its strength, and on its unsophisticated side—Mr. Thackeray in its weakness and on its most artificial basis; the consequence being, that the former verges on the sentimental, the latter on the cynical (for one is the reaction of the other); only while the first is no unmanly weapon in Mr. Dickens's hand, the last is a sufficiently temperate one in the hand of Mr. Thackeray. If we turn from the *Times* to the *Quarterlies*, Edinburgh, British, North British, North American, Prospective, Westminster, *et si quæ alia*, we find this comparative degree of criticism maintained, with positive persistency in the general practice, and superlative variety in the details. They bid us note how Dickens appears to have much the wider range of conception in the creation and presentment of character,—Thackeray to execute more naturally, simply, and perfectly that which is within his more limited sphere; how Dickens marks his men and women by direct eccentricities of speech and person, and too seldom gives us the quiet, easy, level flow

of talk and action with which a true representation of life must to a great degree be filled,—while Thackeray astonishes us by the manner in which he contrives to give individuality to his persons without having recourse to much diversity of type; how Thackeray's is the mind of closer and more compact, Dickens's the mind of looser, richer, and freer texture; how Dickens may be the more pensive and meditative, but Thackeray is the more penetrating and reflective writer; how Dickens is by far the more opinionative and aggressive, Thackeray by far the more acquiescent and unpolemical tale-teller; how the artistic range of Dickens is wider, and his style of art more elevated—for he works more in the ideal, it being nonsense to say of his characters generally, in a laudatory sense, that they are life-like—whereas Thackeray is essentially an artist of the realistic school, and, like Wilkie, would probably fail, if, hankering after a reputation in high art, he were to prove untrue to his special faculty as a delineator of actual life; or again, how Thackeray's mind, not less loving than Dickens's, though less expansive in its love, is constitutionally unhopeful, while the other's is cheery even to optimism; how Dickens's sentiment, which, when good, is good in the first class, is frequently far-fetched, and pitched in an unnatural key, and his pathos elaborated by the artifices of the practised writer—while Thackeray's sentiment, rarely indulged, is never otherwise than genuine, and his pathos unforced and going to the roots of the heart; how Dickens's excellence springs from his heart, to whose promptings he trusts himself with an unshrinking faith that kindles a reciprocal enthusiasm in his readers—while in Thackeray, though there is no want of heart, its utterances are timorous and few, and held in check by the predominance of intellectual energy and the habit of reflection; and, once more, how the style of Dickens, originally lucid, and departing from directness and simplicity only to be amusingly quaint, soon became vicious, affected, and obscure—while that of Thackeray has always been manly and transparent, presenting his idea in the very fittest garb: “Thackeray is the more terse and idiomatic, Dickens the more diffuse and luxuriant writer.—In Dickens's sentences there is a leafiness, a tendency to words and images for their own sake; whereas in Thackeray's one sees the stem and outline of the thought better.”*

It is only of late, though, that this habit of wholesale and retail comparison has sprung up. Time was when *Boz* was hailed as top of the tree, and *Titmarsh* was nowhere. True, Michael Angelo had not yet shown up the booths and stalls of Vanity Fair; but he had, to observing eyes, foreshown his capacity for the feat. His magazine aliases had each and all vindicated their right to be heard, their might to make themselves heard. Here and there a judge keener of eye, and finer of taste, than the unjudicial or injudicious mob, recognised mark and likelihood, and something more, in the satirist whose *magnum opus* was soon to be refused by the publishers. Bon Gualtier did so, and predicted better things to come for and from such a penman. John Sterling did so, in

* North British Review, May, 1851; Westminster Rev., April, 1853; Prospective Rev., May, 1851; Edinburgh Rev., January, 1854; *Essays* from the *Times*, Second Series, &c.

1841, saying in a partly published letter, "I got hold of the two first numbers of the 'Hoggarty Diamond,' and read them with extreme delight. What is there better in Fielding or Goldsmith? The man is a true genius; and, with quiet and comfort, might produce masterpieces that would last as long as any we have, and delight millions of unborn readers. There is more truth and nature in one of these papers than in all ——'s novels together." Not till John Sterling had been for years in his grave was the world brought round to some agreement with his opinion, by the successive appearance of full-grown and finished novels, which introduced to it a Becky Sharp, then a Major Pendennis, then a Henry Esmond, and at last a Thomas Newcome.

Against his earliest stories the objection is too patent not to be allowed by the novelist's kindest critics—that the shadows of life are too little relieved for them to be either altogether true to nature, or tolerable as works of art. "Bring them," he is admonished, "to the touchstone whose test all delineations of life must bear, to be worthy of lasting repute,—the approval of a woman's mind and taste,—and they are at once found to fail.—A woman lays down the book, feeling that it deals with situations and characters, real perhaps, but which she can gain nothing by contemplating. No word, image, or suggestion, indeed, is there to offend her modesty—for, in this respect, Mr. Thackeray in all his writings has shown that reverence for womanhood and youth, which satirists have not often maintained;—but just as there are many things in life which it is best not to know, so in these pictures of tainted humanity there is much to startle the faith and to disquiet the fancy, without being atoned for by any commensurate advantage." Call him not cynical, however, on the strength of even these least genial and most frostbitten of his writings, the crabbed first-fruits, tart in quality and stunted in shape, of his productive power. A deep-rooted melancholy he has, *sui generis*—(or rather it has him.) Time is smoothing its wrinkles and relaxing its frown; it is becoming less and less liable to the suspicion of cynicism; but it is chronic, constitutional, congenital, and will make itself felt to the end of the chapter. Mr. Thackeray's melancholy (though he is no *Jaques*) is not the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of his own;—yes, he has gained his experience. He could look up, one may surmise, with Carlyle to a heaven silvered with stars, and say, *It's a sad sight*. He can suck melancholy out of a song—the lighter and merrier the better—as a weasel sucks eggs. His eye has the fatal gift of seeing, not only a skeleton in every house, but a skull beneath every fair face; in my lady's chamber his voice is heard telling her that, let her bloom with the roses of youth, or let her paint an inch thick, to this favour must she come at last. One is reminded of Tennyson's grey and gap-toothed man as lean as death, who slowly rode across a withered heath, and lighted at a ruined inn, and harangued the wrinkled ostler, grim and thin, and the bitter barmaid, waning fast, and the slipshod waiter, lank and sour,—"*Death is king, and vivat rex!*" the burden of his strain:

You are bones, and what of that?
Every face, however full,
Padded round with flesh and fat,
Is but modell'd on a skull.

Or of the "dismal gallery" of skeletons in "Gondibert," which Charles Lamb somewhere calls the finest picture of mortification which has been read from bones :

This dismal gallery, lofty, long, and wide,
Was hung with skeletons of every kind ;
Human, and all that learned human pride
Thinks made to obey man's high immortal mind.
Yet on that wall hangs He, too, who so thought :
And She, dried, by Him, whom that He obey'd.

Or, again, of *Vindici*, in "The Revenger's Tragedy," contemplating and addressing the skull of his dead wife, that sallow picture of his poisoned love, once the bright face of his betrothed lady—

When life and beauty naturally all'd out
These ragged imperfections ;
When two heav'n-pointed diamonds were set
In those unsightly rings——

It is not cynicism, a Westminster Reviewer justly maintains, but a constitutional proneness to a melancholy view of life, that gives to many of Thackeray's books that unpleasing colour which most readers resent. "He will not let his eye rest upon a fair face, without thinking of the ugly skull beneath, and reminding himself and us that 'beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes.' In his heartiest mirth he seems to have in view the headache, or the labours of to-morrow," insisting on dashing his brightest fancies with "needless shadows." So that he "will not let us be comfortable, after he has done his best to make us so." Ever the *amari aliquid* surges up *medio de fonte leporum*. Ever the festal *L'Allegro* merges into *Il Penseroso*. One might easily "multiplier," as a French critic says, "des passages où se combinent à doses au moins égales la douceur et l'amertume" (barring the "au moins égales;" for did the novelist put into his doses as large a proportion of sweets as of bitters, of honey and the honeycomb as of the wormwood and the gall, there would be no such outcry from those who swallow them, and make such wry faces the while).

From the period of "Men's Wives," in the Fitz-boodle papers, to the present time, what a boundless continuity of shade there lies in his pictures of married life. He takes and keeps to the shady, but not the sweet shady side of it. A most eligible anti-matrimonial manual might be made up from his *opera omnia*, as a wherewithal for Parents and Guardians to disillusionise too fervid youth. There is a passage in Sam Slick's "Wise Saws and Modern Instances" so germane to the matter, that quotation becomes quite a pleasure and almost a duty.

Hope! what is hope? expectin' some unsartin thing or another to happen. Well, sposen it don't happen, why then there is a nice little drop of disappointment to digest, that's all. What's the use of hopen at all, then? I never could see any use under the sun in it. That word ought to be struck out of every dictionary. I'll tell Webster so, when he gets out a new edition of his'n.

Love is painted like a little angel, with wings, and a bow and arrow, called Cupid —the name of mother's lapdog. Many's the one I've painted on clocks, little, chubby-cheeked, onmeanen, fat, lubberly critters. I suppose it typifies that love is a fool. Yes, and how he does fool folks, too. Boys and gals fall in love. The boy is all attention and devotion, and the gal is all smiles, and airs, and graces, and pretty little winnin' ways, and they bill and coo, and get married because they *hope*. Well, what do they *hope*? Oh, they hope they will love all the days of their lives, and they hope their lives will be ever so long just to love each other; its such a sweet thing to love. Well, they hope a great deal more, I guess. The boy hopes arter he's married his wife will smile as sweet as ever and twice as often, and be just as neat and twice as neater, &c. . . . Poor fellow, he ain't spoony at all. Is he? And he hopes that her temper will be as gentle and as meek and as mild as ever: in fact, no temper at all—all amiability—an angel in petticoats. Well, she hopes every minute he has to spare he will fly to her on the wings of love—legs aint fast enough, and running might burst his lungs, but *fly* to her—and never leave her, but bill and coo for ever, and will let *her* will be *his* law; sartainly won't want her to wait on him, but for him to tend on her, the devoted critter, like a heavenly ministering white he-nigger. Well, don't they hope they may get all this? And do they? Jist go into any house you like, and the last two that talks is these been lovers. They have said their say, and are tired talking; they have kissed their kiss, and an onion has spiled it; they have strolled their stroll, for the dew is on the grass all day now. His dress is ontidy, and he smokes a short black pipe (he didn't even smoke a cigar before he was married), and the ashes get on his waistcoat; but who cares? it's only his wife to see it—and he kinder guesses he sees wrinkles, where he never saw 'em afore, on her stocking ankles: and her shoes are a little, just a little, down to heel; and she comes down to breakfast with her hair and dress looking as if it were a little more neater, it would be a little more better. He sits up late with old friends, and he lets her go to bed alone; and she cries, the little angel! but it's only because she has a headache. The heart—oh! there's nothing wrong there—but she's lately troubled with shockin' bad nervous headaches, and can't think what in the world is the cause. The dashing young gentleman has got awful stingy too, lately. He sais housekeepin' costs too much, rips out an ugly word every now and then, she never heard afore; but she hopes—what does the poor dupe hope? Why, she hopes he ain't swearin'; but it sounds amazin' like it—that's a fact. What is that ugly word "dam," taat he uses so often lately? and she looks it out in the dictionary, and she finds "dam" means the "mother of a colt." Well, she hopes to be a mother herself, some day, poor crittur! So here hope has ended in her finding a mare's nest at last.

This is a prosaic vulgar pendant to Mr. Thackeray's oft-repeated sarcasms on the anomalies of married life. *He* would not have put in that extravagance about hunting up a too familiar word in the dictionary. *He* too, would relieve the picture, or deepen it, by some touch of tenderness or pathos, such as we in vain look for in the Clockmaker's hard-grained, cross-grained handiwork. But the Clockmaker's description is a pendant to Thackeray's favourite moralisings about Strephon and Chloe first languishing apart and joining in a rapture—and then "you hear that Chloe is crying, and Strephon has broken his crook across *hew* back. Can you mend it so as to show no marks of rupture? Not all the priests of Hymen, not all the incantations to the gods can make it whole!" Or his twice and thrice-told tale of how the poor lamp that lights at first the nuptial chamber is extinguished by a hundred winds and draughts down the chimney, or sputters out for want of feeding: "And then—and then it is Chloe, in the dark, stark awake, and Strephon snoring un-

headed; or *vice versâ*, 'tis poor Strephon that has married a heartless jilt, and awoke out of that absurd vision of conjugal felicity which was to last for ever, and is over like any other dream." The chances are, by-the-by, in Mr. Thackeray's tales, that it is Chloe who is stark awake,

In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof—

and that it is Strephon who snores on, with treble trumpet power, making night hideous. One of Mr. Thackeray's ablest eulogists, while owning that the creator of *Becky* and *Beatrice* is no favourite with women generally, contends that he certainly ought to be one; for, despite his sarcasms on their foibles, no writer has enforced their virtues more earnestly, or represented with equal energy the wrongs they suffer daily and hourly in their hearts and homes from the selfishness and sensuality of men. He has from the first been fond of, and skilful in, portraying gentle, patient, home-keeping, neglected, forgiving women—whose charity suffereth long and is kind, is not easily provoked, beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things, and in a word, never faileth—women like the young wife of that dashing, flippant adventurer, the Comte-Pacha de Bonneval,—“modeste, sacrifiée, résignée, et aussi longtemps dévouée qu'il y eut moyen à l'honneur et aux intérêts de cet aimable mauvais sujet, qui court d'aventure en aventure,” and, in defiance of all her delicate, tender, every way charming letters, “ne lui répond pas.”

Woman, they say, was only made of Man.
Methinks 'tis strange they should be so unlike;
It may be all the best was cut away
To make the woman, and the naught was left
Behind with him.

So conjectures *Viola*—not Shakspeare's, but Beaumont and Fletcher's (in “*The Coxcomb*”)—and it is pleasant for both sexes, if mortifying for one, to hear the fast young fellow she is going to put up with for better for worse, pay this tribute to womankind for her sake, in a subsequent act of the play:

Oh, Women! that some one of you will take
An everlasting pen into your hands,
And grave in paper, which the writ shall make
More lasting than the marble monuments,
Your matchless virtues to posterity—
Which the defective race of envious man
Strive to conceal.

But Mr. Thackeray's female contemporaries resent his giving as types of the sex, and repeating over and over again with certain modifications, two such representative women as *Becky* and *Amelia*—as though there were no alternative beyond clever wickedness and insipid amiability. Nay, *Amelia* is not so amiable after all. But were she ever so much the more amiable, probably by that much the more would she be extra insipid. Hence an Edinburgh Reviewer, who pronounces *Amelia* “a creature of extraordinary skill,” yet lays at her door one of the chief blemishes in “*Vanity Fair*”—complaining that while the novelist keeps repeating that she was adorable, the perfection of womanhood, and all that, he endows her with no higher qualities than would make her agreeable as a plaything, and useful as a slave; whereas playthings or slaves are not

what men look for in wives—for men want partners of their cares, counsellors in their perplexities, aids in their enterprises, and companions in their pursuits. "To represent a pretty face, an affectionate disposition, and a weak intellect as together constituting the most attractive of women, is a libel on both sexes." Charlotte Brontë wrote an ardent panegyric on the author of "Vanity Fair;" but what must she have thought of his young lady characters? she, the creator, the prose-poetess of a Jane Eyre, a Shirley, a Lucy Snowe. However, let us not forget that he, too, is the creator, in post-Amelian times, of a Helen Pendennis and a Laura Bell, of an Ethel Newcome as well as a Rosa Mackenzie. Concurrently with these creations, *per contrâ*, there have been portentous additions from all classes, high and low, to the black band of Rebecca and her Daughters.

Probably not more than one reader in ten rates at its rare worth Mr. Thackeray's style. He is occasionally capable of slovenliness and slips; but, as a whole, his manner is charming by its ease, simplicity, and expressiveness. He never frames and glazes an idea, it has been said, but uses the simplest words in the simplest kind of way to bring out his meaning. His meaning clear to himself, he does not write about it and about it. Flourishes are out of his line; a good running hand, and the pen of a ready writer, are his ways and means:

Verba togæ sequeris, juncturâ callidus acri,
Ore teres modico, pallentes radere mores
Doctus, et ingenuo culpam defigere ludo.

PERSII, Sat. V.

This he may be pretty safely told; and to this he may safely reply,

Non equidem hoc studeo, bullatis ut mihi nugis
Pagina turgescat, etc.

His style has become mellow and richer with age and practice; but in his earliest fictions—in the "Hoggarty Diamond," and the "Shabby Genteel Story," and the "Luck of Barry Lyndon," and "The Ravenswing," &c., it was conspicuous for fluency and unaffected ease. And now, who, with nerves to be distressed by the inflated inanities of fashionable fine writing, and a taste still susceptible to better influences,

— who not listens, with delighted smile,
To the pure Saxon of that silver style?

Or who, as a North British Reviewer has asked, can get tired of those "careless and inimitable graces"—the even stream of pleasantries, inexhaustible, and seeming almost spontaneous, so little effort does it betray in the writer, so unfatiguing to the reader is it; the unmistakable fidelity of every, even the lightest touch; the pensive pathos lurking under the merciless castigation of the vices and sillinesses of the world. This "pensive pathos" is another characteristic to which probably not more than one reader in ten does justice.

It is not, indeed, prominently obtruded on his attention. But none the less it pervades and permeates all these fictions in wider or narrower underlying current, now and then welling up into sight and sound. A crowd of examples might be cited. Two or three only, not so much selected as taken by chance, from his stories of some dozen years and

those of some dozen months old, may not be unwelcome, in illustration of that kind, tender, simple, loving nature, which is ever correcting the possible tendencies of satire *per se*, by some whispered "aside" of pathos, that in artless truth, goes straight to—as straight as it came from—the heart.

Take Fitz-boodle's description of Sir George Thrum's old, tall, dingy house, furnished in the reign of George III., his beloved master, and not much more cheerful now than a family vault—the awfully funereal look of its last-century ornaments—the grey gloom that hangs over the stairs in all such houses—the dull-coloured old carpet that winds its way up the same, growing thinner, duller, and more threadbare, as it mounts to the bedroom floors. There is something awful, says Mr. Fitz-boodle, in a reverie over his wine at Sir George's, in the bedroom of a respectable old couple of sixty-five: he bids us think of the old feathers, turbans, bugles, petticoats, pomatum-pots, spencers, white satin shoes, false fronts, the old flaccid boneless stays tied up in faded riband, the dusky fans, the old forty years old baby-linen.

The letters of Sir George when he was young, poor Murza's doll, who died in 1803, Frederick's first corduroy breeches, and the newspaper which contains the account of his distinguishing himself at the siege of Seringapatam. All these lie somewhere damp and squeezed down into glum old presses and wardrobes. At that glass the wife has sat many times these fifty years; in that old morocco bed her children were born. Where are they now? Fred, the brave captain, and Charles, the saucy collegier; there hangs a drawing of him done by Mr. Beechey, and that sketch by Conway, was the very likeness of Louisa before

"Mr. Fitz-boodle! for Heaven's sake come down. What are you doing in a lady's bedroom?"

"The fact is, madam, I had no business there in life, but, having had quite enough wine with Sir George, my thoughts had wandered up-stairs into the sanctuary of female excellence, where your ladyship nightly reposes. You do not sleep so well now as in old days, though there is no patter of little steps to wake you overhead."

What truth and beauty in such an *obiter dictum* as this (and there is no stint of such) in "Esmond:"

Gracious God! who was he, weak and friendless creature, that such a love should be poured out on him? Not in vain, not in vain has he lived—hard and thankless should he be to think so—that has such a treasure given him. What is ambition compared to that?—but selfish vanity. To be rich—to be famous? What do these profit a year hence, when other names sound louder than yours; when you lie hidden away under ground, along with the idle titles engraven on your coffin? But only true love lives after you, follows your memory with secret blessing, or precedes you, and intercedes for you. *Non omnis moriar*—if dying, I yet live in a tender heart or two; nor am lost and hopeless living, if a sainted departed soul still loves and prays for me.

Take, again, an instance from the author's latest fiction. The veteran Thomas Newcome sees his niece Ethel, and is sadly reminded, by her sweet young looks, of a first love of his own:

There was no point of resemblance, and yet a something in the girl's look, voice, and movements, which caused his heart to thrill, and an image out of the past to rise up and salute him. The eyes which had brightened his youth (and which he saw in his dreams and thoughts for faithful years afterwards, as though they looked at him out of heaven), seemed to shine upon him after five-and-

thirty years. He remembered such a fair bending neck and clustering hair, such a light foot and airy figure, such a slim hand lying in his own, and now parted from it with a gap of ten thousand long days between. It is an old saying, that we forget nothing; as people in fever begin suddenly to talk the language of their infancy: we are stricken by memory sometimes, and old affections rush back on us as vivid as in the time when they were our daily talk, when their presence gladdened our eyes, when their accents thrilled in our ears, when with passionate tears and grief we flung ourselves upon their hopeless corpses. Parting is death, at least as far as life is concerned. A passion comes to an end; it is carried off in a coffin, or, weeping in a post-chaise, it drops out of life one way or other, and the earth-cloids close over it, and we see it no more. But it has been part of our souls, and it is eternal. Does a mother not love her dead infant? a man his lost mistress? with the fond wife nestling at his side—yes, with twenty children smiling round his knee? No doubt, as the old soldier held the girl's hand in his, the little talisman led him back to Hades, and he saw Leonora. . . .

And there abruptly the scene shifts, from Dreamland, fresh with the dew of life's morning, five times seven years ago; and the grey elder drops the talisman, and is back in common life again, amid the din of his younger brother's children. There is a time for all things, and the time for such reveries is short. Not in the gamesome presence of prattlers each intent on Uncle's undivided attention, is the time

To weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.

Often enough are the "sessions of sweet silent thought" thus hastily and *sine die* adjourned.

A long-ago letter of Clive Newcome's to his father, when Clive began to see the world, and the world was all before him, suggests to Clive's biographer, as he looks at it, these true, sweet, solemn thoughts, on long-ago letters in general,—speaking home to each of us in particular:

In the faded ink, on the yellow paper that may have crossed and recrossed oceans, that has lain locked in chests for years, and buried under piles of family archives, while your friends have been dying and your head has grown white—who has not disinterred mementoes like these—from which the past smiles at you sadly, shimmering out of Hades an instant but to sink back again into the cold shades, perhaps with a faint, faint sound as of a remembered tone—a ghostly echo of a once familiar laughter? I was looking of late at a wall in the Naples museum, whereon a boy of Herculaneum eighteen hundred years ago had scratched with a nail the figure of a soldier. I could fancy the child turning round and smiling on me after having done his etching. Which of us that is thirty years old has not had his Pompeii? Deep under ashes lies the Life of Youth,—the careless Sport, the Pleasure and Passion, the darling Joy. You open an old letter-box and look at your own childish scrawls, or your mother's letter to you when you were at school; and excavate your heart. O me for the day when the whole city shall be bare and the chambers unroofed—and every cranny visible to the Light above, from the Forum to the Lupanar!

Colonel Newcome (*clarum et venerabile nomen*!) sacrifices many a personal wish, resolutely and in cheery silence, for his son's welfare. And the self-sacrifice of father for son is thus commented on:

The young fellow, I dare say, gave his parent no more credit for his long self-denial, than many other children award to theirs. We take such life-offerings as our due commonly. The old French satirist avers that in a love affair there is usually one person who loves, and the other, *qui se laisse aimer*; it is only in

later days, perhaps, when the treasures of love are spent, and the kind hand cold which ministered them, that we remember how tender it was; how soft to soothe; how eager to shield; how ready to support and caress. The ears may no longer hear, which would have received our words of thanks so delightedly. Let us hope those fruits of love, though tardy, are yet not all too late; and though we bring our tribute of reverence and gratitude, it may be to a grave-stone, there is an acceptance even there for the stricken heart's oblation of fond remorse, contrite memories, and pious tears. I am thinking of the love of Clive Newcome's father for him (and, perhaps, young reader, that of yours and mine for ourselves); how the old man lay awake, and devised kindnesses, and gave his all for the love of his son; and the young man took, and spent, and slept, and made merry. Did we not say at our tale's commencement that all stories were old? Careless prodigals and anxious elders have been from the beginning; and so may love, and repentance, and forgiveness endure even to the end.

To find room for *morceaux* of this kind, omission may be made, without much compunction, of comment on the novelist's salient points as satirist and humorist of the first order. Page after page too might (but must not) be filled with notes upon minor particulars for which he is note-worthy; his *unique* talent for imitating female correspondence; his skill in the home-manufacture of broken English; his truthful portraiture of children "to the life"—so different from the boy and girl idealities typified in Mrs. Stowe's preterperfect *Eva*, and Miss Yonge's preterpluperfect *Johnnie*; his almost intuitive interpretation of the real life that underlies the factitious, in good society; his familiarity with the *carte* of a Russell-square dinner, and the *et cætera* of a Belgrave belle's full dress; his—

But hark! Methought I heard a voice cry, Write no more. Askest thou, curious reader, the whence and why of that abrupt warning? 'Tis the imprecation (deprecation I mean) of the evil *αγγελος* of the press—the loud and long-drawn-out *suspirium, de profundis* (from the bottom of the staircase I mean), of that "sad boy," the Printer's Devil. No other summons, gentlest of gentle readers, could or should avail at this juncture to separate so rudely 'twixt thee and me; but there is demoniac agency in the case.

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay—
I see a hand you cannot see
Which beckons me away—

the voice being that of the husky, dusky imp aforesaid, and the hand his outstretched, unsightly, unwashed, ink-and-dust-and-dirt-begrimed paw. The one hoarsely bawls "Time's up!"—the other is inexorably held out for "copy."

"Welcome, little stranger!" smiles one reader. "Don't keep him waiting," sneers a second. "Better late than never," snores a third.

DIPLOMACY—FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

To the monarch who laid the foundation of the French Revolution, in attempting to realise dreams of false grandeur under grievous popular oppression, are we indebted for the perfecting of what is called "diplomacy." Under the present advanced state of the popular mind this system of strategic action in negotiation, established in the early part of the eighteenth century, remains little altered throughout Europe. The evil genius of the age, with false pleas of its convenience and long usage, has not suffered it wholly to depart with other relics of the time of Louis XIV., however desirable for the sake of common honesty in political affairs. It should have perished with the downfall of the race to which it owed its existence. The deformities of diplomacy, or the wiles and stratagems of the art, in their ripeness under the house of Bourbon, so far from exciting reprobation, were esteemed clever methods to win advantages over opponents of integrity and plain dealing. The art did not affect to tolerate knavery unless the knave was of its own selection. It had recourse to truth most frequently when it would aid a profitable falsehood. Born of chicane and nurtured by deception, it yet exists, almost the only remnant of a period in modern history for which humanity has cause to blush.

We indulge the hope that our own diplomatists, while they find it inconvenient to abandon the past to the letter,—in other words, to say "yea" and "nay" in replication where the matter is clear as the noonday sun, practising evasion for its own sake, and qualified negation for the sake of delay, if with no other object, fully justified by precedent and custom, connived at, although not exactly tolerated by sound moral principle,—we indulge the hope that our own diplomatists make use at present only of the fragments of the original system, though we confess we do not know how this is to be achieved where the gift of speech is not alone given to conceal the thoughts, but to falsify them. It may be otherwise; every era has its marvels.

Why should negotiation between nations be clothed in ambiguity and plain dealing be shunned? Why should the transactions which involve the fortune of empire remain closet affairs, to be resolved only in the memoirs of courtiers or ministers of state at periods when the actors in the farces or tragedies, whichever they may happen to be, can neither hear their own praises nor the anathemas that blacken their dust? In England, it is true, parliament demands the public documents between courts. We are speaking of diplomacy in general; but even here all is mystery till it is too late to administer a remedy to an error. We cannot imagine why the ministers of any country cannot, taking time for consideration, decide definitively in council how far it becomes them to advance or recede upon any negotiable question, and, in place of a wearisome waste of words and reams of correspondence, state their resolve and have done with it. Protocols and perplexing documents, ambiguity and cypher, are the

artillery of diplomacy. Now as to cypher. If we wanted a picture of the mode of debating, corresponding, delaying, concealing, and mystifying in state affairs with foreign courts, that of the cypher would represent in itself the peculiar graces and leading features of the art in the foreign department of every European country. It would be a worthy representative of the whole art, its secrecy, hidden correspondence, duplicity, and violations of public and private confidence. So essential is it to political curiosity to discover secrets, that it is not without precedent to practise revolting crimes for the purpose, by waylaying the envoys of neighbouring states, butchering them, and carrying off their despatches. This was done by Austria at Radstadt, within remembrance. Whether an open policy would not be safer and more useful to nations, we shall not attempt to discuss; that it would be more honourable, moral, and becoming the rulers of enlightened and powerful empires, cannot be doubted. It is from the natural tendency of Englishmen to speak their minds boldly, a habit generated by a free constitution, that they are so often outwitted by their neighbours in their negotiations.

We have just observed that the practice of communicating by cypher is a true picture of diplomacy, not merely with the view of simple concealment, but of mystification. Decent Roman letters could be read, so could German, or Greek, or Arabic characters. Recourse is had, therefore, to cyphers, or to characters. It is not enough that communications are conveyed by special messengers, and delivered hand to hand, the entire verbiage of the instructions and documents must be written in cypher, and the cypher be continually changed. This might be useful to puzzle the post-offices in which there is an establishment for the dishonest purpose of opening letters, reading, copying, and resealing them, when there is any suspicion about their contents—steam being used for wafers, dry heat for wax, the impression of the seal being first taken by a peculiar process. Nothing is thought of the delay of a single post should it occur, which it does not, unless there is pressure upon the *employés* at the moment. Those to whom letters are addressed little think their epistles are read, and, perhaps, copied for the police. Letters in cypher render the delay greater in private correspondence, but decipherers are kept to read them. The Foreign Office documents are sent by messengers in England, so called; or in France and Germany by couriers, besides being in cypher. Expresses are called *estafettes* on the Continent when thus despatched. The use of the cypher amid scenes of warfare is obvious—but we must not dilate. Referring, therefore, to the Foreign Office. Upon the departure of an ambassador he takes from the office, for the purpose of mystification and secret correspondence, three documents. One of these is divided into columns, marked with the letters of the alphabet adopted, and the syllables, words, or phrases most likely to be used in the course of the negotiation with which he is entrusted. To these are also affixed the names of the sovereigns, kingdoms, or republics, and principal ministers of each. The last or third column contains the secret writing of the Foreign Office, designating the numbers of the cyphers or characters used, by being attached to each letter, word, or phrase, as their signification. Cyphers sometimes stand for letters, words, or whole phrases; the key being in the hands of the corresponding parties. Tables of nouns,

verbs, and phrases, with their initial letters, are prepared for the correspondent, different numbers being employed to designate the same word, in order, in case of accident, that it may be more difficult to decipher the document. No ordinary letters are used, for fear they should aid in deciphering. The words are distinguished by a point, in order that they may be read by their terminations.

The decipherer shows in one column all the numbers of which the deciphering cypher is composed in their natural order. The next column contains the word, phrase, or letter designated. When a despatch is to be deciphered, the signification of the first number is sought, and the word it means written over it, the figures being set wide apart. The figures may refer as well to corresponding cyphers. So far everything appears simple and honest enough, but as the words of diplomatists are used to conceal their thoughts, so their cyphers are not only used to conceal their words, but to betray those who pry into their secrets. If an *employé* be tempted, yet honest, he mentions the reward he has been offered to furnish the key. He is directed to take the bribe for useful intelligence, and to proceed as usual. The corrupter is then made the victim of his attempt to corrupt. The minister writes, suppose to an ambassador, the reverse of his real meaning, and of what he would communicate. He then affixes a sign or character to the despatch, which sign is always privately arranged before the departure of the ambassador. This, called the "annulling," or "negative" sign, not only annuls all in the despatch as it stands, but indicates that it must be understood in an opposite sense. Sometimes a partially false key is sent, which causes the corrupter to run into all kinds of error. The true despatch, in such cases, is always sent by a special messenger, or in some indirect manner. There are upon record, in some cabinets, details of various modes of diplomatic cheating in this way which would half fill a volume. Sometimes ambassadors are despatched from home all with different cyphers. Among themselves, the correspondence is carried on by what is diplomatically denominated a "cypher bannal," arranged on the same plan as the office cyphers, but with totally different characters. This secret correspondence not only serves to aid in overreaching another, but it constitutes a latent mode of conveying at times very mischievous communications to dally with, or delay, or conclude negotiations, as it may happen, when the negotiating parties are not all well informed, or some intervening point gives one party an advantage. The present Bolgrad affair was no doubt managed in St. Petersburg, the inexplicable geographical ignorance of the Allies giving the Russians a fair diplomatic opportunity to avail themselves of a fact to the letter; and one fact in favour of anything in diplomacy is worth a hundred declarations of intention. "You did not specify what Bolgrad you intended, as you should have done," say the Russians; "we have a right to give up one place of that name and no more." As to Russian maps, forged for the purpose of deception, no one can believe it. The allied plenipotentiaries or agents were geographically ignorant—a thing quite common. Last war we sent fine armies to invade kingdoms, and the staff had not a map of the country invaded among them. It is sheer ignorance in those who are entrusted with similar duties that causes the mischief, as it causes most other mis-

chiefs. How comes it that private individuals do not commit such errors in their concerns?

But it is admitted beyond question, that in diplomacy as in love all advantages are to be taken. Honour is a chimera in a political art which, affecting to provide for the safety of the state by means of friendly connexions with independent powers, through the formation of treaties the performance of which can never be ensured, takes advantage of any means to the end. The avowed object is always laudable, such as an attention to the interests of any state with those on friendly terms, to obtain information political or commercial, or gain some concession. To this end a knowledge of the actual relative state of nations is useful to form the basis of negotiations. The agents, too, should be exceedingly well instructed persons, of sound judgment, enlightened minds, discreet, possessing the necessary firmness, and gentlemanly and open in manner. We take it this is not the case with many who bear the title of ambassadors from some countries, and that the Foreign Office minister here has to furnish some of them with *aides* from his own staff to enable them to carry out their duties to his satisfaction.

But the stratagems of diplomacy which were perfected in the last century do not belong to the art itself in its pristine state, which respected only ambassadors and envoys who were privileged by the mutual consent of nations in order to keep up friendly relations. The intrigues, duplicity, and vices of diplomacy were subsequent introductions, which reached their highest point, as before observed, under the Bourbon family in France. The French have been celebrated for their cleverness in diplomacy, having almost always outwitted us in negotiation, and when chid for the want of directness in the means they adopted, pleading that their fate was too hard for their virtue. Talleyrand was the first French diplomatist of recent times—to be admired, perhaps, rather than imitated, even by those not over-scrupulous in the practice of the art. His skillfulness in protracting, and rapidity in concluding, a negotiation, were remarkable. At present, the Russians seem to repose more trust in the effects of their diplomacy than any other European state; but they are too bold in its display to succeed. Their designs are not well wrapped up. Their confidence in their national strength renders them sometimes careless of disguise. We suspect they have much open courage, which makes them too free with those small, untenable pleas which mar points of greater importance. Their claim to Serpent Island, from its untenable character, weakens that to Bolgrad, in which, we think, they have the best of the business. They were not bound to set France and England right, but to obtain every advantage that a worsted party could do. The general character of diplomacy is to outwit and cheat. Indirectness is a useful ally, and not to be spurned. The evident intention of a treaty concluded with an omission such as that of defining Bolgrad, can have nothing to do with the treaty after the signature of both parties is affixed. There is the fact against the allegation, which is everything.

Serpent Island belongs to Turkey as the Eddystone belongs to Cornwall. Let us imagine Dartmouth, Plymouth, Loo, and Fowey to be to many mouths of a great river; to those entrances, or some of them, the distance is about nineteen or twenty miles. The Eddystone is,

therefore, an important guide. It would be ridiculous to say it belonged to the Isle of Wight, so much more to the east, and still more absurd to say it belonged to France. Yet such is the real question at issue here. To be more exact, the four mouths of the Danube are the Kilia on the north, the Soulineh, St. George, and Porticheh channels in succession to the south. All these are in Turkey. Supposing them at the base of a triangle on the coast, the Fidonisi, or Serpent Island, would be east from the Soulineh mouth of the Danube. It is small, not two thousand feet square, with steep, rocky shores, only accessible in three places, about twenty fathoms out of the water, which at half a mile from the coast has from twenty to three fathoms water, mud and shelly bottom. It is covered with brushwood, and has a large old well, and some of the foundations of very ancient walls. It can be of no use but as a place for a light to the mouths of the Danube, the light or island being the best departure for the Soulineh mouth, steering W. by S. (west), distance about twenty miles. In steering from Constantinople to Odessa, which few Russian ships will do compared to foreigners, steering N.N.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. by compass, the true course will be nine or ten miles to the east of Serpent's Island in place of the west, not between the island and mouths of the Danube. No seaman who understood his work would even take that course for Odessa, but would keep much more towards the coast of the Crimea, the prevalent winds being from the north-east, and seldom long enough from any other quarter to carry a ship up to Odessa. All this renders the claim of Russia to the island still more untenable. Nor is there the excuse that it was not specified in the treaty. If England were to cede the counties of Hants, Sussex, and Dorset to Russia, the Isle of Wight would be understood as ceded also. How many diplomatic notes and reams of paper Fidonisi Island may yet cost, it is impossible to say. We may be certain that the labour lavished upon it, and the cyphers expended, will be exceedingly onerous to the *employés* of the great Powers.

But the Foreign Offices have their diplomatic spies scattered over Europe. Even in England emissaries have been placed near great personages upon particular occasions. We remember, many years ago, when one of royal blood visited the Continent, there was a person in his suite appointed to report home all he heard and observed. He did not like his post, and felt so awkward in the matter that he neglected his duty, if duty it were, and became a marked man in consequence in the office. The Austrian Foreign Office has its emissaries in this country. We have heard of one or two remarkable instances of the truth of this. Not long ago, in Portland-place, an Austrian *mouchard* had the impudence to follow an English gentleman up to the very threshold of the house where he was calling. The same man had been seen repeatedly watching his footsteps before, greatly to his annoyance; he therefore determined to bring him to book, and did so. All he got was an apology, and regret that he had mistaken him for another person. To show how narrowly some Englishmen are watched, even in their own capital, a merchant, the last summer, thinking of an excursion to the Continent, went to the Austrian embassy for a passport. He had never been in the Austrian dominions, but intended to visit Italy, *viâ* Switzerland. On giving his name, some hesitation was displayed. He was told he could go without one, and procure

what was needful abroad—evidently a subterfuge. He told the *employé* that he knew it was absolutely necessary to have a passport here, and reiterated his request. The *employé* departed, it was clear, to consult some one, and came back with a direct refusal, because the name was on a certain list of prohibited persons in this country. He found it difficult to conjecture the reason, as he had not been out of England, but recollected that once or twice he had invited to his table several foreigners, one or two of whom were probably Hungarian refugees. How should this be known without a system of espionage of a tolerably close character? Lord Holland and Lady Morgan—it is now, perhaps, nearly forgotten—were excluded from the Austrian dominions by an edict of Francis, the late emperor. The Foreign Offices in the different European kingdoms act over the rest of the world as their ministers of police act within them, as far as they are able to do so. Of course this remark has no relevancy to England.

The great question is whether the system of modern diplomacy cannot be improved by being simplified. All that is great, powerful, and really influential, is simple, just, and decided. When a mighty people see their way clear, and have determined upon the right course—we mean by people the administration, which is its executive—there is nothing like plain dealing. “So far we will go, and no farther, in or out of alliances, to the letter of which we shall faithfully adhere. We are determined to abandon the old evasive machinery in our future negotiations, and neither to cheat nor be cheated. We have too long shared in the chicanery customary for a century or two past, and it is time to lay it aside, and interchange in diplomacy with the openness and candour so honourable in private life, and so immediately effective.”

Such language as this would become England in her present position, and France also. We have lately seen, in the case of the Prussian state papers and their betrayal, how ineffective to any good end is the old mode of proceeding. There can be no mischief in open conduct, but a good deal in that which is underhand. States are but larger families; and we well know the irretrievable mischief produced by family intrigues, and, on the other hand, the harmony of candid conduct. Statesmen have too much of the love of usage in their composition, and see too much of the impossible in everything. They are the last to move with the times, as if it were designed we should be humiliated by the delays which, owing to the influence of custom over reason, render thinking persons justifiably impatient. A great engineer said, “Our rulers were not prepared for railroads at above ten miles an hour—to say more would alarm them—though we know we can move thirty miles, and more than that, but they cannot comprehend it.” Steam is of no use for the navy, was the report of naval officers upon that which persons out of office were using to evident advantage. The navy at last adopted it. Just as it was with the incredulity as to mechanical power on the part of official persons, so it is with those who are the heads in regard to subjects similar to that of which we are speaking. There was reason governing in the minds of those who introduced steam-ships and railways, but reason is a quality that obtains but a limited influence in common minds compared to custom. Its results are prevalent only among a few insulated individuals, whose difficulty is

to render them current after the laborious task of obtaining credit for them with the influential few.

Richelieu and Mazarine, in the present day, are objects of distaste rather than of laudation, yet what praise did they not obtain for their intrigues. The obtainment of any end regardless of the means, if that end were congenial with the political course it was desired to follow, justified everything. We live in better days, and are beginning to think that such notions are by no means allied to the perfection of human reason. We must have a savour of rectitude even in political negotiations, of which we fully believe there was little danger of intrusion in times gone by. We would have the document submitted to this country by Lord Aberdeen—the moral picture of the late Emperor of Russia—considered as a proof of the necessity of a change in the old system of diplomacy. A sovereign ravening for domain, and for property that was not his own, secretly tenders as a bribe of assent what he did not possess to obtain a sanction for a crime. This only came to light by accident: in other words, we did not know the iniquity of one royal heart until an accident revealed it. Our ministers were too honourable to agree to such a scheme of ambition. Let us imagine they had not been honourable men, we should, as a nation, have been supposed to sanction gross atrocities, and been led to uphold nationally with the sword that of the motive cause of which we knew nothing.

We hope, then, that the day is not far distant when a reform will occur in the diplomatic system. We have lately been shown that it is based upon unworthy practices—upon concealment, evasion, and chicanery. Would not a more open and bolder mode of displaying our will as a nation, *pro* or *con*., be more worthy of our country and of the era in which we live? When Lord Palmerston was at the head of the Foreign Office, he was accused of being straightforward, and even *brusque*, by the German states, to which we have always been too nearly allied. If it really were so, it cannot be discommended. The diplomacy of the age must try human patience sufficiently. That nobleman is now Premier. No one understands the diplomatic art better from experience, and it is a task worthy of that experience to amend it. The waste of time consumed in diplomacy is deplorable; yet, after all, it often concludes in much ado about nothing, except furnishing newspapers with articles one day, the sense of which they must contradict the next. "Diplomacy," says Johnson, "is a privilege." We agree with the lexicographer, it is a privilege—the privilege of doing and undoing, of saying and unsaying anything, and making the common sense of nations its dupes.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE BATHS OF LUCCA.

BY FLORENTIA.

These grey majestic cliffs that tower to heaven—
These glimmering glades and open chesnut groves
That echo to the heifer's wandering bell
Or woodman's axe, or steersman's song beneath,
Who loves not ?

I.

The Outward and Visible of the Villages of Ponte a Serraglio, Bagni Caldi, and the Villa.

WHEN I first arrived at the Bagni di Lucca the heat had become so intense that one actually expected to see the mountains smoking under its rays. It was the first summer I had passed in Italy, and I was quite astonished at the climate. Florence was uninhabitable—burning fiery heat drove one from the streets, where the smells from the continual drought and parching atmosphere had become quite overwhelming; while in-doors the oppressive want of air was suffocating. On arriving, one superb afternoon in the month of June, at the Bagni, I thought myself positively in a terrestrial paradise, everything was so cool and shady, with the most luxuriant mantle of emerald green spread over the mountains and the valleys. Beyond lay woods refreshing to the eye (fatigued and weakened by the glare of the plains, and the reflection of dusty streets), while the delicious murmuring of rivers, streams, and waterfalls lulled every sense in a feeling of dreamy repose. It was positively delicious, I rejoiced at my former sufferings in Lombardy and Florence, where I had been well-nigh baked alive, so much did I revel in the force of the contrast.

As the road from Lucca winds along the valley of the Serchio, close to the banks of that impetuous river—penetrating into the beautiful chesnut woods that line the entire range of mountain heights—a sense of exquisite beauty steals over one quite impossible to describe with mere words. Even the pencil would be at fault. The rich luxuriance of the olive woods around Lucca, rejoicing in the hottest rays of the sun, gradually changes, as one ascends the deep gorges of the Apennines, into the primeval forest, suggesting every romantic, wild, and extraordinary adventure the most harrowing romance ever imaged. For fifteen miles the road ascends the valley amid the most enchanting scenes of beauty. Vines festooned from tree to tree give to the country the appearance of interminable sylvan halls prepared for some festive rejoicing—one great ball-room, as it were, carpeted with the greenest grass, overshadowed by trees, that in long lines descend from the heights, over-

spreading the more cultivated patches on both sides. Mountains are tossed about in the most fantastic and picturesque confusion, now entirely shutting in the valley, and apparently forbidding all further progress, now opening into spacious glades and clearings; while the river, ever and anon spreading its waters, assumes all the appearance of an inland lake. Here and there dark groups of cypress lend a sterner character to scenery of the softest beauty, while huge blocks of reddish stone relieve the perpetual green of the fertile mountains—their deep sides gorged and indented by the marks of streams and cascades, wrinkling their hoary fronts, as it were, with the time-marks of ages, save where the flowers and shrubs, springing from the crevices, clothe with rich colours their ancient sides, and garland the frowning masses in harmonious unison with the garden-like character of the whole scene. Here were the myrtle flowers, like snow-flakes, peeping out from the dark waxy leaves; the red and white oleander; the gorgeous crimson of the pomegranate; the pink everlasting pea, hanging in tangled clusters, and the white clematis running wild over the face of the rocks.

Advancing up the valley within about three miles of the Bagni, the town of Borgo appears on the opposite side of the river, and the marvellous bridge of the Maddalena, or Ponte del Diavolo—positively suspended in mid-air—spans the Serchio, that boils and foams over the rocks beneath. This bridge is a great feature in the landscape, and excites the utmost wonder from its extraordinary altitude, the central arch being raised sixty feet above the water. From this point the road continues to wind along the base of lofty forest-covered mountains, penetrating deeper and deeper into the bosom of the Apennines. A delicious coolness already tempers the former heat as the road plunges deeper among the surrounding woods. In front the heights appear to unite in a sort of basin, entirely shutting in the valley. The road is on the very edge of the river, artificially supported on a terraced embankment against the bluff sides of the rocks descending to the edge. The river Serchio, whose course has been hitherto followed, now turns off to the left up a broad and magnificent valley extending into the Lombard plains, bordered by lovely mountains on either side terminating in lofty peaks and precipitous rocks, marking the summits of La Pagua and the range of the Carrara mountains, while from the right flows down the Lima, to meet the rival soon destined to engulf it, at a point just visible, where “the meeting of the waters” takes place. Instead of the Serchio, the road now follows the course of the Lima, a much smaller river, bearing all the marks of a mountain torrent in its unequal depth, now just covering the stones, now forming deep eddies and pools under the rocky banks, fringed with feathering trees. The valley narrows extremely—precipitous mountains rise on either hand, ending in the white and calcined summit of Prato Fiorito, which encloses the prospect in a kind of horse-shoe.

It is precisely when you cannot imagine where you are going, that one of the villages of the Bagni appears very opportunely to solve the mystery. Situated at a considerable elevation on the opposite mountain, and embosomed in the bright green of the chestnut-covered heights that surround it, stand a cluster of white houses shaded by acacia woods. Meanwhile our road—skirted by vineyards and gardens, beyond which, through chasms in the woods, numerous streams come rushing down in

pretty waterfalls—rapidly approaches the other village of Ponte a Serraglio, so called from the bridge, whose single arch crosses the Lima, and affords a convenient lounge for all possible grades of idlers. Now we are rattling through the well-paved streets of the little Borgo, something between a village and small country town, most beautifully situated on either side of the river; the houses suspended, as it were, over the rocky banks, and shut in on all sides by lovely mountains. There is nothing more enchanting than the view from the bridge: the mountains, terraced near their base with luxuriant vineyards, shoot upwards in the most harmonious lines, the summits mantling with chestnut forests, giving a charming softness to their forms; while valleys open in different directions, revealing fresh and apparently never-ending scenes of the same romantic beauty.

Ponte a Serraglio, situated midway between the two other villages lying right and left of Bagni Caldi and the Villa, is the central point of the Bagni di Lucca; and although not itself containing any mineral spring, is principally preferred as a residence from its greater convenience. Here the utmost coolness to be found in Italy may be enjoyed during the months of July and August, as the sun disappears full two hours earlier than elsewhere. From the extreme height of the mountains and the narrowness of the valley, mosquitoes are unknown; while the rushing Lima carries off all damp or unwholesome exhalations in its rapid current, cools the atmosphere, and delights the ear with its never-ending murmur. *A propos*, it is the noisiest river I know; perhaps the echoes of the mountains tend to increase this most agreeable quality on a sultry day, but if I lived on its immediate banks, I really think I never should be rightly awake, so hulling is the sound as it rushes over the rocks.

The baths lie at an elevation of 555 feet above the level of the neighbouring Mediterranean, and the heat never exceeds eighty degrees of Fahrenheit, which, added to the shortness of the time that old Sol forces his rays over the overshadowing mountains, renders it a place adapted beyond all others to dream away a delicious Italian summer in a luxurious sort of existence exceedingly like Elysium. There is a curious mixture of the freedom of a country life with the restraints of the most aristocratic exclusiveness; a union, too, of luxury with simplicity in expenditure and appearance most paradoxical. Standing on the Ponte, the most magnificent equipages roll by with all the pomp and circumstance of liveried servants and splendid horses worthy of Hyde Park, while parties of ladies appear mounted on donkeys, wearing large umbrella straw-hats, and princes and peasants lounge and smoke pell-mell together, not one whit better dressed than each other; indeed, as the inhabitants of the Bagni are generally a handsome race, the peasants decidedly have the best of it.

In that portion of the Ponte village first approached there is a large and handsome hotel, belonging to Pagnini, the great hotel-keeper of the Bagni, a sort of deputy grand-duke, far more useful and estimable than the usual *Simon Pure*, whom no one can endure. Various shops, among which is an English store, where everything is to be purchased, are found on this side, together with an excellent livery-stable from Florence, where capital riding-horses and carriages may be hired "for a consideration." But the other side of the bridge is decidedly the court-end,

and it is on this fertile ground that all the scandal and gossip, for which the Ponte is so renowned, arises. Here is the Piazza, a small space beside the river, bounded on one side by the post-office and the caffè, under whose verandah I would be afraid to tell what thousands of reputations have been sacrificed to the reigning goddess of mischief, Pandora, whose box is always in a perpetual state of opening in these regions. The remaining houses adjoining the caffè are let as lodgings at very exorbitant prices, considering their size and the rate of expenditure in Italy. On the next side appears the second hotel belonging to Pagnini, a lofty house of many stories, where charming apartments may be had at moderate prices. On the fourth and remaining side appears the mysterious form of the Ponte,—a spot I afterwards learnt never to pass without a shudder, such an abomination of scandal lingers about it; where every step is watched, every look scanned, even one's clothes canvassed, and the very form and fashion of one's coiffure made the subject of minute and earnest discussion. I proposed that a certain witty friend of mine—Mr. M'Dermott—in imitation of Ruskin, should write the history of the stones of that bridge, and make each relate the dreadful tales they had heard in successive seasons; but even he, the chief, *par excellence*, of *cancan* and gossip, professed his inability for such an overwhelming task. So the river flows on, and the Ponte stands without a chronicler courageous enough to call up the shades of those who have suffered unknown grief and mortification, exile and moral death, on that spot.

But to proceed with the outward and visible of the Bagni. Turning to the left, along the bank of the river, a row of clean, white houses conducts one to the other hotel belonging to Pagnini, the Europa, where he himself resides. The very mention of the house reminds me of his fat, punchy person, his red, jocund face and laughing eye, standing in the doorway, with a kindly word to all passers by, from the grand duchess in her carriage and four, to the poorest cripple begging a quattrino. All the world loves old Pagnini, who is the very soul of the Bagni, and keeps things and people together in a wonderful way. He knows everybody and everything; and can do anything, from lending you 100*l.* to finding the quietest donkey for a sick child. His good-nature and obligingness are genuine and universal; decidedly, when we all have our due, he will be created Deputy Grand-Duke of the Bagni di Lucca. It is at this hotel the great table d'hôte is held, where all the *beau monde* from the two other hotels collect as the clock strikes five, and are to be seen slowly approaching from all sides, with umbrellas and large hats, in *recherché* morning toilets, to taste the good things awaiting them, and make sarcastic observations on their neighbours' manners and deportment, to be carefully digested at home into formidable tales of scandal, duly to be reported on the morrow at the caffè or the Ponte.

Immediately adjoining the Europa Hotel, raised on a handsome platform, ascended by a double flight of steps, appears the Casino Reale, where the balls are held. It is an elegant building of dazzling whiteness, consisting of a single story, supported by columns, with a large portico; spacious windows, with bright green jalousies, giving it a very cheerful appearance. It is extremely well laid out within, and during the government of the late Duke of Lucca some splendid entertainments took place

here ; but no gambling is allowed under the present *régime*. Beyond are knots of villas beside the river, let to visitors ; on the slope of the hill is an hospital and chapel, erected by Prince Demidoff ; while above are the baths of the Docce Basse, where patients rejoice in marble baths and mineral water boiling hot. There are altogether ten mineral springs at the various points, with pump-rooms, as we call them, at hand, the waters being composed of carbonic acid gas, sulphate of lime, magnesia, alumine, potash, muriate of soda, and oxide of iron. But, spite of this formidable array of ingredients, they are, medicinally, but little esteemed, either internally or externally, and the Bagni owe their celebrity not to the waters, but to the lovely scenery amidst which the waters spring. Dr. C. is appointed physician to the baths by the court, but as far as the visitors are concerned his office is almost a sinecure.

Above, on a lofty eminence bordering the valley on one side, and shaded by charming woods, lies the village of the Bagni Caldi, much smaller than the Ponte, and not so favourite a situation on account of the tremendous hill on which it stands. It is approached by a zig-zag road running at the back of the Europa and the Casino, extremely shady and agreeable on a hot day. At the Bagni Caldi the court resides, often for four months at a time, in a great ugly building, absurdly small for their requirements, but into which they manage to cram, on account of the fine view it commands of three distinct valleys. Nothing, indeed, can be more lovely than the prospect from the balcony running along the front of the palace, on which the grand duchess, unless driving out, is almost always to be seen with her children. In the rear of this temporary palace are a few houses to be let, and another pump-room, with baths prepared for the duchess.

We will now return to the Piazza at Ponte a Serraglio, and, turning to the right hand, describe the geography of that direction. There are two roads that lead to the Villa, each equally pretty, on either side of the river ; but the shortest is along the same bank on which we are now standing, and is generally towards evening thronged with pedestrians and carriages. The distance may be a mile and a half, along a capital road, bordered by lovely trees covered with feathering red flowers, strewing the path with blossoms. I never saw anything more beautiful than these trees, but what they are called in English I do not know. On the left, a steep bank rises abruptly from the road, terraced with vineyards to the height of several hundred feet. Below rushes the river, broader here and more rocky than at the Ponte ; a low parapet wall protects the passers by, looking over which, on the opposite bank rise the wooded heights on whose summit stands Lugliano. Deep valleys separate the line of mountains winding among the lower hills, down which lovely rivulets and streams come pouring through romantic woody glens, dancing over the masses of rock that obstruct their passage, all seeking the Lima, the receiver of these tributary streams. Each secluded valley is in itself a study of beautiful scenery, soft, harmonious in outline, and exquisitely green and fresh ; but among the multitude of picturesque points of view many verdant passes are positively overlooked, from the impossibility of exploring each particular spot in these enchanting regions.

I never shall forget, the first evening I arrived at the Bagni, wandering along this very road. I was freshly arrived from England,

and the scene appeared so fairy-like and enchanting, that I felt as if I were walking in a dream. There was sufficient light to mark all the outlines of the surrounding mountains, while the river glided by, lit up by the moon's rays, catching the waves and foam here and there, and tinging them with silvery brightness. The beautiful fire-flies (*Lacciole*) were floating about the road and the trees by thousands, in all directions—now flying upwards, bright as a taper; then, as they flapped their tiny wings, becoming instantly invisible. I thought of the Happy Valley of Rasselas. I felt convinced that this was the very place, and that the old Doctor must have beheld it in a vision. An atmosphere of poetry and romance breathed around; peace hovered over a scene so heavenly, inhabited, as my imagination pictured, by a nobler and purer race of mortals than the common souls who lived on the prosaic plains. Here sorrow or suffering could never penetrate; these valleys must be consecrated to all that was good, great, and beautiful—a heaven on earth I painted it, for every step opened out some fresh scene of beauty, some feature I had not yet observed. Such were my dreams on my first arrival; but as far as the inhabitants, and the peacefulness, and the celestial serenity, and all that went, I certainly was rapidly undeceived. Here all was beautiful save the inhabitants, and they alone destroyed the enchantment, bringing the contentions, the bitterness, the sorrows, the meanness, and the intrigues of the outer world, into a retreat where nature had decreed that all should be tranquillity and peace.

But I will confine myself to my first delightful impressions, and proceed. On either side of this road various charming summer residences, embosomed in the trees and the rising hills (perfect green nests, shady and refreshing to the eye), present themselves, and are annually let to visitors. This is the favourite situation, and a good house, completely furnished, may be obtained for about forty pounds for the season. Here the Villa Broderick is situated, enshrouded in trees; lying low, on the very margin of the river, it looks more like some temple dedicated to the Nereids than any mortal habitation—the house scarcely visible amid the leafy shroud around it. Farther on, up a rising road to the left, is the English church, a square, handsome building in the Venetian style. A little above, on the same road, is a large gloomy mass of buildings, once the grand ducal palace, but now shut up, the present family preferring the more extensive view and cheerful situation of the Bagni Caldi.

Following the high road we soon arrive at the Villa, where numberless houses of various sizes and pretensions offer themselves to notice, almost all with beautiful gardens sloping down to the river side. There is a melancholy air, however, about the Villa, in which neither of the other villages share, which always made me dislike it, spite of the excellent hotels, and the good shops of all descriptions, and the many pretty houses it contains. In size it stands next to the Ponte, and every English comfort may be procured here necessary for a family. The houses all let, and yet it looks desolate and uninhabited; one cannot exactly say why, but so it is. Beyond the long street forming the village the road turns sharp down to the right, over a bridge. Crossing the Lima, along the opposite side, through beautiful overhanging woods, along which I purpose conducting the reader on some future occasion, my intention in this introductory chapter being simply to present the prominent features of

the Bagni and their locality in an intelligible manner, in order to render any future description comprehensible to the reader who is yet unfortunate enough not to have visited one of the loveliest spots in all-beautiful Italy.

In mentioning the general particulars of the Bagni life, I must make honourable mention of the ponies, which are excellent, in great numbers, and extremely cheap, a man and horse being procured for about two shillings for a long ride either in the romantic tracks along the mountains, or on the level ground below, where the roads are all so excellent one might fancy oneself transported into a nobleman's park. As soon as the sun sinks behind the mountain-tops, about five o'clock, a deep shade overspreads the whole district, when groups of equestrians gallop about in all directions.

The roads, too, rapidly fill with elegantly-dressed ladies—for the French fashions are as much regarded here as in their native Paris—accompanied by the lords of the creation, rejoicing in tremendous displays of beard, whisker, and imperials; as to dress, got up as much as possible in the brigand style. The ladies wear large hats of Leghorn straw, or Swiss or Nice, fashion, with streamers fantastic and pretty, and assimilating well with the sylvan scenery: fans, too, are in great request, and no one, however humble, is to be seen without this appendage always in active use. An Italian woman could not talk without her fan, which she whirls about unceasingly, while the English visitors endeavour to imitate these pretty graces to the best of their ability—hence arises a perpetual fluttering and bussing of fans, in-doors and out, wherever you go.

The two seasons I spent here not a house was unlet, and the hotels were crammed; although certainly, as far as society went, it was incredible what the people did with themselves, and where they hid; for parties there were scarcely any, and sociability there was none—the Italians not mixing with the English because they were so ill-natured—(a true bill, in sober truth)—while the English shuddered at the Italians because they were Italians, so immoral, and then—they did not know who their fathers and grandfathers might have been. The Americans visited among themselves; and the new converts, of whom there were several families, mixing with no one at all, but going about in the most solitary manner, with dolorous, mortified faces, grievous to behold. The only person they condescended to know was the grand-duchess, who, being a bit of a *dévoté*, took them under her especial chaperonage.

Why the English abroad are generally so dreadfully repulsive and unsociable I cannot divine. They really look as if they hated themselves and all mankind. Instead of being softened by the beauteous scenes around them, they appear determined to envelop themselves in their own pride and *morgue* as with an impenetrable mantle. On this account they are almost universally disliked in Italy, while French, Germans, and Russians are sought after and *fêted*. Perhaps it is ignorance of the language which partly occasions this absurd hauteur and distance, as our countrymen generally are renowned for their deplorable deficiencies as linguists. From whatever cause, the fact is as I have stated, and I would only request any doubters on the subject to visit the English congregation at the Bagni to convince themselves of the truth of my assertion. Here,

in the very house of God, people of the same nation meet together in a distant land, look at each other like so many dragons, and assume generally a haughty and disdainful front quite disgusting to see. Cold, supercilious, and unbending, they say their prayers and look defiance at their neighbours, an assemblage of the most repulsive-looking individuals I ever beheld. Heaven (say I) defend me from my countrymen and women abroad! They have left all their good qualities on the other side of the Channel, and therefore I make it a rule carefully to avoid them.

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I must now introduce my readers to society such as I found it at the Bagni, and describe the sort of life all the world leads in this charming retreat. The heat of the weather, even here, prevents all possibility of getting out until the afternoon; and, in fact, so powerfully inclines one to sleep during the day, that even the most wakeful can scarcely resist the temptation. As to the Italians—ever a somnolent people when not under strong excitement—they lie stretched on the walls and against the houses, full in the rays of the sun, wrapt in a state of profound repose, while the ladies and gentlemen enjoy their siesta at home in a more genteel fashion. Not a living soul is to be seen during the heat of the day; but we will suppose that five o'clock approaches, that the sun has already sunk behind the mountain-tops, and that all the world is beginning to rouse. Let us stroll down to the Piazza and see what is going on. On our road we pass various elegant equipages, mostly belonging to old maids, of which there are a prodigious number here, which may partly account for the extraordinary amount of gossip always circulating. Each of the occupants of the carriages have a kind of "*noli me tangere*" look that at once betrays them as being English—a forbidding, haughty scowl that there can be no mistake about. On they drive in their magnificence along the lovely banks of the Lima, under the shadow of the Apennines, but as thoroughly national in ideas and prejudices as if they never had left the sound of Bow-bells; although, to my certain knowledge, many of these people have passed a lifetime on the Continent.

The band is playing lively airs under the acacias on the Piazza, which is crowded with company, some standing on the balconies, others leaning out of window, while numbers cluster under the verandah of the caffè, where each party, seated at a small table, eat ices and fan themselves—both very profitable occupations in hot weather. The men—their faces covered with hair—loungue about smoking, or lolling on the benches placed in front of the caffè. Even the English are thoroughly convinced of the necessity of assuming beard and moustache in Italy. Every one endeavours to look as assassin-like as possible: slouch hats, mysterious cloaks draped à l'antique, and inconceivable jackets flung over one shoulder with the arms dangling, are considered the most effective and favourite costumes. Numbers of carriages are ranged among the crowd filled with gaily-dressed ladies, who also chat, and laugh, and eat ices. There is the pretty Venetian countess, with her suggestive eyes, in a very dashing turn-out. Dr. —, a fine, tall, dark-haired man, who, it is whispered, has decidedly a *tendre* in that quarter, is in close conversation with her, to the evident disgust of two other

gentlemen sitting in the carriage beside her. Then there are a party of English ladies, frank and pleasant-looking, who nod and smile to all they know, which, being a rarity, is quite refreshing to behold. Loftily gazing from a balconied window appears a most unpleasant-looking old lady, wearing a sandy wig, of sour and discontented aspect, Mrs. —, who, being far too aristocratic to visit any one of the visitors, has the more time disengaged to remark all that passes. Woe betide the unlucky lady who comes under the range of Mrs. —'s vision; if she eats an ice there is a hidden motive for it, and if she speaks to a gentleman it is neither more nor less than an assignation. How I hated that abominable Mrs. —, always sitting at that window, peering through her spectacles! Above are a party of Americans. A white, melancholy countenance among them has caused much comment at the Bagni. Mrs. —, with her daughters, was left at Florence by her husband during a lengthened absence in Germany. Florence is not certainly the *very* place in all the world most adapted for the residence of a solitary lady, with pretensions to beauty. Mrs. — soon discovered that it is not "good for man" or woman to live alone, and lost her heart to —, the *ménage* going on very comfortably until the husband returned, who, on arriving, found his place so exceedingly well filled, that in fact it was evident nobody wanted him at all; but he, being a choleric little person, did not understand finding himself *de trop* in his own house, so he and the gentleman came to high words, and the lady and her lord henceforth never met except in public. The whole party came to the Bagni, where the faithful *cavaliere servente* followed his lady fair, bringing his drag—which stands below at this moment, drawn up in the Piazza, from which he is looking up at Mrs. —, and making signs for her and her daughters to descend and take a drive.

Mounted on a spirited horse, which he does not seem quite sure about managing, is Prince Ruspoli, the richest young nobleman in Italy, and whose mother, being a Bourbon, is considered little less than of royal birth. Like all his countrymen, there is a certain effeminate air about him, very unlike the manly bearing we English admire; but he is good-natured and affable, making himself very agreeable in society. That tall, statuesque-looking young man speaking to him is Prince Colonna, who only wants the toga to make a complete Roman, so strongly is the antique type visible in his chiselled features. Unlike Ruspoli, he is proud and distant, only mixing with those of equal or superior rank to himself. Under the verandah of the caffè there stands a slender, pleasant-looking man, who knows every one, and is welcomed by all. He flits about like a butterfly from group to group, always causing a laugh, by his piquant observations, wherever he appears. That is Mr. McDermott, the gossip *par excellence* of the Bagni, who knows everything, from the swallow on the house-top to the cedar of Lebanon, in the way of scandal. Take care you don't tell him anything you wish to conceal, or you will repent it. At present he is closely engaged with Miss —, who sits beside her friend Mrs. —, that most kind and hospitable lady, whose good qualities want no gilding from my pen, for all the world acknowledge and kiss her sceptre as "Queen of the Baths." Miss — has the remains of much beauty, and McDermott will be

charmed if you insinuate that *something* of a flirtation is going on between them; for he is loud in his admiration of her somewhat mature and rounded charms.

Seated at one of the tables is that veteran blue-stockings, Mrs. —, now grown old and somewhat *passée* in comparison with her former brilliant self. She lives at Florence, where she receives largely, and is much respected. Here, at the Baths, she passes her time principally in playing whist, and riding out on a donkey alone among the hills. A circle of men are assembled round her: —, the dilettante publisher, who always travels with his own cook—the quartos and octavos having secured him so ample a fortune that he can now mock at “the Row,” and would not care if “the trade” was all smashed like an excursion train; then there is Mr. B., the amateur poet, and two or three more—all, in fact, who are literary, gathered round Mrs. —, as in duty bound to their liege sovereign and lady. The pretty Baroness —, her fair face peeping out of a very gay bonnet, seated by her French duenna, is the honey round which all the young men cluster. She is very elegant and *distinguée*, and like all unmarried foreign ladies, especially in Italy, singularly modest and reserved in deportment. Being an heiress, she receives no end of attention, and is decidedly the leading signorina here.

By the side of the handsome widow, Mrs. —, is seated old —, who cannot (it has been ascertained by those curious in such matters) be five minutes in a single woman's company without offering himself for her acceptance. He has a special partiality for widows, who are more easily approached than timid young ladies, and has been refused so many times, that he now despairs of finding what he is so anxious to possess—a wife. Ever in search of what he calls the three T's—“Tin, Talents, and Temper”—he wanders from one gay scene to another, a solitary old bachelor, and consoles himself with driving about in his carriages, of which he possesses three (to suit the various seasons), all the prettiest ladies trying to make believe that they are very much in love with him—a difficult matter, truly, seeing that he is positively as ugly as an ogre; and, with a nose the very facsimile of Dombey's friend, Major Bagstock, only wanting “the native” to make him the living image of that character. A very different specimen of old age appears in the venerable Cavalier Trenta, now on the borders of eighty, a calm, dignified-looking old man, whose grey hairs are a crown of glory to his aged brow. A member of one of the noblest families of Lucca, he has long held an appointment about court, and is the director of the balls at the Casino, where he distinguishes himself by his urbanity and humorous love of enjoyment. All the world knows and respects old Cavalier Trenta, who has been identified with the Bagni beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant. A tall, red-faced man has just seized M'Dermott by the button; they are well matched as a pair of gossips, and are doubtless, by their low voices and smothered laughter, discussing some rare piece of mischief.

Just while the crowded Piazza is most crammed, and the band is playing the loudest, an outsider appears, announcing the advent of the court. In an open carriage-and-four appear the grand-duke and duchess; she is a fat, fair, good-natured-looking woman, with a smile and bow to all, but ill-dressed and undignified in appearance; while Leopold the Second is the

most hideous of mortals, his face fringed with white hair, with a stolid, stupid expression in every feature; he never smiles, and generally looks half asleep. A more undignified pair it would be difficult to find than the present sovereigns of Tuscany. Opposite to them are a couple of fat German-looking children, the youngest hopes of the family; heavy, inanimated little creatures, entirely wanting the graceful cheerfulness of childhood.

As the carriage passes every hat is raised in silence, but not a sound welcomes the sovereign, who is hated by the Italians since his political tergiversations, which have ended by his withdrawing "the glorious constitution" of which they all were so proud. They scowl at him under their eyebrows with ominous looks of hate, and many a little knot is found among the brigand-looking men to discuss politics, as soon as the Piazza is free. Following the first carriage comes a second, containing the two elder young princes,—pale, womanish-looking youths, timid enough to start at their own shadows, and certainly not likely, by their warlike deeds, to liberate prostrate Italy. From so degenerate a stock no good can be expected. The present family are deplorably wanting in every personal and physical quality necessary for a sovereign, and appear only to wear the crown that they may entrust its powers and responsibilities to ministers and foreign minions, whose injudicious counsels alienate the people from their ruler, and accumulate a long score of wrongs, hatred, and revenge, one day to be wiped out in blood.

A third carriage contains the dowager grand-duchess, widow of the late sovereign, and the gobba, or deformed princess, a miserable little object, sister to the present duke. Although the grand-duke has three times as many palaces as Queen Victoria, all spacious, magnificent, and delightfully placed in various beautiful localities, it is the uncomfortable foreign fashion for the whole family, in all its ramifications, to live together: an arrangement certain of producing domestic misery and disunion, and entirely destructive of matrimonial happiness. Opposite these two princesses are seated two ladies of the court—fat, punchy Germans, most hideous to look upon—who, following the example set by the grand-duchess, are as dowdily dressed as possible. At last the court has threaded its way through the Piazza, and is gone, a relief to everybody, for meeting these royal carriages becomes a complete infliction. The court are eternally riding, driving, or being paraded in portantini chairs (a seat placed on poles carried by two men); and as at whatever hour one goes out, or whichever direction one takes, one is sure of meeting them in different detachments at least a dozen times in the day, and as they always (even the children on the donkeys) bow—and one is expected to draw up and respectfully return their salute—encountering them becomes at last a perfect nuisance.

Now that we have lingered in the Piazza long enough to observe some of the notabilities of the little world around us, let us hasten away from the clamour of the drums and fifes, the smell of cigars, and the hum of human voices, and penetrate into the primeval forests extending so temptingly on every side. Proceeding along the pretty promenade to the village of the Villa, and crossing the bridge that spans the Lima, we are at last in solitude and quiet. Turning to the left, along the rocky bank of the river, dashing below with all the impetuosity of a Highland burn, the road skirts the base of the mountains under the shadow of the noblest

chestnut woods. Each turn unfolds some fresh vista in the romantic valley. The opposite side is clad with vineyards, planted among the masses of rock, blue lines of far-off mountain-tops, visible through the breaks in the hills, shut in the distance, while above an unbroken azure canopy encloses the whole scene. There is a stillness, a calm repose in this valley, indescribable—a language of the woods and the mountains, speechless, and yet how far more eloquent than words. Heavy rain having fallen within the last few days, the Lima has swollen into a dignified river, and filled every little water-course and rivulet that furrows the surface of the hills. Small streams innumerable come coursing down through the woods, forcing their way over the fine herbage, and producing the prettiest effect among the overhanging branches. Mile after mile this lonely road continues almost on a dead level, until after about six miles, near the Fabbica, the valley assumes a sterner character. The hills on the opposite side rise more precipitously, while in front a pile appears mounting to the clouds in wild, fantastic forms. The colouring of these mountains is not their least beauty; as evening approaches they assume a delicate tint of roseate pink, scarcely natural in its brilliancy, while deep blue and purple shadows mark every rocky defile and ravine in their scathed sides. These hues, contrasting with the surrounding green of the woods and the clear blue of the sky, produce the most magical combination of colours. Arrived at the Fabbica (or mill) bank, a fine waterfall appears gushing forth from the rocks, falling into the Lima beneath in a pillar of silvery foam, feathering alders and deep-coloured ilex-trees overshadowing and partly concealing the upper course of the torrent. The echo of the falls among the hills is most delightful; there is a soft lulling sound that soothes one's very soul like the softest notes of music, "striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound." It is the articulate tongue which Nature speaks when in her gentlest mood—the appropriate expression of the majestic beauty around—audible to every heart not utterly dead to such gentle influences.

II.

Pic-Nic to Prato Fiorito.

ONE of the pleasantest features of society at the Bagni are the different riding parties, constantly arranged among the visitors to various interesting localities in the vicinity. There is a perfect ease, and absence from the usual forms of conventional restraint, that is very agreeable; those who like each other's society naturally fall in together, and enjoy a confidential chat undisturbed, without fear of scandal. Lovers may pair off in sentimental abstraction, and are soon lost sight of among the chestnut woods and the overhanging rocks, while sober, quiet, conversable people jog along on the excellent and sure-footed ponies, which abound to overflowing at all the three villages, admire the lovely scenery, talk scandal or politics, as they please, and enjoy an excellent meal at the conclusion of the ride. One of the favourite resorts for these pic-nic parties is Prato Fiorito, situated in the highest range of mountains, at the back of the Bagni Caldi, five miles from the Ponte. It is three hundred feet high, and supposed to be of volcanic formation; indeed, the boiling springs

that gush forth at the Bagni are said, by tradition, to rise under its flowery sides. But this is mere supposition, though a pretty theory.

Hitherto my mountain excursions had been almost solitary, but on this occasion a party was formed, and we were all invited by the Signora —, —I beg her pardon, the *coutessa*, I mean,—to assemble at her villa at the Bagni Caldi, as the fair lady herself contemplated an ascent in one of the *portantini*, a species of arm-chair, carried on trestles by strong men. On entering the saloon, we found the whole company assembled, and the fair hostess herself seated in a *poltrona*, as a peculiarly easy kind of arm-chair is styled in Italy. The conversation dropped as we entered, the countess rose, and advanced towards us.

"Ben venute, ben venute, dear friends," exclaimed she, kissing us on both cheeks; "we were just speaking of you. How are you? well, I trust, and feeling equal to undertake this herculean expedition to the summit of our highest mountains." I assured her we were in perfect health. "How happy am I," exclaimed she, "to hear it. Count, do you not see my friends?" whispered she, in Italian. "Salute them, I beg, instantly." A command which put the poor gentleman into such a flutter that he tumbled over a footstool, at which little accident his wife reddened with anger. "But be seated, pray," said she (the little matrimonial *scena* over). "Where will you be placed? Here is a comfortable chair—no, the sofa, with this delightfully soft cushion, worked for me by that *cara amica*, the Princess —, to whom I dedicated my last sonnet. So, that will do. Now I shall order breakfast, as you are arrived. I only waited for you, to bid the patient cow pour down its milky stream into the syllabub, and for our little Gigi to draw the rich cream from the cool milk. We are to have a real English breakfast—frugal, but sweet; home-made bread, curds-and-whey, syllabub and tea. No coffee—no omelets—no wine—no cutlets. Signori," continued she, turning to a knot who were standing together, "the count is in despair at my arrangements, and says you will be starved; but it is wholesome—it will do you good, for a full meal before mounting the hills under a southern sun is—"

"Anima mia!" meekly interrupted the count, looking, however, very nervous at his temerity, "had we not better order breakfast? it is half-past eight, I declare."

"My soul" glanced at him fiercely, astonished at his temerity in daring to interrupt her.

"Ah!" sighed she, turning to me, "in your company time is no more, and even a patent alarm would fail to remind me of its flight; but 'the count' is right, and I will hasten to superintend our sylvan meal. I have been reading the 'Georgics,' on purpose to be reminded of all the classical pastoral fare. Count," continued she, in her most dulcet voice, turning towards the timid and scared-looking individual, who was supposed by a legal fiction to be her lord and master, "take care of all my valued friends until I summon them to our humble collation. Adieu." And kissing the ends of her fingers, the Signora P. withdrew, her rounded form so increased by tier above tier of flounces, that she with difficulty forced herself through the narrow-curtained door.

I had now time to see who really were present, and speak to my other acquaintances, which, as long as our hostess was in the room I could not attempt; she possessing the happy knack of appropriating the whole atten-

tion and conversation of whoever, for the time being, she selected as the sort of background whereon to hang the glittering embroidery of her fulsome and flowery speeches.

There were about a dozen people assembled, who were all to join the party, which promised, from the assemblage, to be very pleasant. Foremost appeared Count M., seated in the centre of the room, his fine bright eyes, pale complexion, and classical features, set off by a profusion of black hair, giving him the look of an inspired poet. He was so abstracted, however, I had to address him twice before he heard me. He sat buried in a book; but, when once roused, "Oh! carissima mia, signora!" exclaimed he, "quanto mai mi rallegra di vederla. Excuse my abstraction, but this inspiring work, which the countess has put into my hands, has riveted my inmost soul. The wrongs of prostrate Italy are so eloquently pleaded."

"Va bene," replied I; "read on, Signor Fanatico, while you can." And I turned to shake hands with the German baroness, as usual surrounded by gentlemen. Pretty Mrs. —, too, was there, whose sweet Quaker face, and dear little mouth, seemed formed for kisses, until she opened it, when the broad coarseness of her American accent effectually destroyed the illusion. Still, such a kind, amiable creature must be liked, spite of her "guesses," and her "laws!" and her "difficulties," which were innumerable, as everything, even to a headache, was so denominated by her. Her husband was not present, for, from an unfortunate habit contracted in the New World, of constantly chewing tobacco, of which he consumes many pounds a week, he renders himself quite unfit for society, and, as his pretty wife says, "Josh wants a full week before he is company-rigged." Then there was that incomprehensible but agreeable M'Dermott, who, as soon as our hostess had disappeared, nearly killed me with laughter by his quiet but adroit imitation of her manner; and Mr. B., nonchalant and quiet as ever, looking extremely as if he had not gone to bed at all, in order to avoid what he so much detests, early rising. Dr. C., too, I was glad to see, formed one of the circle, he being one of the few Italians I knew who joins quiet gentlemanlike manners to an excellent heart; his whole life having been passed as court physician to the reigning family, his manners are formed in the most perfect mould of consummate good breeding.

"Well, dottore mio," said I, as he seated himself by me, "this is quite unexpected, for you are about the last person I should have expected to see. How have you got a holiday from the grand duchess, and forgotten your hospital? and what fresh charms has the signora, your former enemy, acquired in your eyes, that she has influenced you, of all people, to ride to Prato Fiorito?"

"Scusi," replied he, "let me answer your questions one at a time, per pietà. Sua altezza has left the Bagni for a few days; the hospital can do without me one morning; then, if the contessa should, in her girlish boldness, tumble down a precipice and break a leg or an arm, I shall at least not refuse my medical aid. So, in somma, I positively am going to the summit of the Prato."

"Do you really like that black doctor?" whispered M'Dermott to me.

"Yes," said I, "I really do like Dr. C. I think him a delightful companion. You are jealous, voilà tout; but you will have enough to do in taking care of the signora in her chair; she has fixed on you to be her companion. How I pity you! Pray be prepared for a fainting fit, and provide yourself with large pockets for butterflies and beetles, and

minerals, and flowers; for you know, when she is on the mountains, the dear creature strays so, when the poetic fury inspires her, that she requires watching, lest the strength of her imagination and the weakness of her legs lead her down some precipice."

"By the powers, though, she shan't make a fool of me. The old girl may 'stray' if she likes, but I am not going to be her train-holder. How I do detest her Italianised affectations! But one must be civil to her for it; it is the only house this year where one gets a little pleasant society in this deucedly stupid place."

"M'Dermott," said B., "have you breakfasted? By Jove, I have, for I well knew the sort of meals one gets at the countess's—regular Barmecide feasts; plenty of dishes with nothing on them. I have had a good beefsteak at Giacomo's. The mountain air gives one an appetite, and I have brought a couple of capital chicken-pies and some excellent Bologna sausages for my share of the eatables."

"Here is the man who pretends to be a poet!" exclaimed M'Dermott. "Why, my good fellow, take example by Count M. here, who is at this moment no nearer to the earth than Byron when he wrote 'Childe Harold'; even you ought to nourish yourself with rosy dew, and make salads of flowering hair-bells and hyacinths, and fatten on contemplation and the beauties of Italian scenery. Why, don't you hear we are to have a meal of classical simplicity founded on the Georgics, as translated economically by our hostess herself? Chicken-pies, Giacomo's, and beef-steaks! B., I blush for you!"

"No one ever wrote on an empty stomach yet; and I never heard that Byron stinted his appetite, although he wished the poor ladies to starve. But we shall be very late if we don't soon start. Look at the wretched count; he is making up for his early rising by snoozing on the sofa. What a rage the lady-wife will be in when she sees him! She'll box his ears with Virgil, as sure as fate."

"Had we not better rouse him?" said I; "it is nearly nine o'clock. We are losing time sadly."

"Oh, vat, vat have I done?" exclaimed the baroness. "Vill you, madame, help me to mend this mistake? Look at this china vase vich I take up to admire, is so ver pretty, when, guter himmel! it fall in two in mine hand. I have no broke it; indeed, not I."

As we were endeavouring to replace the broken pieces, the curtains were withdrawn with a theatrical crash, the small door thrown violently open, a tremendous gong sounded, so near as almost to break the drum of one's ears, and the countess herself appeared, to announce that "the refection was served," followed by two serving-men wearing old livery coats, far too large, trimmed with faded-gold lace, looking extremely like a transfer from the count's courier wardrobe. As we were all collected round the baroness, endeavouring to rectify what she had done, except the poor count, who, happily unconscious, had sunk fast into a corner of the sofa, and was snoring audibly,—

"What is the matter?" said the countess, rather tartly. "I thought to have found you all impatience for the sylvan repast awaiting you."

"Oh, madame, pray, pardon my gaucherie. I have knocked down half this china—vat you call it? But it was already broken."

"Yes," replied our hostess, "sweet friend, allay your annoyance, the

in the very house of God, people of the same nation meet together in a distant land, look at each other like so many dragons, and assume generally a haughty and disdainful front quite disgusting to see. Cold, supercilious, and unbending, they say their prayers and look defiance at their neighbours, an assemblage of the most repulsive-looking individuals I ever beheld. Heaven (say I) defend me from my countrymen and women abroad! They have left all their good qualities on the other side of the Channel, and therefore I make it a rule carefully to avoid them.

* * * * *

I must now introduce my readers to society such as I found it at the Bagni, and describe the sort of life all the world leads in this charming retreat. The heat of the weather, even here, prevents all possibility of getting out until the afternoon; and, in fact, so powerfully inclines one to sleep during the day, that even the most wakeful can scarcely resist the temptation. As to the Italians—ever a somnolent people when not under strong excitement—they lie stretched on the walls and against the houses, full in the rays of the sun, wrapt in a state of profound repose, while the ladies and gentlemen enjoy their siesta at home in a more genteel fashion. Not a living soul is to be seen during the heat of the day; but we will suppose that five o'clock approaches, that the sun has already sunk behind the mountain-tops, and that all the world is beginning to rouse. Let us stroll down to the Piazza and see what is going on. On our road we pass various elegant equipages, mostly belonging to old maids, of which there are a prodigious number here, which may partly account for the extraordinary amount of gossip always circulating. Each of the occupants of the carriages have a kind of "*noli me tangere*" look that at once betrays them as being English—a forbidding, haughty scowl that there can be no mistake about. On they drive in their magnificence along the lovely banks of the Lima, under the shadow of the Apennines, but as thoroughly national in ideas and prejudices as if they never had left the sound of Bow-bells; although, to my certain knowledge, many of these people have passed a lifetime on the Continent.

The band is playing lively airs under the acacias on the Piazza, which is crowded with company, some standing on the balconies, others leaning out of window, while numbers cluster under the verandah of the caffè, where each party, seated at a small table, eat ices and fan themselves—both very profitable occupations in hot weather. The men—their faces covered with hair—louge about smoking, or lolling on the benches placed in front of the caffè. Even the English are thoroughly convinced of the necessity of assuming beard and moustache in Italy. Every one endeavours to look as assassin-like as possible: slouch hats, mysterious cloaks draped à l'antique, and inconceivable jackets flung over one shoulder with the arms dangling, are considered the most effective and favourite costumes. Numbers of carriages are ranged among the crowd filled with gaily-dressed ladies, who also chat, and laugh, and eat ices. There is the pretty Venetian countess, with her suggestive eyes, in a very dashing turn-out. Dr. —, a fine, tall, dark-haired man, who, it is whispered, has decidedly a *tendre* in that quarter, is in close conversation with her, to the evident disgust of two other

gentlemen sitting in the carriage beside her. Then there are a party of English ladies, frank and pleasant-looking, who nod and smile to all they know, which, being a rarity, is quite refreshing to behold. Loftily gazing from a balconied window appears a most unpleasant-looking old lady, wearing a sandy wig, of sour and discontented aspect, Mrs. —, who, being far too aristocratic to visit any one of the visitors, has the more time disengaged to remark all that passes. Woe betide the unlucky lady who comes under the range of Mrs. —'s vision; if she eats an ice there is a hidden motive for it, and if she speaks to a gentleman it is neither more nor less than an assignation. How I hated that abominable Mrs. —, always sitting at that window, peering through her spectacles! Above are a party of Americans. A white, melancholy countenance among them has caused much comment at the Bagni. Mrs. —, with her daughters, was left at Florence by her husband during a lengthened absence in Germany. Florence is not certainly the *very* place in all the world most adapted for the residence of a solitary lady, with pretensions to beauty. Mrs. — soon discovered that it is not "good for man" or woman to live alone, and lost her heart to —, the *ménage* going on very comfortably until the husband returned, who, on arriving, found his place so exceedingly well filled, that in fact it was evident nobody wanted him at all; but he, being a choleric little person, did not understand finding himself *de trop* in his own house, so he and the gentleman came to high words, and the lady and her lord henceforth never met except in public. The whole party came to the Bagni, where the faithful *cavaliere servente* followed his lady fair, bringing his drag—which stands below at this moment, drawn up in the Piazza, from which he is looking up at Mrs. —, and making signs for her and her daughters to descend and take a drive.

Mounted on a spirited horse, which he does not seem quite sure about managing, is Prince Ruspoli, the richest young nobleman in Italy, and whose mother, being a Bourbon, is considered little less than of royal birth. Like all his countrymen, there is a certain effeminate air about him, very unlike the manly bearing we English eadmire; but he is good-natured and affable, making himself very agreeable in society. That tall, statuesque-looking young man speaking to him is Prince Colonna, who only wants the toga to make a complete Roman, so strongly is the antique type visible in his chiselled features. Unlike Ruspoli, he is proud and distant, only mixing with those of equal or superior rank to himself. Under the verandah of the caffè there stands a slender, pleasant-looking man, who knows every one, and is welcomed by all. He flits about like a butterfly from group to group, always causing a laugh, by his piquant observations, wherever he appears. That is Mr. McDermott, the gossip *par excellence* of the Bagni, who knows everything, from the swallow on the house-top to the cedar of Lebanon, in the way of scandal. Take care you don't tell him anything you wish to conceal, or you will repent it. At present he is closely engaged with Miss —, who sits beside her friend Mrs. —, that most kind and hospitable lady, whose good qualities want no gilding from my pen, for all the world acknowledge and kiss her sceptre as "Queen of the Baths." Miss — has the remains of much beauty, and McDermott will be

charmed if you insinuate that *something* of a flirtation is going on between them; for he is loud in his admiration of her somewhat mature and rounded charms.

Seated at one of the tables is that veteran blue-stocking, Mrs. —, now grown old and somewhat *passée* in comparison with her former brilliant self. She lives at Florence, where she receives largely, and is much respected. Here, at the Baths, she passes her time principally in playing whist, and riding out on a donkey alone among the hills. A circle of men are assembled round her: —, the dilettante publisher, who always travels with his own cook—the quartos and octavos having secured him so ample a fortune that he can now mock at “the Row,” and would not care if “the trade” was all smashed like an excursion train; then there is Mr. B., the amateur poet, and two or three more—all, in fact, who are literary, gathered round Mrs. —, as in duty bound to their liege sovereign and lady. The pretty Baroness —, her fair face peeping out of a very gay bonnet, seated by her French duenna, is the honey round which all the young men cluster. She is very elegant and *distinguée*, and like all unmarried foreign ladies, especially in Italy, singularly modest and reserved in deportment. Being an heiress, she receives no end of attention, and is decidedly the leading signorina here.

By the side of the handsome widow, Mrs. —, is seated old —, who cannot (it has been ascertained by those curious in such matters) be five minutes in a single women’s company without offering himself for her acceptance. He has a special partiality for widows, who are more easily approached than timid young ladies, and has been refused so many times, that he now despairs of finding what he is so anxious to possess—a wife. Ever in search of what he calls the three T’s—“Tin, Talents, and Temper”—he wanders from one gay scene to another, a solitary old bachelor, and consoles himself with driving about in his carriages, of which he possesses three (to suit the various seasons), all the prettiest ladies trying to make believe that they are very much in love with him—a difficult matter, truly, seeing that he is positively as ugly as an ogre; and, with a nose the very facsimile of Dombey’s friend, Major Bagstock, only wanting “the native” to make him the living image of that character. A very different specimen of old age appears in the venerable Cavalier Trenta, now on the borders of eighty, a calm, dignified-looking old man, whose grey hairs are a crown of glory to his aged brow. A member of one of the noblest families of Lucca, he has long held an appointment about court, and is the director of the balls at the Casino, where he distinguishes himself by his urbanity and humorous love of enjoyment. All the world knows and respects old Cavalier Trenta, who has been identified with the Bagni beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant. A tall, red-faced man has just seized M^cDermott by the button; they are well matched as a pair of gossips, and are doubtless, by their low voices and smothered laughter, discussing some rare piece of mischief.

Just while the crowded Piazza is most crammed, and the band is playing the loudest, an outsider appears, announcing the advent of the court. In an open carriage-and-four appear the grand-duke and duchess; she is a fat, fair, good-natured-looking woman, with a smile and bow to all, but ill-dressed and undignified in appearance; while Leopold the Second is the

most hideous of mortals, his face fringed with white hair, with a stolid, stupid expression in every feature; he never smiles, and generally looks half asleep. A more undignified pair it would be difficult to find than the present sovereigns of Tuscany. Opposite to them are a couple of fat German-looking children, the youngest hopes of the family; heavy, inanimated little creatures, entirely wanting the graceful cheerfulness of childhood.

As the carriage passes every hat is raised in silence, but not a sound welcomes the sovereign, who is hated by the Italians since his political tergiversations, which have ended by his withdrawing "the glorious constitution" of which they all were so proud. They scowl at him under their eyebrows with ominous looks of hate, and many a little knot is found among the brigand-looking men to discuss politics, as soon as the Piazza is free. Following the first carriage comes a second, containing the two elder young princes,—pale, womanish-looking youths, timid enough to start at their own shadows, and certainly not likely, by their warlike deeds, to liberate prostrate Italy. From so degenerate a stock no good can be expected. The present family are deplorably wanting in every personal and physical quality necessary for a sovereign, and appear only to wear the crown that they may entrust its powers and responsibilities to ministers and foreign minions, whose injudicious counsels alienate the people from their ruler, and accumulate a long score of wrongs, hatred, and revenge, one day to be wiped out in blood.

A third carriage contains the dowager grand-duchess, widow of the late sovereign, and the gobba, or deformed princess, a miserable little object, sister to the present duke. Although the grand-duke has three times as many palaces as Queen Victoria, all spacious, magnificent, and delightfully placed in various beautiful localities, it is the uncomfortable foreign fashion for the whole family, in all its ramifications, to live together: an arrangement certain of producing domestic misery and disunion, and entirely destructive of matrimonial happiness. Opposite these two princesses are seated two ladies of the court—fat, punchy Germans, most hideous to look upon—who, following the example set by the grand-duchess, are as dowdily dressed as possible. At last the court has threaded its way through the Piazza, and is gone, a relief to everybody, for meeting these royal carriages becomes a complete infliction. The court are eternally riding, driving, or being paraded in portantini chairs (a seat placed on poles carried by two men); and as at whatever hour one goes out, or whichever direction one takes, one is sure of meeting them in different detachments at least a dozen times in the day, and as they always (even the children on the donkeys) bow—and one is expected to draw up and respectfully return their salute—encountering them becomes at last a perfect nuisance.

Now that we have lingered in the Piazza long enough to observe some of the notabilities of the little world around us, let us hasten away from the clamour of the drums and fifes, the smell of cigars, and the hum of human voices, and penetrate into the primeval forests extending so temptingly on every side. Proceeding along the pretty promenade to the village of the Villa, and crossing the bridge that spans the Lima, we are at last in solitude and quiet. Turning to the left, along the rocky bank of the river, dashing below with all the impetuosity of a Highland burn, the road skirts the base of the mountains under the shadow of the noblest

chestnut woods. Each turn unfolds some fresh vista in the romantic valley. The opposite side is clad with vineyards, planted among the masses of rock, blue lines of far-off mountain-tops, visible through the breaks in the hills, shut in the distance, while above an unbroken azure canopy encloses the whole scene. There is a stillness, a calm repose in this valley, indescribable—a language of the woods and the mountains, speechless, and yet how far more eloquent than words. Heavy rain having fallen within the last few days, the Lima has swollen into a dignified river, and filled every little water-course and rivulet that furrows the surface of the hills. Small streams innumerable come coursing down through the woods, forcing their way over the fine herbage, and producing the prettiest effect among the overhanging branches. Mile after mile this lonely road continues almost on a dead level, until after about six miles, near the Fabbica, the valley assumes a sterner character. The hills on the opposite side rise more precipitously, while in front a pile appears mounting to the clouds in wild, fantastic forms. The colouring of these mountains is not their least beauty; as evening approaches they assume a delicate tint of roseate pink, scarcely natural in its brilliancy, while deep blue and purple shadows mark every rocky defile and ravine in their scathed sides. These hues, contrasting with the surrounding green of the woods and the clear blue of the sky, produce the most magical combination of colours. Arrived at the Fabbica (or mill) bank, a fine waterfall appears gushing forth from the rocks, falling into the Lima beneath in a pillar of silvery foam, feathering alders and deep-coloured illex-trees overshadowing and partly concealing the upper course of the torrent. The echo of the falls among the hills is most delightful; there is a soft lulling sound that soothes one's very soul like the softest notes of music, "striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound." It is the articulate tongue which Nature speaks when in her gentlest mood—the appropriate expression of the majestic beauty around—audible to every heart not utterly dead to such gentle influences.

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that gush forth at the Bagni are said, by tradition, to rise under its flowery sides. But this is mere supposition, though a pretty theory.

Hitherto my mountain excursions had been almost solitary, but on this occasion a party was formed, and we were all invited by the Signora —, —I beg her pardon, the contessa, I mean,—to assemble at her villa at the Bagni Caldi, as the fair lady herself contemplated an ascent in one of the *portantini*, a species of arm-chair, carried on trestles by strong men. On entering the saloon, we found the whole company assembled, and the fair hostess herself seated in a *poltrona*, as a peculiarly easy kind of arm-chair is styled in Italy. The conversation dropped as we entered, the countess rose, and advanced towards us.

"Ben venute, ben venute, dear friends," exclaimed she, kissing us on both cheeks; "we were just speaking of you. How are you? well, I trust, and feeling equal to undertake this herculean expedition to the summit of our highest mountains." I assured her we were in perfect health. "How happy am I," exclaimed she, "to hear it. Count, do you not see my friends?" whispered she, in Italian. "Salute them, I beg, instantly." A command which put the poor gentleman into such a flutter that he tumbled over a footstool, at which little accident his wife reddened with anger. "But be seated, pray," said she (the little matrimonial *scena* over). "Where will you be placed? Here is a comfortable chair—no, the sofa, with this delightfully soft cushion, worked for me by that *cara amica*, the Princess —, to whom I dedicated my last sonnet. So, that will do. Now I shall order breakfast, as you are arrived. I only waited for you, to bid the patient cow pour down its milky stream into the syllabub, and for our little Gigi to draw the rich cream from the cool milk. We are to have a real English breakfast—frugal, but sweet; home-made bread, curds-and-whey, syllabub and tea. No coffee—no omelets—no wine—no cutlets. Signori," continued she, turning to a knot who were standing together, "the count is in despair at my arrangements, and says you will be starved; but it is wholesome—it will do you good, for a full meal before mounting the hills under a southern sun is——"

"Anima mia!" meekly interrupted the count, looking, however, very nervous at his temerity, "had we not better order breakfast? it is half-past eight, I declare."

"My soul" glanced at him fiercely, astonished at his temerity in daring to interrupt her.

"Ah!" sighed she, turning to me, "in your company time is no more, and even a patent alarm would fail to remind me of its flight; but 'the count' is right, and I will hasten to superintend our sylvan meal. I have been reading the 'Georgics,' on purpose to be reminded of all the classical pastoral fare. Count," continued she, in her most dulcet voice, turning towards the timid and scared-looking individual, who was supposed by a legal fiction to be her lord and master, "take care of all my valued friends until I summon them to our humble collation. Adieu." And kissing the ends of her fingers, the Signora P. withdrew, her rounded form so increased by tier above tier of flounces, that she with difficulty forced herself through the narrow-curtained door.

I had now time to see who really were present, and speak to my other acquaintances, which, as long as our hostess was in the room I could not attempt; she possessing the happy knack of appropriating the whole atten-

tion and conversation of whoever, for the time being, she selected as the sort of background whereon to hang the glittering embroidery of her fulsome and flowery speeches.

There were about a dozen people assembled, who were all to join the party, which promised, from the assemblage, to be very pleasant. Foremost appeared Count M., seated in the centre of the room, his fine bright eyes, pale complexion, and classical features, set off by a profusion of black hair, giving him the look of an inspired poet. He was so abstracted, however, I had to address him twice before he heard me. He sat buried in a book; but, when once roused, "Oh! carissima mia, signora!" exclaimed he, "quanto mai mi rallegra di vederla. Excuse my abstraction, but this inspiring work, which the countess has put into my hands, has riveted my inmost soul. The wrongs of prostrate Italy are so eloquently pleaded."

"Va bene," replied I; "read on, Signor Fanatico, while you can." And I turned to shake hands with the German baroness, as usual surrounded by gentlemen. Pretty Mrs. —, too, was there, whose sweet Quaker face, and dear little mouth, seemed formed for kisses, until she opened it, when the broad coarseness of her American accent effectually destroyed the illusion. Still, such a kind, amiable creature must be liked, spite of her "guesses," and her "laws!" and her "difficulties," which were innumerable, as everything, even to a headache, was so denominated by her. Her husband was not present, for, from an unfortunate habit contracted in the New World, of constantly chewing tobacco, of which he consumes many pounds a week, he renders himself quite unfit for society, and, as his pretty wife says, "Josh wants a full week before he is company-rigged." Then there was that incomprehensible but agreeable M'Dermott, who, as soon as our hostess had disappeared, nearly killed me with laughter by his quiet but adroit imitation of her manner; and Mr. B., nonchalant and quiet as ever, looking extremely as if he had not gone to bed at all, in order to avoid what he so much detests, early rising. Dr. C., too, I was glad to see, formed one of the circle, he being one of the few Italians I knew who joins quiet gentlemanlike manners to an excellent heart; his whole life having been passed as court physician to the reigning family, his manners are formed in the most perfect mould of consummate good breeding.

"Well, dottore mio," said I, as he seated himself by me, "this is quite unexpected, for you are about the last person I should have expected to see. How have you got a holiday from the grand duchess, and forgotten your hospital? and what fresh charms has the signora, your former enemy, acquired in your eyes, that she has influenced you, of all people, to ride to Prato Fiorito?"

"Scusi," replied he, "let me answer your questions one at a time, per pietà. Sua altezza has left the Bagni for a few days; the hospital can do without me one morning; then, if the contessa should, in her girlish boldness, tumble down a precipice and break a leg or an arm, I shall at least not refuse my medical aid. So, in somma, I positively am going to the summit of the Prato."

"Do you really like that black doctor?" whispered M'Dermott to me.

"Yes," said I, "I really do like Dr. C. I think him a delightful companion. You are jealous, voilà tout; but you will have enough to do in taking care of the signora in her chair; she has fixed on you to be her companion. How I pity you! Pray be prepared for a fainting fit, and provide yourself with large pockets for butterflies and beetles, and

minerals, and flowers; for you know, when she is on the mountains, the dear creature strays so, when the poetic fury inspires her, that she requires watching, lest the strength of her imagination and the weakness of her legs lead her down some precipice."

"By the powers, though, she shan't make a fool of me. The old girl may 'stray' if she likes, but I am not going to be her train-holder. How I do detest her Italianised affectations! But one must be civil to her for it; it is the only house this year where one gets a little pleasant society in this deucedly stupid place."

"M'Dermott," said B., "have you breakfasted? By Jove, I have, for I well knew the sort of meals one gets at the countess's—regular Barmecide feasts; plenty of dishes with nothing on them. I have had a good beefsteak at Giacomo's. The mountain air gives one an appetite, and I have brought a couple of capital chicken-pies and some excellent Bologna sausages for my share of the eatables."

"Here is the man who pretends to be a poet!" exclaimed M'Dermott. "Why, my good fellow, take example by Count M. here, who is at this moment no nearer to the earth than Byron when he wrote 'Childe Harold'; even you ought to nourish yourself with rosy dew, and make salads of flowering hair-bells and hyacinths, and fatten on contemplation and the beauties of Italian scenery. Why, don't you hear we are to have a meal of classical simplicity founded on the Georgics, as translated economically by our hostess herself? Chicken-pies, Giacomo's, and beefsteaks! B., I blush for you!"

"No one ever wrote on an empty stomach yet; and I never heard that Byron stinted his appetite, although he wished the poor ladies to starve. But we shall be very late if we don't soon start. Look at the wretched count; he is making up for his early rising by snoozing on the sofa. What a rage the lady-wife will be in when she sees him! She'll box his ears with Virgil, as sure as fate."

"Had we not better rouse him?" said I; "it is nearly nine o'clock. We are losing time sadly."

"Oh, vat, vat have I done?" exclaimed the baroness. "Vill you, madame, help me to mend this mistake? Look at this china vase vich I take up to admire, is so ver pretty, when, guter himmel! it fall in two in mine hand. I have no broke it; indeed, not I."

As we were endeavouring to replace the broken pieces, the curtains were withdrawn with a theatrical crash, the small door thrown violently open, a tremendous gong sounded, so near as almost to break the drum of one's ears, and the countess herself appeared, to announce that "the refection was served," followed by two serving-men wearing old livery coats, far too large, trimmed with faded-gold lace, looking extremely like a transfer from the count's courier wardrobe. As we were all collected round the baroness, endeavouring to rectify what she had done, except the poor count, who, happily unconscious, had sunk fast into a corner of the sofa, and was snoring audibly,—

"What is the matter?" said the countess, rather tartly. "I thought to have found you all impatience for the sylvan repast awaiting you."

"Oh, madame, pray, pardon my gaucherie. I have knocked down half this china—vat you call it? But it was already broken."

"Yes," replied our hostess, "sweet friend, allay your annoyance, the

vase was broken; but the hand of friendship had placed the fragments together. That vase has been cracked ever since the day that our beloved, but now, alas! departed friend, the Duchess Gualtieri, was with us, whose blessed spirit three years ago left its tenement of clay to seek a home among the starry skies. During the time she honoured with her presence my villa near Rome, she accidentally broke it while arranging some flowers culled in the woods, and I have never since, out of a sentimental regard for her memory, parted from the fragments, or allowed them to be repaired. I consecrated her memory, too, in a sonnet, which is bound up in my collected works."

Dr. C. raised his eyebrows significantly at this sentimental explanation of the cracked basin. I actually was obliged to turn aside to hide my laughter; and M'Dermott fell to violently caressing the little lap-dog Tiny.

"Count!" cried the lady, in a voice so shrill that the poor gentleman seemed to recognise the accents in his sleep. "Count! is this the way you take charge of my friends? I am shocked!"

"My dear—my love," replied he, suddenly rousing himself; "you know it was very late last night, and you would not let me go to bed till I had decorated the tables," began the peccant husband. But quickly silenced by a glance of fury, he meekly held his peace.

"Ladies—gentlemen," said the Countess S., "the board is spread; do you not hear the gong?"

Indeed, we did; and every one hastened as speedily as possible through the narrow door. I fell to the share of the count, who looked paler, thinner, and more wo-begone than ever after his recent castigation; his lady seized on B., whose literary talents, made them, as she expressed it, "sympathetic souls;" and the rest brought up the rear. The dining-room was like all the rooms at the villa, small and dreadfully encumbered with furniture; it looked cold and damp, and was much in want of windows. The walls, painted in fresco in a somewhat washy style, displayed pastoral expanses of pea-green scenery, shepherd, and sheep; and, in the centre compartment, the genius of poetry descending in a vision to a sleeping nymph in curls, who certainly was intended to represent that modern Sappho, our hostess; though she modestly denied the fact, with a complacent smirk.

On the present occasion the small room was nearly filled by the table, which literally groaned under the weight of crockery with which it was laden. Mr. B. was right in prognosticating a frugal repast; for at first I imagined that the collation consisted in vases of flowers, so plentifully were they disposed around, in about the proportion of one to each person, with a large central group. But on examination I discovered some small dishes, peeping out here and there among the leaves, singularly unsubstantial in quality. Hard-boiled eggs, apples, salad, small pieces of cheese, custards, grapes, minute sandwiches—the promised syllabub, in very slender glasses—the only thing looking substantial being a couple of huge loaves, flanking the large flower-vase in the centre; but what were they among so many? At sight of this particularly pastoral cheer, the countenance of the gentlemen visibly sank, and M'Dermott managed to express his dissatisfaction by a ridiculous grimace; our hostess was, however, all glorious.

The repast over, we all re-entered the saloon, and preparations for the start began in good earnest. The ponies were assembled at the door, and the portantini for our literary hostess was also in waiting. That lady, after a few moments' retirement, emerged from her bower equipped for the mountains. On her head she wore a wide-awake hat, ornamented with vast plumes of black ostrich feathers, reaching to her waist behind, and mixing in strange confusion with her greyish curls—for the countess belonged to that uncertain period when age already disputes with youth for mastery. A close-fitting jacket of crimson velvet displayed her form to the fullest advantage, while below appeared a mass of flounces only to be compared to line after line of breakers in a stormy sea. The petticoat being cut extremely short, displayed feet of immense proportions in black-velvet boots, fringed and tasselled with silver. Following this singular apparition appeared the down-cast figure of her unhappy maid, so loaded with pillows, cushions, parasols, and a large basket, that it was impossible to see more of her than her face.

"You are sure, now, that everything is in the basket, Hagar?" said the lady. "You know how irreparable any forgetfulness would be. Ah, my friends," said she, in a sentimental tone, turning to us, who all stood gazing at her in an astonishment she evidently mistook for admiration, "this is a great undertaking——"

"Yes, indeed, for the wretched portantini," whispered M'Dermott. "Poor devils, how I pity them, to have the dragging of that Xantippe and her draperies up the mountains!"

"Gentlemen, will you assist me?" And, supported by the whole array of men, she descended the steps of the portico with a dramatic air. After some little delay she was fairly placed in the chair. "Mr. M'Dermott," said she, "you will, I hope, walk beside my chair, and solace the long hours of the ascent with your Hibernian vivacity. Hagar," to her maid, "of course, you will keep close. Count—carino prezioso—where are you?"

"Here, love," replied that gentleman, emerging from a small side-room presenting a singular spectacle, being, spite of the heat, clothed in an immense cloak or tabarro, with a white hat and a blue veil.

"Grazie al cielo," said the dottore, "she is off—the donna mensogniera. Now, signora, let me help you on your pony, and try to obliterate all the folly to which we have listened, by a little agreeable conversation. Your society will make amends for all I have endured at the table of that pazza, and I trust I may be of use in explaining and pointing out to you the varied beauties of our route."

NOTES ON NOTE-WORTHIES,
OF DIVERS ORDERS, EITHER SEX, AND EVERY AGE.

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IV.—ST. CHARLES BORROMEO.

EVERY bullet has its billet. So believes that *communis sensus* of the world which finds its aptest expression in a proverb. So believed, no doubt, the turbulent monk who billeted a bullet against the person of Carlo Borromeo, with intent to do him the most grievous bodily harm a bullet can, or is designed to, effect. But in this instance the Church Reformer—meaning the real one, San Carlo—wore a charmed life; and the opposition Church Reformer—meaning the monk Farina, for he too set up for one in his way, that way being to rid the perturbed Church of its cardinal troubler, and purge it of his presence by an *ite, missa est* in leaden type—misdirected his billet, albeit he *did* send his bullet home. The direction put upon the billet by its unscrupulous sender was—to the heart of hearts of Carlo Borromeo, Archbishop, that troubler of the stagnant peace of monkish malcontents. It miscarried. So far at least as that the bullet, though it found a lodgment in the Archbishop's vesture, as he knelt before the altar at evening prayer,* dropped, a harm-

* "When from the assassin's arm the bullet sped,
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Such is one of the supplementary stanzas appended by Mr. Ainsworth to his "free translation" of the Admirable Crichton's Latin "Elegy on the Cardinal Carlo Borromeo." The following note is added to illustrate the incident in question:

"The ecclesiastical reformation effected by Saint Charles met, as was natural, with considerable opposition on the part of the corrupt and disorderly priesthood, and he became the object of their bitterest animosity. 'Les plus opposés à la réforme,' writes M. Tabouraud, 'suscitèrent un frère Farina, qui se posta à l'entrée de la chapelle archiepiscopale où le Saint Prélat faisait sa prière avec toute sa maison; et, au moment où l'on chantait cette antienne, *Non turbetur cor vestrum neque formidet*, l'assassin, éloigné seulement de cinq ou six pas, tire un coup d'arquebuse sur Saint Charles, à genoux devant l'autel. A ce bruit, le chant cessa, le consternation est générale; le Saint, sans s'émouvoir, fait signe de continuer la prière: il se croyait cependant blessé mortellement, et offrait à Dieu le

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For from that time forth the Reformer prospered in his work. Nothing, as the Prussian historian, Von Ranke,* observes, was ever more useful to him than this attack: the people looked on his escape as a miracle, and from that moment began to regard him with absolute veneration.

He is certainly note-worthy among the note-worthiest as a labourer, heart and soul—which is better sometimes than mind and strength—in the task of reforming what was corrupt, so far as his eye could trace the corruption, in the Church to which he belongs, and of which he is, with grounds to show for it too, a canonised Saint. The diocese of Milan was, when he entered "with a will" upon its episcopal functions (*volo episcopari*), miserably in need of a stringent system of overseership. For fourscore years past, according to M. Tabouraud, the Church of Milan had been practically in a state of anarchy, archbishop after archbishop adopting the too, too *dolce far niente* habit of—let *ill* alone, *laissez faire*. A few years, however, of the new *régime* sufficed to turn this chaos into a cosmos. From being a by-word for whatever is discreditable in matters ecclesiastical and spiritual, the diocese of Milan became, under the transforming hands of its new shepherd and bishop of souls, a model and a marvel to surrounding episcopates.

The Roman Catholics are naturally proud of their own "Reformer," and somewhat prone to pit him against the more dogmatical, hip-and-thigh cut-and-thrust ultras, as they account them, of the Protestant Reformation. Cardinal Wiseman exults in the collation. "Gladly," for instance, says his eminence, "would we institute a comparison between the instruments of our respective reformations. We would put St. Charles Borromeo against Cranmer, or Bartholomew de Martyrilus against Bucer; the first as agents, the latter as auxiliaries. It has often appeared to us, that Divine Providence was graciously pleased to give the lie to those who, under pretence of grievous abuses and errors, caused schism in the Church, by raising from its bosom, at that very moment, and soon after, such men as no Reformed Church can boast of. The tree might have been known by its fruits; an evil tree could not have brought forth such worthy fruits of charity, of pastoral zeal, of penitential spirit, as then came to adorn the Catholic Church. And two things strike us principally in this matter. First, that they flourished exactly after the western continental Church is supposed by these Anglican writers† to have set on itself the seal of reprobation, by sanctioning heresy at the Council of

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Trent. Nay, some among them, as St. Charles, were the most active promoters of its decisions. Secondly, that these extraordinary men* were all distinguished for their attachment to this Church, and made it their glory that they belonged to it. We meet in their writings with no regrets at a single step it had taken, no intimation of a thought that it had inadvertently let slip a particle of primitive truth."† This is not the place to canvass the polemical preferences of Dr. Wiseman; but, due allowance made for his *ex parte* partisanship, many are the determined Protestants who may be excused for showing something of his predilection, in the "odious comparison" he is pleased (maliciously pleased) to institute between Archbishop Charles Borromeo and Archbishop Thomas Cranmer. Mr. Macaulay, at any rate, for one, is surely anti-Cranmerite to the Cardinal's content.

If ever man was in earnest, and worked as under his great Taskmaster's eye, St. Charles may be honoured as earnest workman. He was instant in season, out of season :

Ful swyft and besy ever in good werkyng
And round and hool in good perseveryng,
And brennyng ever in charite ful bright.‡

He was careful, says one of our own Church historians, "not to lose a moment of his time: even at table he listened to some pious book, or dictated letters or instructions. When he fasted on bread and water, and dined in private, he read at the same time, and on his knees, when the Bible was before him. After dinner, instead of conversing, he gave audience to his rural deans and clergy." He allowed himself, we are further told, no time for recreation; finding in the different employments of his office both corporal exercise and relaxation of mind sufficient for maintaining the vigour of his mind and health of his body.§ His self-denial was severe and unaffected. If his table was well-spread, it was for his guests, not himself: his own diet was vegetarian—not of the *recherché* order aimed at, and realised, by the vegetarianism of to-day, which, by the pains it bestows on pastry perpetrations of every possible and some preternatural kinds, appears to be indifferent alike to

Plain living and high thinking.

"His dress and establishment," says that good Old Traveller, Eustace, "were such as became his rank, but in private he dispensed with the attendance of servants, and wore an under-dress, coarse and common; his bed was of straw; his repose short; and in all the details of life he manifested an utter contempt of personal ease and indulgence."|| "Cardinal Borromeo," writes Montaigne, "who died lately at Milan, in the midst of all the jollity that the air of Italy, his youth, birth, and great

* [Meaning, in common with the two commemorated by Dr. Wiseman in the text, such other fellow-labourers, in varied spheres of labour, but for the one cause, as Francis of Sales, Vincent of Paul, Philip Neri, Ignatius Loyola, Camillus de Lellis, Pascal Baylon, Peter of Alcantara, Joseph Calasanctius, Jerom Emilian, St. John of the Cross, &c.]

† "Essays on Various Subjects." By Cardinal Wiseman. Vol. ii.

‡ Chaucer: "The Secounde Nonnes Tale."

§ Palmer's "Ecclesiastical History," ch. xxv.

|| Eustace's "Classical Tour through Italy."

riches invited him to, kept himself in so austere a way of living that the same robe he wore in summer served him for winter too: he had only straw for his bed, and his hours of vacation from the affairs of his charge he continually spent in study upon his knees, having a little bread and water set by his book, which was all the provision for his repast, and all the time he spent in eating.* A sufficient contrast to the epicurean and essay-writing man of the Mountain himself, Michael de Montaigne.

There are those to whom it will seem incompatible with the moral earnestness and the practical religion so justly ascribed to St. Charles, that he should have spent the time and pains he did on ceremonial observances. But if he was a Christian of the really working class, so was he, at the same time, it must be remembered, a conscientiously devoted Churchman. The consecrating of altars was an office of particular importance, both in his faith and practice. The ceremony was one of eight hours' duration; which, according to the Scripture reckoning, "Are there not twelve hours in the day?" leaves but a small fraction for other employments. This ceremony, however, the archbishop performed on three hundred occasions—a significant illustration of the amount as well as the kind of labour in which so willingly he spent and was spent. Many of his measures, indeed, says Ranke, "chiefly concerned externals, relating more particularly to the renovatings of buildings, the harmonising of rituals, and the elevation and adoration of the host."† But at any rate, if he acted on the conviction that these things ought to be done, he did not leave the others undone—the weightier matters of the law, the distinctive virtues of the gospel.

On coming to reside at Milan, he voluntarily resigned "benefices and estates to the value of 80,000 crowns per annum, reserving only an income of 20,000 crowns. The principality of Oria, which had become his property by the death of his brother, he sold for 40,000 crowns, which he commanded his almoners to distribute among the poor and the hospitals."‡ And we are further told, that when the list which the almoners showed him for the distribution amounted, by mistake, to 2000 crowns more, Borromeo said the mistake was too much to the advantage of the poor to be corrected, and that the whole was accordingly distributed in one day.§ Upon the duty and *privilege* of "bestowing one's goods to feed the poor" he laid the utmost stress; reminding us, in this respect, of Pascal, whose charity to the poor, his sister tells us, had always been great, and was vastly increased in his latter days,—and who loved to converse with her on this subject better than on any other—exhorting her, to use her own words, "*avec grand soin depuis quatre ans à me consacrer au service des pauvres, et à y porter mes enfans.*" "Il disait," among other arguments and importunities to this effect, "*que c'était la vocation générale des chrétiens, et qu'il ne fallait point de*

* Montaigne's *Essays*. XL.

† Ranke's "*Hist. of the Popes.*" Book III.

‡ Palmer.

§ "When his brother died, he also caused all the rich furniture and jewels of the family to be sold, and gave the price, which amounted to 30,000 crowns, to the poor. Several other cases of charity, on an equally large scale, might be added. His chief almoner was ordered to distribute among the poor of Milan, of whom he kept an exact list, 200 crowns every month. Borromeo would never permit any beggar to be dismissed without some alms, whatever he was."—*Ibid.*

marque particulière pour savoir si on y était appelé, parce que cela était certain; que c'est sur cela que Jésus Christ jugera le monde; et que quand on considèrait que la seule omission de cette vertu est cause de la damnation, cette seule pensée serait capable de nous porter de nous dépouiller de tout, si nous avions de la foi."* And truly *cette seule pensée*, not the least weighty of the immortal *pensées* of Pascal, had its weight with the Italian prelate of the previous century.

Borromeo's exertions during the plague at Milan are known and read of all men. He built a lazaretto, and tended the poor stricken pariahs, whom the pestilence had brought to pariah pass, with his own kind and unwearied hands. Walter Savage Landor, no eulogist of churchmen in general, still less of Italian churchmen in particular, is enthusiastic in homage to Saint Charles Borromeo:

Saint, beyond all in glory who surround
The throne above!
Thy placid brow no thorn blood-dropping crown'd,
No grief came o'er thy love,
Save what they suffer'd whom the Plague's dull fire
Wasted away,
Or those whom Heaven at last let worse Desire
Sweep with soft swoop away, &c.†

"Since his zeal," says Ranke, "was as pure and unsullied by worldly motives as it was persistent, since even in the hour of peril when the plague was raging,† he was unwearied in his solicitude for the bodily and spiritual health of those committed to his care, since every act of his bespoke nothing but disinterestedness and piety, his influence grew day by day, and Milan assumed a totally altered aspect. 'How shall I sufficiently praise thee, fairest of cities!' exclaims Gabriel Paleotto, towards the close of Borromeo's administration; 'I admire thy sanctity and religion; I see thee a second Jerusalem.' "§ It was good for corrupt Milan that she had been afflicted—and afflicted while her chief pastor was a Saint Charles—no hireling shepherd, that would flee when the wolf came, because he was an hireling; but one who remembered that the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. Such a pastor they best can rate at his true worth who feel what Keble expresses, in one of his sweetest strains, that

The world's a room of sickness; where each heart
Knows its own anguish and unrest;
The truest wisdom there, and noblest art,
Is his, who skills of comfort best;

* "Vie de Pascal, par Mde. Perier."

† Landor's "Last Fruit off an old Tree."

‡

"When o'er his desolated city fell
The livid plague's inexorable breath,
Oft, in the lazaretto's tainted cell,
Fervent, he prayed beside the couch of death.

"As through the fane the pale procession swept,
Before its shrine he bent in lowliest wise,
Imploring Heaven, in mercy, to accept
His life, for them, a willing sacrifice."

W. H. AINSWORTH: *Translations.*

§ Ranke.

Whom by the softest step and gentlest tone
 Enfeebled spirits own,
 And love to raise the languid eye,
 When, like an angel's wing, they feel him flitting by.*

A stanza one can hardly quote without fancying it suggested by Scutari and Florence Nightingale.

Borromeo's excellences stand out in the most prominent relief from the circumstances of his social position, and the temptations to which his affinity to the Pope subjected him. He was nephew to Pius IV.; but, as the historian of the Popes remarks, he regarded this relationship, and the contact into which it brought him with the weightiest affairs of government, not as conveying to him a right to any selfish indulgence, but as imposing duties to which he was to devote himself with all assiduity. "It redounds very greatly to his praise," says Jerome Lorenzo, in reference to Borromeo's early career, "that in the prime of his years, nephew to a pope whose favour he fully enjoys, and residing at a court where he might procure himself every kind of pleasure, he leads so exemplary a life." At this period his chief recreation seems to have been the collecting learned men about him of an evening—*réunions* commemorated by one of his biographers under the title of *Noctes Vaticanæ*—when the young *præses* would adroitly direct the conversation from Epicætetus and old heathen

Budge doctors of the stoic fur,

to questions of Church polity, doctrine, and discipline—lest any one of the *Noctes* should close on the ecclesiastic with the reflection, *Perdidi diem*. Man of action as Borromeo became, he was yet a littérateur on no insignificant scale. In 1747 his works were collected in five volumes folio—a world of print! His Manual of Religion has been warmly applauded by Frederic Schlegel† for its excellence philosophical, theological, and literary.

There is another monument, however, by means of which Borromeo is had in remembrance more vividly and far more widely than by any Remains in folio. Every traveller to Milan makes a point of seeing the chapel where the body of the Saint lies magnificently enshrined—the chosen spot indicated in his own epitaph, *Cupiens hoc loco sibi monumentum vivens elegit*—an epitaph duly inscribed

When Borromeo to the tomb
 Was borne 'mid all-pervading gloom,
 When dimm'd with tears was every eye,
 When breathed one universal sigh,—

* "Christian Year."

† "... Every new error—every new shape which the old Proteus may assume in the changing spirit of time, requires, not indeed a new philosophy . . . but a new direction and form given to philosophy, a new resuscitation of its powers. Indeed, the venerable bishop and holy man of God, St. Charles Borromeo, had in his Manual of Religion furnished an example, in which we see the utmost profundity of ascetic science united with a beautiful clearness of expression, and the greatest simplicity and purity of taste."—*Schlegel's Philosophy of History*, xvii.

We need scarcely remind the reader that this Schlegel, the younger of the brothers, had himself "gone over" to the Church of St. Charles, when he thus wrote.

no mere "windy suspiration of *forced breath*," a stranger assures us, that Scottish minstrel* who turns, however, from mourning over Borromeo to congratulate Gaspar Visconti on *his* promotion to the vacant see. From the books of travel, by Englishmen of mark, which, at sundry times, and in divers manners, have described this time-honoured "lying in state," we select two passages to the purpose—one from Addison, the other from Talfourd—with a century and a half between.

"There is just before the entrance of the choir," writes Addison, "a little subterraneous chapel, dedicated to St. Charles Borromée, where I saw his body, in episcopal robes, lying upon the altar in a shrine of rock-crystal. His chapel is adorned with abundance of silver work. He was but two-and-twenty years old when he was chosen Archbishop of Milan, and forty-six at his death; but made so good use of so short a time, by his works of charity and munificence, that his countrymen bless his memory, which is still fresh among them. He was canonised about a hundred years ago; and, indeed," adds the future Tatler and Spectator, in the true spirit of those coming shadows—"if this honour were due to any man, I think such public-spirited virtues may lay a juster claim to it, than a sour retreat from mankind, a fiery zeal against Heterodoxies, a set of chimerical visions, or of whimsical penances, which are generally the qualifications of Roman saints."†

"During the three days we spent at Milan," writes the late Mr. Justice Talfourd, "we made several visits to the cathedral, returning wearied from other sights to seek unfailing refreshment in beholding it; and, at last, we applied the silver key of five francs to the sepulchre where the great and good Cardinal Borromeo, in his proper person, lies amidst treasures of gold and gems. Whether the wealth be real or simulated is a question of little moment"—especially, we may remark in passing, to the cardinal himself;—"in either case the mockery of earthly pomp is the same; but the exhibition of the actual remains of famed and titled mortality has a freeing interest for 'us poor humans.' That chamber of the grave, which Sir Thomas Browne would think too garish, preserves something nearer to life than a skeleton or a mummy, in 'the quintessence of dust' which it contains. On that skin of parchment yet lingers—or seems to linger—an expression of anxious benevolence; painful like that which lives in the memory of all those who knew the living Charles Lamb, but retaining still a trace of ineffable sweetness yet claimed from the grave. In gazing on it with admiring sympathy, I felt assured that of all human qualities gentleness is the most imperishable in death as in life; because gentleness has in it none of the elements of decay which blend with fierce passions and proud virtues. Here, not only did the 'ashes of the just' in moral power achieve a victory over the grave, but the very dust itself bore witness to the angelic nature which possessed it living."‡

* Crichton. See Translations appended to Ainsworth's "Ballads, &c."

† Addison's "Remarks on Several Parts of Italy, &c., in the Years 1701, 1702, 1703."

‡ Talfourd's "Supplementary Vacation Rambles," ch. vii.

FIVE THOUSAND A YEAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY."

I.

ON a comfortable sofa by the side of a large fire in a spacious drawing-room, lay a lady, young and handsome. Not, however, in the extreme of youth, or in girlhood, for she had been a wife and mother some years, and was getting towards eight or nine and twenty. Her face was deathly to look upon. Not a shade of colouring appeared in its features, even in the lips; and the eyes were not like eyes, but like two lumps of lead set in there. She had recently passed through a perilous illness, and though so far recovered as to be in the drawing-room, it could not be said she was out of danger. Excessive debility, continued inward fever, and a cough that could not be got rid of, struggled with each other now, and kept her down. She was lying with her eyes closed, awake, but in a sort of unresisting stupor: she mostly lay so all day long, and had done so for the last ten weeks. One, drawing near, could have heard her laboured breathing, rendering her sentences, when she did speak, abrupt and broken.

The room door opened, and a lad of six came in; too boisterously—but how impart thoughtfulness to young children? He had his mother's handsome features, her expressive dark eyes, and her naturally fine colour. She slowly opened her eyes.

"I want to say good-by to you, mamma. Sophy was going to take me without, but I ran away from her."

"And have woke up your ma, like an obstinate boy as you are!" broke in Sophy. "I wonder, ma'am, you don't forbid his coming in, unless you please to ring for him."

"I thought you were already at school, Algernon," she panted. "Is it not late?"

"Half-past two," said Sophy.

It was on the stroke of three, but the servants had sat gossiping over their dinner, and Sophy did not hurry herself to move. She thought her mistress, lying there, would not know whether it was late or early. The child drew near to kiss her.

"Algernon, darling, be a good boy. Sophy, did you ask Mrs. Smith this morning how she was?"

"No, ma'am, I didn't think of it. She looked as usual." Mrs. Smith was Algernon's governess. She kept a day school. She was not strong, often complained of feeling ill, and Mrs. Grainger had got into the habit of asking Sophy how she was.

They left the room, and Mrs. Grainger relapsed into stillness. But thought came across her, troubling her mind, as it often did; though it made no outward sign.

Should she live? Or would this illness be her consignment to the grave? She could not bear to think of it: though her great weakness caused her to feel all anxiety, even this, less poignantly than would one in health. She could not bear to think of leaving her children; she

could not bear to think that another might ever usurp her place with her husband; be *his* wife, and their second mother. And yet—unless she speedily got better—

The room door opened again, and the same child entered. Sophy also.

"What has brought you back?" asked Mrs. Grainger.

"Mrs. Smith's very poorly, ma'am. Her head is so bad she felt it impossible to keep school this afternoon, so she has sent them all back again."

"How tiresome!" feebly uttered Mrs. Grainger.

"She desired her respects to you, ma'am, and she hoped you would excuse it for once, but that indeed she was too ill to bear their noise."

"Well, well; children *are* troublesome when one is ill. Take him into the nursery, Sophy, and help nurse to amuse them. Algie, dear child, I am not well enough to have you here."

The boy bounded off, full of life and spirits, intending to play with, or tease, his sister Isabel: and what with thinking, dozing, and restlessly turning, the invalid got through another hour or two. The servants came in now and then, to see to the fire, or to urge refreshment on their mistress, and the next interruption was from Mr. Grainger.

He was a remarkably good-looking man, full of spirits as his little son, and he came in with a merry smile on his face, and a cheering word. No words but cheering ones were ever heard from him. He edged himself on to the sofa, and leaning over his wife, kissed her repeatedly.

"Adam," she sighed, "I feel so low this afternoon! I know I shall never get better."

"You foolish girl! You are a mile and a half better than you were a week ago. And I have got some news for you."

"Yes?" she languidly answered.

"It's this. I called on Dr. Rice as I came home, and he assured me you were progressing towards recovery as fast as one, so ill as you have been, can progress. And he has engaged us to go there this day month, for he knows you will be ready for it."

"How stupid he is!"

"You will not say so when you find him right. You have not had the baby in worrying you; or Algernon?"

"No; not any of them."

"That's right! Did cook get you the oysters and do them nicely?"

"She got them, but it was of no use. I cannot eat."

"But you must eat, Margaret," he answered, in a more serious tone.

"It is no good going on, day after day, saying you cannot eat; you must eat."

"How can I? Everything I try to swallow is like dry chips in my throat. If my appetite should ever come back——"

"If! Now Margaret! How can you talk so? It is coming back. In a week's time you will be asking for mutton-chops all day long, and instead of your port wine being coddled into jelly, to take out the spirit and strength, you will be drinking half a dozen glasses a day."

She made no reply. Only sighed and got possession of his hand, lying with it pressed close to her, her eyes closed. He gazed at her in silence; and, now that she was not looking, the hopeful expression faded from his own face. He *knew* she was in a precarious state.

"Little has got into a splendid thing," he said, presently.

"Has he?"

"Some mines in Cornwall. He and some more fellows are going to work them. I expect, when the thing's regularly afoot, Little will be netting his thousands a year. It is astonishing to hear his account of the wealth opening to them. I have half a mind to drop my spare cash into it."

"Nonsense, Adam!"

"Of course I must hear more about it first, and be all sure. I am going out after dinner to meet Little, and look at his plans and papers."

"You will not stay late?" she said, anxiously. "I feel so dull in an evening."

"No fear, Margaret. I'll be off the minute dinner's over, and be back by eight; or half-past at latest. But don't you sit up till then: when you feel tired, go to bed."

Mr. Grainger's getting back at eight, proved to be ten. His head was whirling round with the grand projects for making wealth, just unfolded to him. They went out of it, however, when he found his wife still in the drawing-room, and he inquired, almost in anger, how she could be so imprudent.

"I waited for you," she said, scarcely able, now, to speak from exhaustion. "And I have too much bed. Up from it late, and going to it early! It makes me weaker. I know it does. To-morrow I shall get up to breakfast."

"Margaret! how can you speak so foolishly?"

"I shall. I shall get up and try it."

"Very well," he cheerfully said. He would not contest the point then, for she was in no state for it.

And the following morning she did get up. Not to breakfast, but directly after it. By ten o'clock she was in the drawing-room. Standing for a moment at the window, and looking out on the gay London street, she saw Sophy cross the road with Algernon in her hand, towards the house of the schoolmistress. It was partly within view, down a side street, at right angles with their own.

"Sad management!" she exclaimed, turning to her sofa. "Ten o'clock, and the child not taken! It is a sign I am away from everything."

She lay down, and presently, to her surprise, she heard the voice of Algernon on the stairs, talking to one of the servants. Sophy came in alone. "What have you brought him back for?" her mistress said, almost sharply.

"If you please, ma'am, Mrs. Smith is dead."

Mrs. Grainger rose up and looked at her, really doubting her ears.

"What do you say, Sophy?"

"Mrs. Smith is dead."

"Dead!"

"Dead, ma'am. She died in the night. Her husband says it was decline, and she knew she should not get well, but she bore up to the last to keep the scholars together. I expect they had nothing else to live upon, for he gets no teaching at his foreign languages. He is cut up

above a bit, poor man, and says he did not know it was so very near. She was only thirty-one : and he don't look so old."

Mrs. Grainger motioned the gossiping servant to leave the room, and sank back on her sofa. Sharp thought came over her with its adder stings. Dead ! And she had murmured in her heart at the child's being returned on their hands for *one* afternoon, fearful of his noise disturbing her, when this poor lady had struggled out her life in its midst !

II.

THE weeks rolled by, and Mrs. Grainger was recovering. Not quite so speedily as her physician had hopefully prophesied, but, on the whole, very well. A shade of pink was returning to her cheeks, she only lay down now and then, and, greatest sign of all, her naturally vigorous mind was resuming its tone. As to her husband, his whole thoughts and heart were concentrated upon one point—the Great Trebeddon Mines.

One day, a little later than his usual hour for returning, he came bustling in, tearing up the stairs four at a time. His wife was in the drawing-room, one of her little children on her knee.

"How are you, Margaret ? All right, I see. What have you got for dinner ?"

"For dinner !"

"Because I have asked Little. He'll be here in a minute or two."

"To-day ! I wish I had known. There's no time now to make any addition."

"Oh, Little's not particular. He will take pot-luck. I told him so. Really, Margaret, the vista opening to that man is truly astonishing."

"He is lucky."

"I am so glad you are well enough to be down with us in the dining-room, you will be so interested in what he says. Everybody must be. I declare I would rather have that man's prospects than be heir to the first dukedom in the three kingdoms."

Mrs. Grainger laughed.

"Indeed—there's his knock ! Pack off that child, Margaret. Stay ! I'll ring the nursery bell."

George Little was a man of forty ; but, in spite of his having attained that sober age, he was in no settled condition of life. The fact was, his was a nature too enthusiastic for common business. He had tried his hand at many things ; schemes chiefly ; and could not be said to have succeeded in any. Either he had grown tired of them, or they of him. A fine fortune, of his own, had long been dissipated, and he had always some new project on hand, by which it was going to be redeemed. He was good-hearted, good-natured, and good-tempered ; a little, quick man of rapid, eager speech, with a keen, dark eye, set deep in his head, and plenty of intellect above it. Just now he was wild—*wild*—about these mining schemes he had got hold of.

"Such a thing, ma'am !" he protested to Mrs. Grainger, when he was fairly launched on his subject after dinner, and his earnest look and tone proved his perfect faith in what he asserted, "such a piece of luck that is not met with once in a century ! You have heard of Trebeddon ?"

Mrs. Grainger had heard the place mentioned by her husband. She believed it was somewhere in Cornwall.

"In Cornwall it is, ma'am. Colonel Hartlebury bought it three years ago for an old song, neither buyer nor seller suspecting the mines of wealth hidden underneath. It is only recently the discovery has been made. There's a princely fortune, ma'am, for a dozen people and for their families after them, down to, I don't know how many generations, for one cannot calculate it."

"The mines are copper, I believe?"

"Copper and tin, Margaret," broke in Mr. Grainger, in an equally eager tone with his guest. "On the neighbouring estate of Trewater there has been—how much realised to the shareholders since it has been worked, Little?"

"The last year they netted about four thousand spiece. Something out of that was kept back for expenses, I forget what. You see, about a dozen only have got it in their own hands."

"But is there no risk for those entering on these enterprises?" inquired Mrs. Grainger.

"Not the slightest, if the thing is worked properly," answered Mr. Little. "It is as safe as the Bank."

"But I have heard of large fortunes being lost in mining speculations," she urged.

"Of course you have, ma'am. Set a man, or a body of men, to any business they don't understand, or have not the proper ability to conduct—say, only a shop of sweetmeats—the business will soon fall to the ground, and they with it. It is precisely the same thing with regard to the management of mines. A set of people, who know nothing about it, go hot-headed to work: they sink money here, and shafts there; the first recklessly, and the last wrongly. They can't get at the ore; or not in sufficient quantities to pay; the money keeps going out, and nothing comes in; soon they are at a stand-still for want of capital; the thing is talked about on 'Change as a mad speculation, and the public turn up their eyes, and wonder men can be so green. But the public forget that the valuable ore is there still, snug in its rich beds, and that the speculators have only gone the wrong way to get it out."

"Just so," applauded Mr. Grainger.

"I'll bring you home the last number of the *Mining Journal*, Mr. Grainger," added the guest, turning to him, "which will bear out what I say. You will there read an account of certain mines which have already yielded a profit of 2,000,000*l.* sterling to the company working them."

"2,000,000*l.* sterling!" interrupted Mr. Grainger, in an accent of admiration. "In Cornwall?"

"In Cornwall. And these very identical mines had been abandoned by the first workers of them! They went at it the wrong way, you perceive, ma'am; reaped only disappointment, lost their money, grew tired, and forsook them. Another body of men, cautious, wealthy, and experienced, stepped in, and have found their reward. Two millions sterling have that lucky company already netted, from what were looked upon as ruined mines."

"They must be a profitable source of wealth when they are judiciously managed," remarked Mrs. Grainger.

"Ma'am! the profits are too vast to be estimated. One's mind gets lost in the contemplation."

"I hear you are progressing well in these new mines of yours," she returned.

"More than well," answered Mr. Little, "they will soon prove a source of incalculable wealth. They abound in minerals of unusual value. The lodes already opened, both of copper and tin, are of superior quality: there's one beautiful lode of gray copper ore, the specimens of which do one's eyes good to look at. And there is already a quantity of Tribute ground opened, which will be available the instant the mine shall be at work."

"And that won't be long first, eh, Little?" said Mr. Grainger.

"Very shortly now. Then, ma'am, in the South strata mine the lodes are numerous; and so promising! There's the Wheal Bang, and the Wheal Providence, and the Wheal Round—but I need not enumerate them. The Wheal Bang, at the adit level, which is about twelve fathoms below the surface, is four feet wide, and shows a splendid goosum, soft sugar spar, iron pyrites, and rich copper ore. The goosum and quartz are of the finest description."

"I don't understand all those names," interrupted Mrs. Grainger, laughing.

Mr. Little laughed too. "Well, ma'am, I suppose you don't; they are not in a lady's way. But I can assure you they are all there, and I look upon it as the fortunate hour of my life when I was permitted to drop across them."

Mr. Grainger was beginning to look upon it as the fortunate hour of his. He had been bitten with the mania of speculation, and the disorder was taking rabid hold upon him. He had said to his wife that he felt induced to embark his spare cash in the Great Trebeddon scheme, and he forthwith hastened to do so. It was not much: and well had it been for Mr. Grainger had he embarked nothing more. But he lent his name, he lent his energies, and he lent his mind.

He held a lucrative appointment in one of our first-class insurance offices, which his father had held before him. His salary was already 1000*l.* per annum, and it was a progressing one. Surely enough to satisfy the moderate wishes of a reasonable man.

Still, a few more weeks went by. One evening, upon coming in, Mr. Grainger found his wife had only then entered, for he met the carriage driving from the door. He began to scold.

"Margaret, this is too late for you to be out. Recollect you are not strong yet."

"It is late for me, Adam, I know, but I was well wrapped up, and the carriage was closed. The truth is, I staid shopping——"

"The very worst thing you could do," he interrupted, without allowing her to finish. "You are not equal to it; and coming out to the air from those hot shops, even if only to step into a carriage, is not well for you. As if you could not have sent for what you might want!"

"I wanted a dress. I could not trust any one to choose that. It is for baby's christening."

"What christening?"

"Baby's, I say. He is five months old: quite time he was christened."

"Isn't it done?"

"Done! Why, Adam, I think Mr. Little and his mines have put other things out of your head! He was only baptised."

"I knew it was something of the sort. But—about your going shopping. It was very imprudent, Margaret. I would have chosen your dress."

"You!" laughed Mrs. Grainger. "You don't know silk from woollen, stripes from checks."

"Don't I! Only try me."

"I will. I will try you now. I could not decide in the shop, so they put two or three in the carriage for me to choose from here. There are the parcels, if you will open them."

He did so. And displayed three silk dresses.

"What is that?—a fourth!" exclaimed Mrs. Grainger, detecting another parcel. "Oh, it is that handsome one. I told them not to send that. Sly traders! they thought to tempt me, did they! Is it not beautiful, Adam?"

"Very. Much better than the others. Why don't you fix upon it?"

"Ah, why indeed! Do you guess the price?"

"Not I. A pound or two."

"For shame! You do know better than that, Adam. As if any dress in silk, worth having, was to be bought for 'a pound or two!' What is the use of our wearing nice dresses, if you gentlemen think no better of them than that. This is eight guineas."

"A long price," observed Mr. Grainger, carelessly. "Never mind, Margaret. Buy it."

"I don't think I am justified in giving so much," she said, in a serious tone. "They pressed it upon me in the shop, but I would not look at it twice. The fact is, Adam, I do not much want a new dress, for I have plenty of good ones, only I thought I should like to wear something new at little Walter's christening."

"You would like this dress, I see, Margaret."

"I should like it, but——"

"I will give it you."

Margaret laughed. "That will be something like robbing Peter to pay Paul. Whether it comes out of your pocket or mine, Adam, I suspect it is much the same."

"My dear, you need not hesitate at the price of a dress. Eight guineas is an insignificant item, taken in connexion with the income that will soon be ours. In a little while, if you choose to give eight times eight guineas for a dress, you may do so."

"Dear me! It seems as if one could not realise it. Yet we have been quite happy! we seem to have had all our wants fully supplied."

"Here—who's that?" he suddenly called out, hearing some one pass the door—"Sophy? Oh, it's you, Jemima," he added, as the nurse appeared. "Take that into your mistress's room." And he proceeded to pack up the rejected silks.

"They will be sent for presently," said Mrs. Grainger. "Adam, is it really true that so great a fortune is opening to us?"

"My dear, my share will not be a farthing less than five thousand a year. I wish I was not hampered with that confounded office, I should be down in Cornwall on the spot, hastening the works on. However, it will not be long before I emancipate myself from it. Would you like a trip into Cornwall, Margaret?"

"When I am stronger."

"It would be the very thing for you, I know, and do the children good. Suppose we go down for three or four months when the weather gets warm! We could get a furnished house, I dare say, in the neighbourhood of Trebeddon."

"And let this for the time?"

"Let this! No; give it up. I don't mind sacrificing some rent. When we return, we shall require a residence of far superior style to this. I saw Little to-day, Margaret, and he says they have begun to sink the whim-shaft."

"Whim-shaft?" echoed Margaret.

"About sixty-five fathoms east of the big engine shaft, in the Great Tin Lode, last discovered," ran on Mr. Grainger, too hurriedly to stop for explanation. "That tin lode is of exceeding richness, he says, and from nine to eleven feet wide, ten fathoms below high-water mark; and it is so situated with the adjoining lodes that one engine will work the whole. You don't understand, I see. Were you ever down in a mine, Margaret?"

"No," she answered, with an amused look.

"You shall go down one, and see its wonders."

"But do ladies venture down such places?"

"Oh, it's nothing, if they have plenty of pluck. How delighted Algie will be to explore it! I shall take him down. The miners, round about, think these works of ours will yield a larger return than any in the district," added Mr. Grainger, returning to his hobby. "They are putting up smiths' shops, powder and material houses, and I don't know what all."

"It must be running away with a deal of money, Adam!"

"Of course. But only think of the returns! We are fortunate in one thing—that the lord's dues are so moderate. Only one-sixteenth."

"What did you say?" echoed Mrs. Grainger, in a reproving tone. "Whose dues?"

"The lord of the manor. What else did you think I spoke of?" he asked, looking at her. "The lord of the manor always has his lien on these things."

"Oh!" said Margaret.

The following morning, upon Mr. Grainger's entering the offices of the insurance company, at his customary hour, he was requested to walk into the directors' private room. Two of them were there, the chairman, and Mr. Phelps. They were growing in years now, and had been directors in his father's lifetime.

"Mr. Grainger—take a seat—we have requested you to step in here for the purpose of answering a question or two that we wish to put to you. Do you know anything of this?"

The chairman, as he spoke, opened a printed sheet of paper, and set it before him. Not a second glance at it needed Mr. Grainger. It was

the flaming prospectus of the Great Trebeddon Mining Company, which had been issued forth to the public; his own name appearing in it as large as life.

The chairman laid his finger upon the spot. "‘Adam Grainger, Esquire:’ that must be you."

"It is, sir."

"Did you not know that it is a rule of this office that none of its clerks, superior or inferior, may connect themselves, in any way whatever, with any private or public company?"

"No, I did not," said Mr. Grainger, the colour flushing into his face at being, as he looked upon it, dictated to; he, a man of five thousand a year in prospective!

"That is strange. Your father knew it well. I think it must have escaped your memory."

A dim recollection began to come over Mr. Grainger that there was some such rule in existence. He had completely forgotten it.

"My being connected with the Trebeddon mines cannot make less efficient my services here," he said.

"That is not the question," interposed Mr. Phelps. "The rule is the rule, and all must abide by it. If you are suffered to transgress it, why may not every one else in our employ?"

Mr. Grainger bit his lip.

"Besides, your being connected with an excitable scheme like this, does render your services here less efficient," observed the chairman. "Your thoughts are naturally given to this new business, and taken from your legitimate duties."

"It is not a *scheme*," fired Mr. Grainger, "it is a tangible, *bonâ fide* undertaking. The mines are second to none in England for richness of ore: they will yield immense returns."

"They don't yield them yet," curtly remarked the speaker, looking at Mr. Grainger through his spectacles. "I suspect they are absorbing funds, instead of yielding them."

"Of course they are, sir, at present. Nothing can be done, in any business, without an outlay at the first onset."

"May I ask how much of it you have contributed, as your share?"

"All I had," was the answer. "About three thousand pounds."

"Ah. Take my advice, Mr. Grainger, let your three thousand pounds go, and say nothing about the loss," said the chairman. "In after years you may count the loss a gain, if it shall have taught you prudence."

"Ay, ay," nodded Mr. Phelps—"let it go, let it go."

"Let my three thousand pounds *go*!" ejaculated Adam Grainger, believing the two grey-haired gentlemen before him must be candidates for Bedlam. "What for?"

"You will never get a shilling returned upon them, and you'll only plunge deeper into the mire."

"Have you heard any ill of the Trebeddon mines?" Mr. Grainger scarcely dared to inquire.

"Nothing at all: but we know the nature of these things. We are unacquainted with the 'Great Trebeddon' except from this prospectus, and from the advertisements."

"I thought it could not be," he said, in a relieved tone. "It is the finest prospect, sir, that has appeared for years."

"If it is like other mining prospects, it will be 'fine,' " observed the chairman. "They generally end in the ruin of all connected with them."

"Two ignorant old savages!" was the mental compliment of Mr. Grainger.

"However—to bring the matter in question to an issue, Mr. Grainger. It resolves itself into this: either you must give up the Great Trebeddon, or you must give up your post with us."

"I have been contemplating the probability of my giving up my post here later," he replied.

"It must be one or the other *now*," cried the chairman.

Mr. Phelps rose and laid his hand on the younger man's shoulder. "I regarded your father with no common esteem," he said, "and for his sake—and, it may be, a little for your own—I take an interest in you. *Be persuaded*. Look upon this new scheme with our eyes of experience, and remain with us. You will do so, if you know when you are well off."

"I expect in a short time to be clearing my five thousand a year from these mines," said Mr. Grainger, in a low tone. "There are not many of us in it, and the returns to be divided will be enormous."

The chairman coughed, not a pleasant cough to Adam, for it sounded full of mocking unbelief. "We shall be sorry to lose your services, Mr. Grainger," he said, suppressing its sound. "Rather than do so, we will make it better worth your while to stay with us: your salary shall be raised to twelve hundred a year. Reflect well before you reject it: a bird in the hand is worth half a dozen in the bush, remember."

"I thank you greatly, sir. But I would not give up the prospects opening to me for twice twelve hundred."

"Take till next Monday to consider," interposed Mr. Phelps. "We do not insist upon your answer to-day."

"If you prefer to receive it then," was the somewhat ungracious reply, "but it will be the same."

"Understand one thing, Mr. Grainger," said the chairman, in a sharp, decisive tone, for nothing vexed him like obstinacy; "we have gone from our usual course to give you this warning out of regard to your late father: any other than you would have received summary dismissal. If, after this, you do give up your situation in this house, you give it up for ever. Under no circumstances will you be permitted to enter it again. I pass you my word of that, as chairman of the board of directors."

"Sir," returned Adam Grainger, "what could induce me to wish to re-enter it? My fortune will be made."

"Very well, sir. Our interview for to-day is over."

"Until Monday next," added Mr. Phelps.

"Margaret!" cried Mr. Grainger, bounding into his wife's presence when he reached home, "it's all done."

He spoke in an unusually joyous tone, and she looked brightly up, expecting, probably, that the first year's five thousand pounds had arrived in a parcel.

"Yes! What is it?"

"Those old governors at the office have saved me the trouble of resigning. They called me in this morning, the chairman and Phelps, to tell me they were ready to discharge me."

"Is that all?" said Margaret. "I suppose they knew you were getting above the situation—in fortune, I mean—and graciously released you."

"Oh did they though! They are a couple of slow old tubs, who can't get beyond the jog-trot way of their forefathers. Those sort of folks, you know, Margaret, who would rather jolt from here to York in the waggon than risk the railway. They gave me a lecture upon prudence,—as keen a one as ever I had from my father—and urged me to send the mines to the right-about, and stop with them."

"Indeed!"

"They would raise me to twelve hundred a year, they said, if I would have done with the Trebeddon. And if not——"

"What?" asked Mrs. Grainger.

"There was the alternative of leaving them at once. By Monday next I must do one or the other. They need not ransack their brains as to which it will be."

"So soon!"

"Some old rule they recalled to my recollection, which I declare I had forgotten, that no one employed in the company must put a finger into any other pie. I would not have minded stopping on a quarter of a year longer, till the warm weather has come in and the thing is more afloat. But I don't care about it. It is as well as it is. So in a few days, Margaret, I shall be my own master: a gentleman at large."

"Adam," said Mrs. Grainger, thoughtfully, "do you consider it will be prudent to throw up your situation before you receive returns from the other?"

"I cannot retain it, as I have connected myself with the mines. Did you not understand me?"

"You are *sure* of these returns from the mines?"

"The returns are as sure as if I had them at this moment in my hand. And speedy, too, Margaret."

Still Mrs. Grainger looked thoughtful. "A thousand a year—twelve hundred you say now, I am sure they are very liberal—is a serious sum to give up without equivalent. Remember, we have four children."

"Without equivalent!" repeated Mr. Grainger, opening his eyes in wonder. "Why, Margaret, you are taking a leaf from old Phelps's book. Who would be such a simpleton as to give it up without equivalent? Not I, you may be sure. The equivalent will come in the shape of four or five times as much."

"Well, you understand business matters better than I do. But I wish you could retain your post until the other was assured."

"I have explained why I cannot. And you would not recommend me to resign my share in the mines, I conclude," he retorted, in a sterner manner than he commonly used to his wife—"to abandon my hopes, and my money, and all the glorious prospects that have dawned upon us; you would not wish that?"

"No, certainly not."

"As I thought. Then I must adopt the only alternative, and resign my post. Don't look so gloomy, Margaret."

"Did I look gloomy? I did not know it. I was only thinking——"

"What were you thinking?"

"Adam, let me speak out. I know your nature is so very sanguine that I think you see things with a brighter hue than most men. I was thinking, if the Trebeddon mines should not turn out as you expect—if they *should* fail—where should we be?"

"Upon my word and honour, Margaret, you pay me a very high compliment. How long have you thought me a fool? Do you suppose I cannot see my way before me clearer than that? It is not a bit of use talking to women about business," he continued, chafing considerably, "for they can't understand it."

"My dear husband, your interests and mine are the same," she gently said. "If I beg you to be cautious and prudent, it is for your sake as much as ours. Think of the children."

"I do think of them: and of you, too. It is for their future that I am anxious to amass wealth. Were I a single man, with only myself to look to, I might go on in the old humdrum way. Twelve hundred a year would suffice for all I want."

Mr. Grainger no doubt spoke as he thought: that if he had nobody but himself, he would be content with his salary. He was unconscious how thoroughly he was mistaken; he was unconscious that the speculating mania was upon him, and that the power urging him on was *not* the future interest of his family, but the fever of the disorder. There is no cure for it, none, until it has had its course. A pretty sharp cure generally comes then.

III.

THE time went on to autumn; say, rather, to the beginning of winter. No particular change had yet taken place, save perhaps in the manner of Mr. Grainger: anxiety, disappointment, and hope deferred, were rendering his naturally sweet temper an irritable one. The Great Trebeddon Mines could not be said to have failed, and they could not be said to have prospered; they were hovering between the two. One of the unhappy speculators who had purchased a right in them, was in the habit of likening them to the horse-leech; since they sucked in all the money that could be raised for them, and were continually asking for more. Give, give! give, give! it was their incessant cry: but they seemed determined to render nothing in return. Mr. Grainger had been down to the mines. The first time he remained a fortnight, and had come up enraptured: the second time he remained three weeks, and had come up more enraptured still; the third and last time, he had returned not quite so much so. Mr. and Mrs. Grainger were yet in their house: the period not having come to remove to a superior one, as he had anticipated; though a doubt was arising, now, whether they would stay in it much longer. Perhaps the doubt was arising whether they *could* stay in it.

"Adam," his wife said to him about this time, her face wearing a look of anxious uneasiness, "I really must have some money to go on

with. Do you know that the tradespeople are beginning to refuse further trust?"

"What tradespeople?" he fiercely asked.

"None are so attentive as they formerly were; so anxious to send for orders. But the butcher is growing troublesome."

"An ungrateful dog!" exclaimed Mr. Grainger. "Seven years and more have we been good customers to him, and paid him weekly! What does the fellow mean?"

"Adam, don't be cross; that will not mend matters: we must put ourselves in their places before we blame them. It is six months—eight nearly—since they have received any money, and they know you are no longer in the insurance-office. I wonder they have given us credit so long as this. I have been wishing—if you have no objection—to discharge two of the servants. We can do very well with the others."

"Margaret, you will drive me mad! What in the world is the good of taking the gloomy view of things? To talk in this way, is to dispirit one for everything. It cannot be long, now, before we have returns: the ore is in the mines and must be made to realise. We shall soon have money."

"So we have thought this six months," she ventured to say, "and it does not come. By discharging two of the servants, we should lessen expenses so far. It will be better to do it."

"Yes! and to stop our credit at once by letting it be known in the neighbourhood that we are compelled to curtail our establishment! You cannot see an inch beyond your nose, Margaret!"

Mrs. Grainger thought she could see much further, but did not contest the point. "They are asking for their wages," she said.

"They must wait," was his authoritative answer.

"And there is something else being asked for. Though really, Adam, I cannot bear to speak of these things, you take me up so sharply."

"Not you, Margaret," he said, in a softer tone; "but these stupid people vex me with their fears. What is it that is being asked for?"

"The rent," she said, in a low tone.

"The rent! What, old Barker?"

"He called when you were gone to the City yesterday. He said he was sorry to be pressing, but he feared you had got into a mess that you would not readily get out of, and of course he must look to his own interest. He spoke civilly."

"Civilly you call it?" foamed Mr. Grainger. *What* did he say—that I was got into a mess?"

"Mess or mesh: I did not rightly hear, and did not ask him. I don't think he will wait much longer, Adam. Three quarters are owing now."

"The insolent old wretch! Afraid of three quarters of a year's rent!—from me! The thief must have taken leave of his senses."

"Adam, I do not think you see things quite in their right light. If we were as we used to be, people would not mind waiting years for their money; wait, and never ask for it. But it is the fact of your not doing anything just now, of your not being in a way of making money, that alarms them. If——"

"I won't talk with you any longer," impatiently interrupted Mr. Grainger; "you are as senseless as they are. Not in any way of

making money, when you know that the mining operations are going on, and that thousands must be on their way to us! I am astonished at you, Margaret."

He flung out of the room as he spoke, encountering one of the servants outside. "Mr. Little has called, sir," she said. "He is in the dining-room."

"Little! Oh, that's right; the very man I should like to see. So you have returned?" he exclaimed, shaking hands with his guest.

"Came up last night."

"And how go on things in Cornwall?"

"Well—slower than we should like to see them," hesitated Mr. Little. "The fact is, there has been more trouble getting these mines in working order than any of us anticipated. Things looked so promising at first."

"Do you mean to say they don't look promising now?" wrathfully demanded Mr. Grainger.

"They are as promising as ever. But the difficulty is to realise the promises. We are at a standstill for want of money."

"Not a complete standstill?"

"I am sorry to say we are."

"Childe must advance it."

"Childe won't. I have just been to him, and he flew in a regular passion, says he washes his hands of the lot, and wished the mines had been in a certain hot place before he had ever heard of them. But I caught a whisper, down at Trebeddon, that Childe had been burning his fingers with some other speculation, and had not got the money to advance. I firmly believe it is so."

"Colonel Hartlebury?"

"He is cleaned out. Down to his half-pay."

Mr. Grainger sat and drummed on the table. "How much is wanted now?" he asked.

"About two thousand pounds, we compute——"

"Why it was two thousand pounds three months ago, and you have had double that since!" interrupted Mr. Grainger.

"It was that influx of water that played the deuce with us. But we now believe, and with reason, that two thousand would bring the ore into the market. Of course every step has advanced us nearer to it?"

"What is to be done?"

"Can't you give us a little more help, Mr. Grainger?"

"You may as well ask this table for help as me. Those bills you got me to sign, and raise money upon, will soon be due, and I don't possess a brass farthing towards meeting them. It is a good thing Mrs. Grainger knows nothing about them; they would worry her mind night and day."

"We are all in the same predicament," cried Little.

"No you are not," was the quick response of Mr. Grainger. "You have none of you got bills out."

"If we don't get the ore into the market speedily, it will play Old Gooseberry with us all."

"We *must* get it in, Little."

"I know we must. But I don't see how it's to be done, unless money

can be found. There's not five hundred pounds among us, for available purposes."

"Have you seen Green?"

"No. I am going to call upon him when I go back to the City. He can do nothing."

"I'll go with you," said Mr. Grainger. "We must stir heaven and earth about this. It would be desperation for it to fail now."

"And a debtor's gaol and the Bankruptcy Court after it," spluttered Little.

Adam Grainger's face flushed hot, and he passed his handkerchief over it. It grew hotter and hotter.

"Better set on and hang ourselves than stand that," added Little, as they went out.

Does anybody remember two remarkable plates in the book of "Martin Chuzzlewit?" The wondrous city of Eden as it appeared in print, and the wondrous city of Eden as it proved in reality. Does he remember Martin's rapture, his uplifted hands and eyes when reverently contemplating the public buildings in the picture; his indignation at Mark Tapley's somewhat suspicious remark, "Perhaps they grew spontaneous?" Just what that flourishing city of Eden, in print, was to the enraptured mind of Martin Chuzzlewit, had the Great Trebeddon mining scheme been to Adam Grainger; and just what the city proved to be when the two expectant travellers reached it—a feverish swamp, a wild ruin—had the Great Trebeddon Mines faded to now.

But did even this effect the cure, and serve to open the eyes of Mr. Grainger? Not it. Not yet. If he had had ten thousand pounds at his command, he would still have thrown it into the yawning gulf. But he had not the ten thousand; no, nor ten pounds.

Need the reader be told the sequel? The Great Trebeddon Mines proved a failure. Whether from want of copper and tin, or from want of capital to disembowel them, is of no consequence here; they failed, and ruin overtook many who had connected themselves with them. The most perfect ruin fell upon Adam Grainger. Christmas was allowed to pass, and then all the ill came rushing on at once. The bills he had accepted became due, and he was sued upon them; the report of the failure of the mines flew about far and wide; the landlord paid him a visit in the peculiar fashion loved by landlords, and all the tradespeople came down upon him together. And soon, worse than all, Mrs. Grainger had to battle out her trials alone, as she best could, for her husband was taken to cool his ardour inside the walls of the Queen's Bench prison. He had better have kept to his twelve hundred a year!

And so that was the ending of the Great Trebeddon Mines, and of the happiness and prosperity of Adam Grainger and his home. If some who read this would but take warning for themselves! There are a few such schemes agate now.

SIR JOHN MALCOLM.*

SITTING, one evening, after a sultry day's ride, in a garden at Kauzerun, between Bushire and Shiraz, an elderly-looking native introduced himself to us by uttering a few broken sentences in English with that peculiar guttural twang which is better known than easily described, and which is sometimes assumed by those who unite moral to physical intrepidity, a warm heart in a rough husk—*mens sana in corpore sano*.

Such was Sir John Malcolm, to be able to mimic whom our Persian friend thought to be quite sufficient to warrant his introducing himself to any Englishman. His was just the character to be admired by the timid, wily, obsequious Persian. Sir R. K. Porter says of him, in his "Travels:" "It was delightful to me to begin a journey so tracked; for everywhere that I went in the empire where his mission had led him, still I found his remembrance in the hearts of the inhabitants. In many of the villages the people date their marriages or the births of their children from the epoch of his visit amongst them; for wherever he appeared his goodness left some trace of himself, and the peasants often said to me, that if the rocks and trees had suddenly the power of speech, their first word would be 'Malcolm.'"

Malcolm was characterised by fearlessness of heart and activity of body as a boy. The Westerkirk schoolmaster used to declare, whatever wild pranks were committed, that "Jock was at the bottom of them." When about to take his departure, as the old nurse was combing his hair, she said to him, "Now, Jock, my mon, be sure when you're awa' ye kaim your head and keep your face clean; if ye dinna, ye'll just be sent hame agen." "Tut, woman," was the answer, "ye're aye se feard; ye'll see if I were awa' amang strangers, I'll just do weel aneugh." Again, when introduced to the board of directors at the India House, to receive his commission, at that time a little fellow only twelve years old, one of the board said to him, tauntingly, "Why, my little man, what would *you* do if you were to meet Hyder Ali?" "Do, sir," said the young aspirant, in prompt reply, "I would out with my sword and cut off his head." "You will do," was the rejoinder; "let him pass."

Once launched in the service, young Malcolm made friends of all who came in contact with him by his frank, open manners, his sunny temper, and his genial, playful spirit. His first service was to receive Hyder Ali's prisoners under Sir Thomas (then Major) Dallas's escort, with two companies of Sepoys. "When the detachment met the prisoner's escort, a bright-faced, healthy English boy was seen by the latter riding up to them on a rough pony. Dallas asked him after his commanding officer. 'I am the commanding officer,' said young Malcolm. Amid something of pride on one side and amusement on the other, a friendship was formed

* The Life and Correspondence of Major-General Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B., late Envoy to Persia and Governor of Bombay. By John William Kaye. Two Vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

between the two which nothing but death terminated. Dallas, who lived to a green old age, survived to see the bright-faced English boy grow into one of the most distinguished officers of his day."

In his regiment he went by the name of "Boy Malcolm," and his own master before he was fourteen, it is not surprising that he soon got immersed in debt :

One anecdote relating to this period of his life is extant. Being with his regiment at some out-station, and in very straitened circumstances, paying off his debts, I believe, as best he could, and scorning to borrow from his comrades, he was often sore beset for a meal. One day the colonel of his regiment sent for him, and said, "I don't see any smoke come out of the chimney of your cook-room, Malcolm—come and breakfast with me." The young soldier fired up at this indelicate invitation—an unwarrantable interference, as he thought, in his private affairs; and he either actually called out the colonel, or was with difficulty restrained from sending the challenge. I have heard, too, that at one time, in the course of these years of early struggle—probably at the identical period to which the above anecdote refers—an old native woman in the bazaar voluntarily supplied him with provisions, for the payment of which, she declared, she was content to wait his own time and convenience. For the good feeling thus displayed, Malcolm was ever grateful; and his gratitude took a practical shape, for he pensioned the good woman to the end of her days.

Young Malcolm, however, soon began to see the folly of his ways, and the work of reform was so rapid, that before he was nineteen he was appointed to act as adjutant of his detachment. It was soon after this that the war with Tippoo Sultan brought with it all the hardships and perils of active service. This first campaign was the turning-point in Malcolm's career. After co-operating a short time with the Nizam's troops, he became acquainted with Sir John Kennaway, Mr. Graeme Mercer, and others of the diplomatic corps then representing British interests at the court of Hyderabad. "The high position which they occupied; the important duties entrusted to them; the stirring life which they led, fired his young ambition. He began to ask himself whether he might not do likewise. A new world opened out before him. He burned to be a diplomatist."

But he soon found that success in such a career was not to be attained without labour. He must be acquainted with the language of the native courts. But that which has repelled many at the very onset was only a stimulus to young Malcolm. He laid aside his gun, and "manfully" declared that he would not fire another shot, or mount his horse again, until he had made some progress in his studies, and it was in vain that his younger companions laughed at him, and endeavoured to lure him back to his old pursuits. He began also at the same time not only to reflect, but to record his reflections upon the interesting events that were passing before him; upon the character of the people by whom he was surrounded; the nature of the connexion existing between the British power and the native states, and the conduct to be observed by the former. He was, in a word, as his biographer remarks, preparing himself to graduate in the school of diplomacy, eager for an opening whereby he might obtain admission even to the lowest class.

His advance was impeded for a moment by sickness, but it was only for a brief time, and on joining Lord Cornwallis's camp before Seringa-

patam, his merits were recognised and rewarded by an appointment as Persian interpreter to the detachment serving under the Nizam. From that time to the close of his career he was uninterruptedly employed on the staff. The climate of the country had, however, for some time been doing its sure work upon Malcolm's constitution. He had been much exposed to the sun during the worst season of the year, and his health had suffered to such an extent that he was obliged to seek the sea-side, and ultimately, in February, 1794, after some twelve years' service, to embark for England.

Malcolm was not idle during his short stay in England. He took a part in the controversy then going on respecting the comparative position of the company's army and the royal service, and prosecuted his studies in Edinburgh. The ensuing spring he again left the country, his health restored and his mind invigorated, as secretary to General Clarke, on a secret expedition. This was no less than the transfer of the Cape colony from the Dutch burghers into the hands by which it has ever since been retained,—an event of which Malcolm has left us what his biographer justly terms one of the clearest narratives extant.

On his return to India in the cold season of 1795-96, Malcolm found himself still a lieutenant. But as General Harris, on assuming the duties of commander-in-chief in Bengal, appointed him on his staff, he was in a better position than many a much older officer. For a short time he held the position of town-major of Fort St. George. On the arrival of Lord Wellesley, in 1798, Malcolm, now a captain, forwarded some of the papers which he had drawn up on the native states of India, and was gratified in return by an appointment as assistant resident at the court of Hyderabad. "John Malcolm's foot," says his biographer, "was now fairly in the stirrup, and he felt that, God willing, there was nothing to keep him from riding straight to the top of the hill."

Lord Wellesley was bracing himself up for the coming contest with the Sultan of Mysore. The first great point, and one which Malcolm had always advocated, was the overthrow of the French power at Hyderabad. By the combined energy and decision of Kirkpatrick and of himself, this was effected without a drop of blood being shed. Eleven or twelve thousand men were dispersed in a few hours; and the whole cantonment, with all their storehouses, arsenals, gun-foundries, and powder-mills were completely in our possession. "The celebrated French corps of Hyderabad had passed into a tradition."

This accomplished, Malcolm, in obedience to a summons he had received from the governor-general, hastened to Bengal, and was soon admitted into the councils of Government House:

He carried with him the colours of the annihilated French corps. He had much to tell of what he had seen within the last few memorable weeks. His local knowledge and experience were serviceable to the State. His cheerfulness seemed to exhilarate, and his energy to invigorate, all with whom he came in contact. In the full flush of early manhood, with a noble presence and a fine open countenance, full of animation and intelligence; quick in his movements, vivacious in discourse, glowing with the fire of enterprise, eager for action, he was just the man to encourage the faint, to stimulate the apathetic, to breathe confidence into all. He was just the man, too, whom Lord Wellesley wanted. Their principles were identical; their views accorded wonderfully; they had abundant faith in each other. It was not that Malcolm modulated his opinions

in harmony with the Governor-General's. He had formed them, indeed, long before Lord Wellesley arrived, and had longed for a Governor-General with sufficient vigour to become their practical exponent. The "coming man," for whom he had looked so eagerly, was already realising his *beau idéal* of an Indian statesman. His admiration was genuine; his affection was sincere; for the new Governor-General was, as he said, a man after his own heart, and he felt that it was a glorious thing to be permitted to share his glory.

Malcolm soon became very popular in the Government House circle, and he embarked, in the early winter of 1798-99, on board one of the vessels which was to accompany the governor-general and his suite to Madras, whither Lord Wellesley was going to direct the operations of the war against Tippoo Sultan. Arrived there, Malcolm was employed to expedite the advance of the Nizam's auxiliaries. The men were so mutinous, that Meer Allum, the native commander, was glad to hand over the command of the entire infantry force to Malcolm. He arranged them into battalions under British officers, who assisted in bringing them into a proper state of discipline and order, and ultimately the service which the regiments rendered contributed greatly to the success of the campaign. To this confederate force—consisting as it did entirely of native troops—it was considered expedient to attach a European regiment. The corps selected for this service was his Majesty's 33rd, and the brother of the governor-general—Arthur Wellesley—was appointed to its command, and to that of the whole of the auxiliary force. It was an important incident in the life of John Malcolm. "It brought," says his biographer, "the two men for the first time into contact; taught them to understand and appreciate each other; and laid the foundation of a friendship which lasted throughout their lives."

The progress and results of the war belong to history. "On the 4th of May," wrote Malcolm to Lord Hobart, "all our labours were crowned with the completest victory that ever graced the British annals in India. A state that had been the rival of the Company's government for nearly thirty years was on that day wholly annihilated." Seringapatam was taken, and Tippoo Sultan slain.

The war with Tippoo Sultan concluded, and the labours of a first secretaryship to a Mysore commission brought to a happy close, the politics of the great Indian peninsula had to give place in the mind of John Malcolm to others, which involved equally important interests, and which embraced a still more extensive theatre of action. He was appointed ambassador to the court of Persia, whither no accredited envoy from the British government had proceeded since the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The objects of the mission were to relieve India from the annual alarm of Zemaun Shah's invasion, to counteract the designs of France, at that time busy in Central Asia, and to restore to some part of its former prosperity a trade which had been in a great degree lost. On his way, Malcolm touched at Muscat, and negotiated a treaty of peace and friendship with the Imaum, and on the 1st of February, 1800, he landed at Bushire.

Malcolm's principles with the Persians were very simple. They were to be straightforward, honest, and resolute in speech and act, the sticking to forms and the distribution of "corban," or presents. The liberality of Malcolm has become proverbial in Persia. The thing was, however, altogether a mistake. The Persians, like all avaricious Easterns, are delighted with presents, but one moment after they neither esteem nor regard the

donor a jot more than they did before. It was not for his gifts that Malcolm was loved and esteemed by the Persians. It was for his manly, plain-speaking qualities, his intimacy with the people, and all around him, and for his bold, uncompromising spirit. Yet no sooner at Bushire than a miserable Arab sheikh received at the very onset "a wonderful supply of jewelled watches, double-barrelled guns, achromatic telescopes, huntsmen's knives, and coloured broadcloths." "Present-giving," his biographer remarks, actually "lubricated the road before him."

Among other absurdities, the ambassador was charged with some gigantic mirrors as presents for the Shah. Twelve hundred men had to be employed in transporting them on their heads from Bushire to Shiraz. They were more than two months in accomplishing the task, and the officers in charge of them extorted about 4000*l.* sterling from the districts through which they passed. From Shiraz, Malcolm resolved that the nuisances should be forwarded on mule-frames purposely constructed, accompanied by an escort of cavalry and infantry.

The embassy was attended after all with but negative results. There were a commercial and a political treaty; the one was sanctioned, the other in part anticipated by the sickness of Zemaun Shah, and in part rejected, more especially in the stipulations demanded, and which would have put the English in possession of the islands of Kishm, Anjam, and Kharg, or Kharak, in the Persian Gulf. It has even been questioned if the treaties were ever formally concluded and rendered binding on the two states.

The most absurd part of the whole transaction was that an ambassador was despatched from Teheran to Bombay, after Malcolm's return to India, to obtain the formal ratification of the treaties, and was shot in endeavouring to quell a riot that had broken out between his retainers and some of the English Sepoys forming his guard of honour.

Lord Wellesley found plenty for an active-minded man like Malcolm to do on his return to India. A journey to the Upper Provinces was followed by a mission to Madras, and that by a mission to Bombay, and a moment's repose was only gained by an appointment to the Mysore residency. On one of his journeys Malcolm was made a prisoner of by a petty chief, and he gives a very amusing account of his detention in a remote mountain village. His biographer avers that there is nothing in all his writings more characteristic of the man than the account given by him of the steps which he took to ingratiate himself with this little community of villagers.

The life of Malcolm thus becomes necessarily a history of those important military and diplomatic operations by which the English made themselves masters of the continent of Hindostan. Having, then, the choice of episodes, we turn to such as are connected with Persia, as being of the greatest interest at the present moment.

Never did a more fearful future loom over India than at the time when Lord Minto assumed the reins of government. After the peace of Tilsit, France and Russia combined in one common and mighty scheme for the joint invasion of India and the total subversion of British power in that quarter of the world. At such a crisis Malcolm was sent once more to Persia, and Metcalfe and Elphinstone were sent to the Punjaub and to Afghanistan. Malcolm was now a married man, and, as such, wins our interest as much as he does by his more general urbanities. It will be

gratifying to an excellent lady, and to a large circle of her friends, to read in what terms Malcolm speaks of Mrs. Rich; yet it is evident that the ambassador most liked her because she would listen to his encomiums of his wife, and the intensity of his feelings when he first became a father is told in really affecting language:

Saw a vessel, and immediately bore down upon her. As we approached, she was discovered to be the *Benares*, from Bombay. My anxiety became painful, and it was increased to a degree I cannot describe, when I saw the commanding officer of the *Benares* coming on board. I had retired to a corner of the cabin, and was in vain endeavouring to summon up more fortitude, when my friend Smith, who knew my state of mind, and had made his inquiries of the officer of the *Marines* the moment he came on board, came running, and taking my hand, congratulated me on the birth of a daughter, and your perfect recovery. I felt quite overcome by my feelings, and poured out with pious fervour, though in silence, my thanks to that merciful Being who had preserved you and your infant. I was hardly composed when Dr. Briggs, John Briggs, and Mr. Blacker came on board with my packets. I tore open a letter from you, and you may suppose, my dearest Charlotte, the emotions with which I received your daily letters from the 21st of May to the 6th of June, upon which I could only exclaim, "What a wife! what a mother!" May He who has preserved you through such a trial continue to pour down His choicest blessing upon your head.

Malcolm's second mission to Persia was a greater failure even than the first. We had done nothing for Persia all the time that Russia had been spoliating her of her provinces, and they now would have nothing to do with a power that had abandoned them in the hour of difficulty and distress. As he sailed away, defeated and discomfited, the ambassador, like many other persons similarly circumstanced, solaced himself by building castles in the air. Malcolm's castle was a curious one: it was to establish himself, under his country's ensign, as lord of a fortified island in the Persian Gulf, whence he could become (in fancy) arbiter of the destinies of Persia and Arabia. He had been anxious, on his first mission, as we have before seen, to obtain a settlement for the British government on the island of Kharak—in Persian, Kharg; in Arabic, Kharij, but pronounced Kharak. He had never ceased to think that our interests would be greatly advanced by the occupation of such a post; and as he touched at the island, on his way back to India, to take in water, he again cast a longing eye on the place:

H.M. ship "Doris," near Karrack, 8th July.—The more I contemplate this island, the more I am satisfied it might be made one of the most prosperous settlements in Asia, situated within a few hours' sail of Bushire, Bunder Begh, Bussorah, Græne, Baherin, and Catiff. It would, if under a just and powerful government, be the common resort of the merchants of Turkey, Arabia, and Persia, and though too small (only twelve square miles) to support a number of inhabitants, it would, when it became an emporium of commerce, become a granary also, and want would be unknown. The chief recommendations of this island are its fine climate and excellent water. It has no harbour; but a vessel has protection from the prevalent gales in the Gulf under either its south-east or north-west side, and they can shift their berth in the hardest gales without danger. I could not contemplate this island without thinking it far from improbable that the English government might be obliged, by the progress of its enemies in this quarter, to take possession of it, and my mind passed rapidly from that idea to the contemplation of myself as the chief instrument in the execution of this plan. I saw this almost desolate island filled with inhabitants, whose prosperity and happiness was my charge, and who repaid all my labours

by their gratitude and attachment; but what most delighted me in this picture was the figure of Charlotte smiling graciously upon me from a window of one of the most stately castles that my fancy had erected on the shores of Karrack. More improbable dreams have been realised, and there can be no harm in indulging the imagination in the contemplation of a scheme which has its foundation in the most virtuous and justifiable ambition; which seeks not to destroy, but to establish; not to invade security, but to give repose; not to attack, but to defend; and instead of spreading the evils of war, wishes only to erect a bulwark to stop its ravages.

When the project was urged upon the attention of Lord Minto and his colleagues, different opinions were entertained as to its feasibility and propriety. Malcolm had, however, a formidable array of arguments in support of his pet plan :

Firstly. That in the event of an attempt to invade India being made by a European state, it was impossible to place any dependence on the efforts of the King of Persia or the Pacha of Baghdad, unless we possessed the immediate power of punishing their hostility and treachery.

Secondly. That the states of Persia, Eastern Turkey, and Arabia, were, from their actual condition, to be considered less in the light of regular governments than as countries full of combustible materials, which any nation whose interests it promoted might throw into a flame.

Thirdly. That though the French and Russians might, no doubt, in their advance, easily conquer those states, in the event of their opposing their progress, it was their obvious policy to avoid any contest with the inhabitants of the country through which they passed, as such must, in its progress, inevitably diminish the resources of those countries, and thereby increase the difficulty of supporting their armies—which difficulty formed the chief, if not the sole, obstacle to their advance.

Fourthly. That though it was not to be conceived that the King of Persia or Pacha of Baghdad would willingly allow any European army to pass through his country, but there was every ground to expect that the fear of a greater evil was likely not only to make these rulers observe a neutrality, but to dispose them to aid the execution of a plan which they could not resist, and make them desire to indemnify themselves for submission to a power they dreaded by agreeing to share in the plunder of weaker states—a line of policy to which it was too obvious they would be united, and to which their fear, weakness, and avarice made it probable that they would accede.

Fifthly. That under a contemplation of such occurrences, it appeared of ultimate importance that the English government should instantly possess itself of means to throw those states that favoured the approach of its enemies into complete confusion and destruction, in order that it might, by diminishing their resources, increase the principal natural obstacle that opposed the advance of a European army, and this system, when that government had once established a firm footing and a position situated on the confines of Persia and Turkey, it could easily pursue, with a very moderate force, and without any great risk or expenditure.

Sixthly. That with an established footing in the Gulf of Persia, which must soon become the emporium of our commerce, the seat of our political negotiations, and a depôt for our military stores, we should be able to establish a local influence and strength that would not only exclude other European nations from that quarter, but enable us to carry on negotiations and military operations with honour and security to any extent we desired, whereas, without it, we must continue at the mercy of the fluctuating policy of unsteady, impotent, and faithless courts, adopting expensive and useless measures of defence at every uncertain alarm, and being ultimately obliged either to abandon the scene altogether, or, when danger actually came, to incur the most desperate hazard of complete

failure by sending a military expedition which must trust for its subsistence and safety to states who were known, not only from the individual character of their rulers, but from their actual condition and character, to be undeserving of a moment's confidence.

Seventhly. That there was a great danger in any delay, as the plan recommended could only be expected to be beneficial if adopted when there was a time to mature it and to organise all our means of defence before the enemy were too far advanced; otherwise that momentary irritation which must be excited by its adoption would only add to the many other advantages which our want of foresight and attention to our interests in that quarter had already given to our enemies.

And he triumphed so far as not only to be authorised to carry out his design, but actually to set sail in the *Fox* frigate to put it into execution. Unluckily, an express boat came alongside the *Fox* at Kedgeroe. All his grand hopes were shivered at a blow. Sir Harford Jones had been sent on a conciliatory mission to Persia by the home government—a mission more absurd than any that had preceded it—and Sir John Malcolm was recalled to Calcutta, leaving his work to be performed in our own times.

A second mission, after being duly organised, was abandoned like the first. Whilst Malcolm was thus buffeted about, and engaged in quelling a mutiny in Madras, Sir Harford Jones concluded a treaty with the Shah which Malcolm was called upon to ratify or to modify, according to the exigencies of the circumstances. It is to this last mission that we are indebted for greater additions to our geographical knowledge of the countries neighbouring Persia than had accrued for almost centuries past. The governor-general had resolved, in order to restore the prestige of the Company's government, to render the new embassy more imposing than that which, under the conduct of Sir Harford Jones, represented the crown of England. The want of information relative to the countries beyond India in the north-west had long been severely felt by government, especially in times when the invasion of India by a European enemy was supposed to be a probable event. The opportunity of supplying this want now seemed to present itself, and Malcolm was all eagerness to attach to his staff men who would delight in the work of exploring regions, and bringing back intelligence relating to their geography and their resources.

Malcolm made his selection well. He required the assistance of active, energetic men, full of enterprise, courage, and intelligence; and all these attributes he found abundantly in the numerous members of his staff. Add to these Christie and Pottinger, who were already at work in another direction. The geographical explorations were destined, however, to a disastrous check at the outset. When at Bushire, Captain Grant and Lieutenant Fotheringham had been despatched to Baghdad with instructions to join the embassy in Persia, by the way of Kurdistan.

From the account which Malcolm received, it appeared that the ill-fated gentlemen, on leaving Baghdad about the end of March, determined to proceed by a different route from that which Malcolm had indicated. In vain did Mr. Rich represent that the road lay through a defile infested by a robber-gang, under the command of a notorious chief. Captain Grant laughed to scorn all idea of danger; he sought no advice, and he would take none. He had accompanied Malcolm ten years before on his first mission to Persia, and had pene-

trated into unexplored parts of the country. This had given him confidence in himself; and he said that one who had travelled through Mekran had nothing to fear in the countries which he was then about to explore. He had taken with him, too, contrary to the system which Malcolm took so much pains to enforce upon his assistants, a large amount of baggage, including "a showy tent," and a numerous retinue of people. Against this also Mr. Rich remonstrated in vain. Grant and his party started; and so little pains did he take to secure the safety of himself and his followers, that he left the Resident in a state of uncertainty respecting the route which he intended to take. The consequences of this imprudence might be foreseen. On reaching the defile, he was met by the robber-chief and a party of horsemen. They professed friendly intentions, and persuaded Grant and his friends to alight and refresh themselves. Then they fell upon the travellers. Grant was shot dead as he attempted to regain his horse. The rest were seized and carried about prisoners for four days, at the end of which Kelb Ali, the robber-chief, separated the Christians from the Mussulmans, and suffered the latter to depart. Then the Christians were brought forth to the sacrifice. Mr. Fotheringham and three Armenian servants were placed in a row, and asked whether they would become Mussulmans or die. They preferred death to apostacy; and one after another they were shot dead upon the spot.

This melancholy event elicited a noble expression of feeling from Malcolm. The King of Persia, he wrote, was resolved upon punishing the murderers, but he added, "I am indifferent to their efforts. They cannot restore my friends."

To these serious grievances many of a minor character were super-added. The missions of the "Crown" and of the "Company" came, as might naturally be expected, to loggerheads. Sir Harford Jones had done much to increase the fever of cupidity which Malcolm himself had excited ten years before by the prodigality of his gifts. No wonder, therefore, that Malcolm found the courtiers of Persia hungering and howling after British gold. "These people," he wrote, "are like ferocious animals who have once tasted blood. Nothing else will satisfy them. They cry out for money as shamelessly as if it was their natural food." The appointment of Sir Gore Ouseley as ambassador to the court of Teheran, relieved Malcolm from his unpleasant position. The Shah wished to detain him and his followers in his service, but he only consented to leave Captain Christie and Lieutenant Lindsay.

When Malcolm left Tabriz, he hoped that he had turned his back for ever on "falsehood, deceit, and intrigue;" but he had yet one more exhibition of these qualities, combined with the rampant national cupidity, to ruffle him before he shook the dust of Persia from his feet. He had not been unburdened of all his presents, and therefore was not beyond the reach of vexation and annoyance. He had seen much of the sordid littleness of Persian courts, but he had still to find, if possible, a lower degree of degradation in the court of Kermanshah.

Malcolm embarked for England with his wife and family shortly after his return from the Persian embassy. This was at an eventful period—that of the Hundred Days. Malcolm went over to see the field of Waterloo, and he followed the allies to Paris. He has left some very agreeable impressions of the stirring scenes which he there witnessed. He went at once to see his old friend in the Nizam's army.

We found the Duke with a large party seated at dinner. He called out, in his usual manner, the moment I entered, "Ah! Malcolm, I am delighted to see

you." I went and shook hands, introduced Lord John Campbell, and then sat down. I mention this trifle because it showed me at once that his astonishing elevation had not produced the slightest change. The tone—the manner—everything was the same.

After dinner, he left a party he was with when I entered, and, shaking me by the hand, retired to one end of the room, where he shortly stated what had occurred within the eventful month. "People ask me for an account of the action," he said. "I tell them it was hard pounding on both sides, and we pounded the hardest. There was no manœuvring," he said; "Bonaparte kept his attacks, and I was glad to let it be decided by the troops. There are no men in Europe that can fight like my Spanish infantry; none have been so tried. Besides," he added, with enthusiasm, "my army and I know one another exactly. We have a mutual confidence, and are never disappointed."—"You had, however," I observed, "more than one-half of your troops of other nations."—"That did not signify," he said, "for I had discovered the secret of mixing them up together. Had I employed them in separate corps I should have lost the battle. The Hanoverians," he added, "are good troops, but the new Dutch levies are bad. They, however, served to fill gaps, and I knew where to place them."

Malcolm returned to India to take a leading part in the war against Holkar; but he was disappointed in not receiving the government of Bombay as a reward for his long and able military, diplomatic, and administrative services. It was only after once more returning to his native country that this act of justice was done to his merits. The Bombay government lasted only some three years. Malcolm returned to England to take a final part in the discussions upon the Reform Bill and the India Charter, when the strong man was struck low by palsy, and expired at the age of sixty-four.

Malcolm seems always to have been lucky in the friends by whom he was surrounded. His last journey out to India was enlivened by the congenial company of the then young Bombay cadet, Henry Creswicke Rawlinson—now the most distinguished Orientalist of the age. He could not even get into a stage-coach without meeting with a character, and his account of a journey performed under such circumstances with William Cobbett is highly amusing and characteristic.

But apart from this, Sir John Malcolm was in every respect one of the remarkable men of an age that numbered many such. These biographies of Mr. Kaye's cannot but serve a great and good purpose. Their author seems, as he goes on from one to another, to become more and more familiarised with his subjects, and to treat them in a more masterly and comprehensive manner. The days when young boys of twelve were sent, almost without any previous preparation, to fight the battles of life, as well as those of their country, in a distant foreign land, are happily gone by, but still the example afforded of what can be done by a combination of such rare qualities as are met with in a Malcolm and a Metcalfe, cannot fail to be of advantage to future aspirants. Malcolm himself reminds us, more than any person of modern times, of the hero of olden chivalry, without any of the follies or the vices of such a character.

EUTRAPELIA :

AN OMNITUMGATHERUM LITERARIUM, CHIEFLY ILLUSTRATIVE OF
BARROW ON 'WIT.'

III.

ADDENDA DE RIDENDO.

—Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bagpiper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

The Merchant of Venice, Act I. Sc. 1.

A PAGE or two more on the general subject of Laughter,—and then upon the affinities and distinctions of Wit and Humour—before entering upon our more immediate and avowed theme, the exemplification of Barrow on 'Wit.'

The Philosophy of Laughter has been illustrated (obfuscated sometimes), by very numerous and conflicting speculators, expositors, and theorists, from the days of Aristotle—whose definition of το γελοιον the moderns find it hard to mend—down to that German sovereign who, a quarter of a century ago, offered a prize for the best exegesis, in sober seriousness, of this laughable subject—the importance of which made it, in his eyes, no laughing matter.

Henri Beyle (De Stendhal), writing in 1823, remarks: "A German prince, well known for his attachment to literature, has just proposed a prize for the best philosophical dissertation upon Laughter. I hope the prize will be carried off by a Frenchman. Would it not be ridiculous for us to be beaten in this department? To my thinking, there are more jokes made at Paris in the course of a single evening, than in Germany during an entire month."* And hereupon M. Beyle proceeds to pose the question, *Qu'est-ce le RIRE?* and supposes (that is, *sub-poses*) as an answer, Hobbes's celebrated theory (or rather hypo-thesis, i.e. sub-position), that laughter is simply a convulsive movement of the nerves, produced by the unexpected sight of our superiority over some one else, at whose expense, and by whose involuntary agency, the laugh is brought about. Exemplifying which theory, the French critic draws a picture of an elaborately dressed gentleman, blooming in age and costume, complacently tripping his way to the ball, whereat he meditates conquests of the electric *veni vidi vici* type—but who, alas for the mishaps of this chequered life, stumbles at the very threshold of his glory, and by that stumble, and its muddy result, ministers mirth to every Parisian "Jeames" who assists, officially, at the spectacle. "Le voilà déjà sous la porte cochère, encombrée de lampions et de laquais : il volait au plaisir, il tombe et se relève couvert de boue de la tête aux pieds ; ses gilets, jadis

* Œuvres de Stendhal : "Racine et Shakspeare," ch. II.

blancs et d'une coupe si savante, sa cravate nouée si élégamment, tout cela est rempli d'une bouse noire et fétide. Un éclat de *rire* universel sort des voitures qui suivaient la sienne ; le suisse sur sa porte se tient les côtés, la foule des laquais rit aux larmes et fait cercle autour du malheureux.”* M. Beyle accounts it necessary that *le comique*, to be such, should be clearly displayed, and that a sense of our superiority, as laughers, *pro tem.*, over the object of our mirth, should be distinctly felt.

But long years before M. Beyle had cast his full-dress Frenchman into the mire, to excite inextinguishable laughter among lacqueys, and to illustrate the philosophy of *le rire*,—our own, that is to say, merry England's own Sydney Smith had fixed on an analogous illustration, in his Lecture on Wit and Humour,† at the Royal Institution. We refer to the climax in his examples of *incongruity* as the occasion of laughter. To see a young officer of eighteen years of age come into company in full uniform, and with such a wig as is worn by grave and respectable clergymen advanced in years, would make everybody laugh (says the laughing and laugh-compelling lecturer), because it certainly is a very unusual combination of objects, and such as would not atone for its novelty by any particular purpose of utility to which it was subservient. This is the lecturer's first and, so far as it goes, complete case of *incongruity*. Add, he says, ten years to the age of this incongruous officer, and the incongruity would be very faintly diminished ; but make him eighty years of age, and a celebrated military character of the last reign, and the incongruity almost entirely vanishes—insomuch that we might even be disposed rather to *respect* the peculiarity than to laugh at it. Thus comes the muddy mishap to which we alluded : “ If a tradesman of a corpulent and respectable appearance, with habiliments somewhat ostentatious, were to slide down gently into the mud, and dedecorate a pea-green coat, I am afraid we should all have the barbarity to laugh. If his hat and wig, like treacherous servants, were to desert their falling master, it certainly would not diminish our propensity to laugh ; but if he were to fall into a violent passion, and abuse everybody about him, nobody could possibly resist the incongruity of a pea-green tradesman, very respectable, sitting in the mud, and threatening all the passers-by with the effects of his wrath. Here, every incident heightens the humour of the scene :—the gaiety of his tunic, the general respectability of his appearance, the rills of muddy water which trickle down his cheeks, and the harmless violence of his rage.”

That pea-green tradesman, and the “dedecoration” of his coat, are worthy of Sydney Smith. In making out his argument, as to the dependence of laughter on a sense of the *incongruous*, the lecturer added, by way of supplement, or contrast, or relief by contrast, to the pea-green tradesman, that if, instead of this, we were to observe a dustman falling into the mud, it would hardly attract any attention, because the opposition of ideas is so trifling, and the incongruity so slight. The argument is in opposition to Hobbes's definition of laughter, as “a sudden glory,

* Œuvres de Stendhal : “ Racine et Shakspeare,” ch. ii.

† Being the eleventh of the Course, since published as “Elementary Sketches of Moral Philosophy, delivered at the Royal Institution, in the years 1804, 1805, and 1806.”

arising from a sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves, by comparison with infirmity of others, or our own former infirmity"—which Mr. Smith rejects as not an explanation of the laughter excited by humour, and for which he substitutes, as we have seen, a sense of incongruity, or the conjunction of objects and circumstances not usually combined.

If tears may be, as they have been, considered the natural and involuntary resource of the mind overcome by some sudden and violent emotion, before it has had time to reconcile its feelings to the change of circumstances,—laughter, on the other hand, is defined by Haslitt* to be the same sort of convulsive and involuntary movement, occasioned by mere surprise or contrast (in the absence of any more serious emotion), before it has time to reconcile its belief to contradictory appearances.

Aristotle defines the laughable as consisting of, or depending on, what is out of its proper time and place, yet without danger or pain. This definition is applauded by Coleridge, in repeated passages alike of his *Essays* and his recorded *Table-Talk*. In the latter he maintains, for instance, that to resolve laughter into an expression of contempt is contrary to fact, and laughable enough: "Laughter is a convulsion of the nerves, and it seems as if nature cut short the rapid thrill of pleasure on the nerves by a sudden convulsion of them to prevent the sensation becoming painful—*Aristotle's Def. is as good as can be*. Surprise at perceiving anything out of its usual place when the unusualness is not accompanied by a sense of serious danger. Such surprise is always pleasurable, and it is observable that surprise accompanied with circumstances of danger becomes Tragic."† For, as Haslitt observes, while the mere suddenness of transition, the mere baulking our expectations, and turning them abruptly into another channel, seems to give additional liveliness and gaiety to the animal spirits,—the instant the change is not only sudden, but threatens serious consequences, or calls up the shape of danger, that instant is our disposition to mirth superseded by terror, and laughter gives place to tears.

Man has been defined a LAUGHING Animal: one of the various definitions, all of them one-sided perhaps, which have been devised to differentiate the genus *homo* from lower but cognate genera, quadruped, quadrumanous,‡ biped, and so on. Mrs. Browning refers to this definition, among others, in her new and remarkable poem:

Men define a man,
The creature who stands frontward to the stars,
The creature who looks inward to himself,
The tool-wright LAUGHING creature.§

And of even those exceptional beings—*lusus naturæ* they can hardly be called, when there is so little *ludendi* about or within them—of even those sporadic anomalies who are notorious, to their familiars, as persons that

* Lectures on the English Comic Writers.

† "Hence Farce may often border on Tragedy; indeed, Farce is nearer Tragedy in its Essence than Comedy is."—*Coleridge's Table-Talk*.

‡ But do not the apes also laugh, or attempt to do it? asks Carlyle, in expanding his *Clothes'-Philosophy*.

§ "Aurora Leigh." Book VII

never laugh—of them, too, be sure, the story will run, that once upon a time, once at least, if only once, they laughed—laughed a pertentous laugh, as anomalous as their foregoing and succeeding gravity—a laugh remembered ever since, not on the score of its singularity in point of time alone, but in point of character and significance too. Diogenes Teufelsdröckh offers, in his professorial person, a markworthy example of this. Certainly, a most involved, self-secluded, altogether enigmatic nature, that of Teufelsdröckh, exclaims his British editor; then adds—“Here, however, we gladly recal to mind that once we saw him laugh; once only, perhaps it was the first and last time in his life; but then such a peal of laughter, enough to have awakened the Seven Sleepers! It was of Jean Paul’s doing: some single billow in that vast World-Mahlstrom of Humour, with its heaven-kissing coruscations, which is now, alas, all congealed in the frost of Death! The large-bodied Poet and the small, both large enough in soul, sat talking miscellaneously together, the present editor being privileged to listen: and now Paul, in his serious way, was giving one of those inimitable ‘Extra-harangues,’ and as it chanced, On the Proposal for a *Cast-metal King*: gradually a light kindled in our Professor’s eyes and face, a beaming, mantling, loveliest light; through those murky features, a radiant ever-young Apollo looked; and he burst forth like the neighing of all Tattersall’s,—tears streaming down his cheeks, pipe held aloft, foot clutched into the air,—loud, long-continuing, uncontrollable; a laugh not of the face and diaphragm only, but of the whole man from head to heel. The present Editor, who laughed indeed, yet with measure, began to fear all was not right: however, Teufelsdröckh composed himself, and sank into his old stillness; on his inscrutable countenance there was, if anything, a slight look of shame; and Richter himself could not rouse him again.” This unique outburst gives occasion to Mr. Carlyle to comment, in his suggestive way, on the import and varieties of laughter. Readers who have any knowledge of Psychology, he goes on to say, know how much is to be inferred from such a phenomenon; and that no man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether irreclaimably bad. “How much lies in Laughter: the cipher-key, wherewith we decipher the whole man! Some men wear an everlasting barren simper; in the smile* of others

* In our last chapter we quoted Mrs. Browning in illustration of one, and that a sad and constrained, variety of that multiform Protean thing, a *smile*. Her new romance in blank verse, “*Aurora Leigh*,” is curiously rich in examples of other varieties, the number and character of which attest her close observation of this dumb language of the lips, whether in babyhood or age, joyous or *triste*, genial and spontaneous or artificial and untrue. Thus we hear from her of

“That murmur of the outer Infinite
Which unwearied babies smile at in their sleep
When wondered at for smiling.”

Aurora Leigh, p. 1.

Then the mournful passage—

“Or, my own mother, leaving her last smile
In her last kiss, upon the baby-mouth
My father pushed down on the bed for that” (p. 6).

Then the graphic detail in a graphic whole, where the maiden aunt’s portrait is given—

“A close mild mouth, a little soured about
The ends, through speaking unrequited loves,

lies a cold glitter as of ice : the fewest are able to laugh, what can be called laughing, but only sniff and titter and snigger from the throat out—

Or peradventure niggardly half-truths;
Eyes of no colour,—once they might have smiled,
But never, never have forgot themselves
In smiling" (p. 11).

Then the rebuffed suitor's smile—

"He smiled as men smile when they will not speak
Because of something bitter in the thought;
And still I feel his melancholy eyes
Look judgment on me" (p. 88).

Add the smile, in innocence and life's *primavera*, of poor Marian Earle—

"Somewhat large
The mouth was, though the milky little teeth
Dissolved it to so infantine a smile !
For soon it smiled on me; the eyes smiled too,
But 'twas as if remembering they had wept,
And knowing they should, some day, weep again" (p. 118).

With the contrasted falsity on the face of Lady Waldemar—

"She gave me such a smile, so cold and bright,
As if she tried it in a 'tiring glass
And liked it" (p. 217).

Nor must the smile of Marian's child be forgotten, when his eyes open from dreamland to rest on Marian and Aurora beside his bed—

"The light upon his eyelids pricked them wide,
And, staring out at us with all their blue,
As half perplexed between the angelhood
He had been away to visit in his sleep,
And our most mortal presence,—gradually
He saw his mother's face, accepting it
In change for heaven itself, with such a smile
As might have well been learnt there,—never moved,
But smiled on, in a drowse of ecstasy,
So happy (half with her and half with heaven)
He could not have the trouble to be stirred,
But smiled and lay there" (p. 250).

The same poem omits not that sad put-on smile, of a sorrowful heart, which the poetess had described so touchingly long before. Thus in Aurora's recital of her earliest days, narrating her mother's death, her father's stunned bewilderment—

"And thus beloved she died. I've heard it said
That but to see him in the first surprise
Of widower and father, nursing me,
Unmothered little child of four years old,
His large man's hands afraid to touch my curls,
As if the gold would tarnish,—his grave lips
Contriving such a miserable smile,
As if he knew needs must, or I should die,
And yet 'twas hard,—'twould almost make the stones
Cry out for pity" (p. 4).

One more, and a characteristic, fragment to the purpose—

"My critic Jobson recommends more mirth,
Because a cheerful genius suits the times,
And all true poets laugh unquenchably
Like Shakspeare and the gods. That's very hard.
The gods may laugh, and Shakspeare; Dante smiled
With such a needy heart on two pale lips,
We cry, 'Weep rather, Dante'" (p. 92).

wards; or at best produce some whiffing husky cachinnation, as if they were laughing through wool: of none such comes good. The man who cannot laugh is not only fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils; but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem.*

In juxta-position with this, however, we must place the author's objection, in the chapter next ensuing, to the definition of Man as a Laughing Animal. "Man is called a Laughing Animal: but do not the apes also laugh, or attempt to do it; and is the manliest man the greatest and oftenest laugher? Teufelsdröckh himself, as we said, laughed only once."†

Evidently, and naturally enough, the Professor's Able Editor prefers that only once, such as it was, to a laugh like that of their common friend, the Hofrath Heuschrecke, who played a whole laughing chorus at the Professor's table-talk: "And then, at every pause in the harangue, he [Heuschrecke, a fair German Bozzy in his way] gurgled out his pursy chuckle of a cough-laugh (for the machinery of laughter took some time to get in motion, and seemed crank and slack).‡

The province of Laughter does certainly afford ample room for a large outlay of discriminative talent—to sunder the genuine from the factitious, the precious from the vile. Laughter may be simply a nuisance; cynical or contemptuous laughter, for instance. Disgust, contempt, and laughter have indeed been pronounced nearly akin: he who enjoys nothing and values nothing, will laugh at everything.§ There is the petrifying sneer of a demon which excludes and kills Love, as Charles Lamb|| allows, in his plea for laughter as not always of a dangerous or soul-hardening tendency. But how genially he hastens to set over against that sneer, the cordial laughter which cherishes and implies the Love that sneer would desolate!

Out, too, upon the braying peal of people all lungs, and no ears, no nerves; sometimes of the feminine gender even; for as Clerimont says, in Ben Jonson, "O, you shall have some women, when they laugh, you would think they brayed, it is so rude."¶ How fatally a noisy laugh may tell against the laugher, when the listener is shrewd, and has an ear. Thornton's laugh, for example, in Sir Bulwer Lytton's first romance—"a loud, coarse, chuckling laugh, which, more than a year's conversation would have done, let me into the secrets of his character."**

Est modus in rebus. The Laughing Philosopher, as such, is no Philosopher at all; for he can have made but small way in the alphabet of the Philosophy of Life. Life is real, life is earnest: allow this, and the Laughing Philosopher may look out for a hermitage—the Chaulieus and Hamiltons of fact and fiction†† may keep their own counsel and their own

* "Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus." Book I. ch. iv.

† Ibid. ch. vi.

§ Archbishop Whately.

¶ "The Silent Woman," IV. 1.

†† *Voici* a cabinet picture from another of Sir E. B. Lytton's romances:

"We sat down to supper. 'Count Hamilton,' said Boulainvilliers, 'are we not a merry set for such old fellows? Why, excepting Aronet, Milord Bolingbroke, and Count Devereux, there is scarcely one of us under seventy. Where, but at Paris, would you see *bons vivans* of our age? *Vivent la joie, la bagatelle, l'amour!*'

"*Et le vin de Champagne,*" cried Chaulieu, filling his glass; 'but what is there strange in our merriment? Philemon, the comic poet, laughed at ninety-seven. May we all do the same!'

‡ Ibid. ch. iii.

|| On the Genius of Hogarth.

** "Pelham," ch. xxiii.

company, their faith and practice making them an outlying population from life real and life in earnest. Not that the Crying Philosopher is the true prophet, either. Heraclitus and Democritus must meet, and compromise, and make mutual concessions, nor refuse, if a joint dynasty is impracticable, to take turn and turn about, in a world where day and night alternate, and winter is as periodical as summer, and smiles come as spontaneously as tears.

"They say you are a melancholy fellow," quoth *Rosalind* to *Jaques*, in the Forest of Arden.

"I am so," he answers: "I do love it better than laughing."^{*}

"Those," *Rosalind* rejoins, "that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows; and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards."[†]

To which clear ringing voice whose every accent tells, Now are we in Arden! add, in conclusion, the mild subdued tones, yet harmonious in tendency, of the pensive Recluse of Olney:‡

" 'You forget,' cried Bolingbroke, 'that Philemon died of the laughing.'"

" 'Yes,' said Hamilton; 'but if I remember right, it was at seeing an ass eat figs. Let us vow, therefore, never to keep company with asses.'"

" 'Bravo, Count!' said Boulainvilliers, 'you have put the true moral on the story. Let us swear, by the ghost of Philemon, that we will never laugh at an ass's jokes—practical or verbal.'"

" 'Then we must always be serious, except when we are with each other,' cried Chaulieu. 'Oh, I would sooner take my chance of dying prematurely at ninety-seven than consent to such a vow,' " &c. &c.—*Deveraux*, Book IV. ch. v.

* That *Jaques* could laugh, however, and profited by any rare opportunity for it, afforded him in the woods and forests, we know by his own previous avowal. Witness his report of the rencontre with *Touchstone*—of which the finale is,

" — When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial."

As You Like It, Act II. Sc. 7.

† *Ibid.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

‡ Melancholy man as William Cowper was, the notion that he was no laughter is an utter mistake—as it generally is, perhaps, in the case of melancholy people. Not merely was it his delight,

"In life's morning march, when his spirits were young,"

to waste his own and his fellow "students'" time in giggling and making giggle, but when his days were in the sere and yellow leaf, and himself a "poor creature," it did not take very much to set him "laughing immoderately." Reading Don Quixote in Smollett's translation made him, as his letters tell us, "laugh immoderately." And we all know the effect upon him of Lady Austen's narration of the tale of John Gilpin—that he lay awake half the night in convulsions of laughter.

Or take the case of Rousseau. Him many people assume to have been as incapable of laughter as a mummy, or a man in the dentist's grasp, or an old portrait of Tribulation Comfort. But Jean Jacques even boasts of his fits of "inextinguishable laughter," verging on "suffocation:" "C'étaient des rires inextinguibles; nous étouffions. Ceux qui, dans une lettre qu'il leur a plu de m'attribuer," he adds, with cordial resentment at the notion of *his* being supposed to have laughed only twice in all his life, "m'ont fait dire que je n'avais ri que deux fois en ma vie, ne m'ont connu dans ce temps-là, ni dans ma jeunesse; car assurément cette idée n'aurait jamais pu leur venir."—*Les Confessions*, Livre VIII.

—Let no man charge me that I mean
To clothe in sables every social scene,
And give good company a face severe,
As if they met around a father's bier;
For tell some men that, pleasure all their bent,
And laughter all their work, is life misspent,
Their wisdom bursts into this sage reply,
'Then mirth is sin, and we should always cry.'
To *THE MEDIUM* asks some share of wit,
And therefore 'tis a mark fools never hit.*

THE EUPHRATES AND THE WAR IN PERSIA.†

THE Euphrates Valley Route appears to be fast passing from the stage of discussion into a reality. A concession has been at length granted in the face of deeply-concerted intrigues and of a violent opposition from nations inimical to the prosperity and grandeur of Great Britain, and to which it would scarcely be credited some Englishmen, with names familiar to their own countrymen, were yet sufficiently little patriotic as to lend themselves. This concession extends to the whole line of country from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf, and embraces, we believe, a guarantee of six per cent. for the whole capital necessary to carry out so gigantic a project. It may be said to this that a guarantee from a power like that of Turkey does not possess the same solid basis for investment as a similar guarantee conceded by a more stable government. But with a few inconsistencies which had their origin in ministerial and party intrigues, the Ottoman government has always been found to be honest and upright in the main; the "sick man" exhibited at the onset of the late war, and throughout a very trying crisis, an amount of vigour and an extent of resources very little consistent with the moribund condition which some were pleased to apply to so vast an empire; and, lastly, suppose any unforeseen changes were to happen in future times in the countries concerned, it would always be the interest of all parties to protect such regions as were subsidised to a railway from anarchy and despoliation, and the very fact of giving to them such a protection would ensure to

It is fair to own, however, that Rousseau would fain be considered as past laughing in his old days. And probably there was no affectation in that. There is a form of melancholy, more than one form indeed, to which laughter is an utter stranger. La Rochefoucauld, a sufficient contrast in character to Rousseau, was, according to Madame de Sévigné, capable of distinguished feats in the art *de rire*; but his account of himself in early manhood includes this avowal: "Premièrement, pour parler de mon humeur, je suis mélancolique, et je le suis à un point que depuis trois ou quatre ans à peine m'a-t-on vu rire trois ou quatre fois."—*Portrait du Duc de la Rochefoucauld, par lui-même.*

* Cowper's Poems: "Conversation."

† Memoir on the Euphrates Valley Route to India. By W. P. Andrew, F.R.G.S. London: W. H. Allen and Co. 1857.

them—that which is so much wanted in some parts of the Turkish Empire—a stable and permanent government.

The distinguished engineer, Sir John Macneill, who has explored the Mediterranean terminus of the projected railroad during the past summer, under the guidance of General Chesney, ascertained, from the transport which takes place across the so-called "Iron Bridge" on the Orontes, that a railroad to Aleppo alone would be a paying speculation. According to the toll-books, more than 1200 laden camels and horses pass that bridge every day. Yet this bridge is not upon the main line of traffic between Aleppo and its seaport, Alexandretta, which is to the north of the Lake of Antioch. The price of transport of a ton is now 6*l.* from Aleppo to the sea. The railway will be able to transport it at from 18*s.* to 22*s.*, which will bring down a great number of goods, that are now lost for want of transport.

The same eminent engineer ascertained to his satisfaction that there is every facility for making a harbour in the Bay of Antioch, not far from the mouth of the Orontes, and at the foot of Mount Casius, and that by making a little *détour*, and gaining the uplands of North Syria by the valley of the Afreen river—the same line as that taken by General Chesney during the transport of the *matériel* of the Euphrates Expedition—no engineering difficulties present themselves, and that the railway may be constructed at from 6000*l.* to 8000*l.* per mile. By such a *détour* a rich settled country, dotted over with towns and villages, is also accommodated, and branch lines will be unnecessary.

But it is not Turkey alone which will feel the beneficial results which are sure, sooner or later, to follow the execution of such projects. Adjoining Turkey is a kingdom once as rich and nearly as powerful, but which through ages of misrule has become little better than a theatre for the disputes of diplomatists. Save as a means through which England can thwart Russia, or Russia irritate and threaten our Eastern empire, the existence of Persia has almost ceased to be a matter of consideration with European nations :

But this can no longer be the case where passenger steamers shall periodically traverse the Persian Gulf, and the electric cable be extended along its shores. The commercial intelligence and enterprise of Europe will then once more revisit its ancient haunts in the factories where Genoese and Venetians, Portuguese, Dutch, and English successively sought the custom of the "Grand Sophy of Persia," and his then wealthy subjects; European civilisation will then insensibly pervade the Persian Empire by the same influences which are already at work in the ancient kingdom of the Mamelukes; and, as her interests become identified with ours, Persia will learn to take her place, as Turkey has already assumed hers, in the great federation of civilised nations.

The present crisis of affairs in Persia shows how important such a state of things would be to the interests of India and of England. Utterly devoid of any substantial power, and secure in her remoteness, Persia ventures to put a slight on our ambassador, and attempts to purchase the support of Russia by disturbing our Afghan frontier. To bring this feeble and faithless power to her senses may require some palpable exhibition of our power in the shape of expensive expeditions, whose best result can only be an apology for an insult, or the retraction of an unfounded claim. No one can doubt for a moment but that our differences with Persia might have been settled months ago had the Euphrates Valley Railway and Electric Telegraph been in operation. Persia would then have seen that we possess the means of landing, at a few weeks' notice, upon

her coast, a force as large as we sent to the Crimea, and the leading nations of Europe would have felt that they possessed an interest in putting an end to a misunderstanding which they now doubtless regard as affecting none of their number save England and Russia. It is the want of a speedy means of communication by the Euphrates Valley route which allows this very paltry dispute to be prolonged through months and years, and threatens our Indian exchequer with a burden in comparison with which all the possible expenditure on both railway and telegraph may prove a very trifle.

It had been thought that the dreams of conquest of the successors of Peter the Great had ended with the destruction of the forts and docks of Sebastopol. Nothing can be more illusory. The late war repelled Russian aggression for a time, but a premature peace has reserved to that colossal power all its Asiatic conquests, and all that it wanted besides—"breathing time." As it is, Russian conquest has only changed its direction; foiled on the shores of the Euxine and the Sea of Azof, she now turns to the Caspian and the regions of the Aral:

Russia may pause to gather strength, but she is still *Russia*, and a "PEACE RATIFIED MAY NOT BE A PEACE SECURED." So far as the present security of the Ottoman Empire is concerned, no one disputes that the objects of the war have been, to a certain extent, attained. The neutralisation of the Black Sea—the demolition of Russian fortresses—the reduction of Russian armaments, which once existed in dangerous proximity to Constantinople—each of these is unquestionably a concession of no trifling moment. The restoration of Ismail—that blood-stained trophy of the ambition of Catherine the Second and of the ferocity of Suwarrow—affords an important security to the Sultan against any further aggressive movement from Bessarabia. The residence of European consuls at Sebastopol and Nicholiaieff will effectively prevent the sudden appearance of a Russian fleet in the waters of the Golden Horn. Of still greater consequence is the admission of the Ottoman Empire to the dignity of a place in the general councils, and a participation in the benefits of the international code of Europe. But the question still returns, whether, even allowing that much has been done, much more might not easily have been effected—whether all has been insisted upon, which would certainly have been conceded—whether the concessions actually obtained are such as under existing circumstances the Allied Powers were not only entitled, but bound by the clearest rules of policy to demand. The late war, like wars of a less recent date, has shown convincingly that Turkey, formidable in her means of defence upon the Danube, is essentially weak on her Asiatic frontier, and that her vulnerable point can be most easily reached, not by armies menacing Widdin or Silistria, but by armies defiling through the passes of the Caucasus. On this side, there is still no material guarantee afforded against Russian aggression. Deprived of its Asiatic provinces, it is plain that the Ottoman Empire could not for six months together hold its ground as an independent power, or be prevented from falling by a general insurrection of the Christian races under its dominion. The security of Asiatic Turkey should therefore have formed an indispensable condition of the Treaty of Paris. As it is, if ever a new cause of quarrel brings the Muscovite and Ottoman armies once more into mortal collision, we may be assured that the former, taught by experience, instead of attempting that front movement which has again and again been frustrated, will confine their operations to attacking that flank of their adversaries which is still left unprotected, and which, under existing circumstances, it would perhaps be impossible successfully to defend. Let us add to these considerations the consideration no less important to England, that Persia is still as much exposed as ever to the march of the Russian forces, and that Tiflis commands not only the road to Teheran, but the readiest route to the gates of Herat. If British India was ever endangered by the ambition and intrigues of the successors of Peter the Great, it may be imagined whether the peril is less, now that Russia, barred from further development of her power in Europe, is compelled

to turn her attention to Central Asia, and to substitute in her visions of future conquest the southern coast of the Caspian for the southern coast of the Buxine Sea—now that, in addition to her long-standing jealousy of England as her great rival in the East, she is further excited against this country by the remembrance of a serious injury, and the shame of an open defeat. To France and to Austria it is of little consequence whether Circassia is free or dependent—whether Georgia is occupied by the troops of Abdul Medjid or the troops of the Czar Alexander. But the statesmen of England may yet live to lament the day on which an invaluable opportunity was lost of protecting the shores of the Indus by an alliance with the warlike tribes who command the banks of the Terek, and of making the ridge of the Caucasus the advanced line of defence of our empire in Hindostan.

With a railway along the Euphrates connected by efficient steamers in the Persian Gulf, with a railway along the valley of the Indus, the veteran armies of India might be wielded with a rapidity and a force that would be felt in Europe as well as Asia, at St. Petersburg as at Teheran :

“In these days, the connexion between events in the East and in the West is far better understood than it was at the beginning of the present century, and news travels infinitely faster ; but even at the beginning of the present century we may remember that it was the superiority of the arms of France in Europe that induced Tippoo to rise against us, and led to the contest with him, which ended in the taking of Seringapatam. Indeed, there is no one who really knows India that is not aware how greatly even the extremities of our empire there are agitated by the slightest appearance of a reverse in any quarter, so sensitive is the bond by which those vast subject populations are held.

“We did not relish the idea of the Czar at Stamboul, and we may find his influence not quite agreeable at Teheran ; neither must we close our eyes to the fact, that Persia is insidiously and perseveringly advancing her outposts both in Central Asia and along the line of the sea-board of the Gulf of Oman. She has already taken Herat, formerly regarded as the key of India, from the Affghans, and has wrested Bunder Abbass in the Persian Gulf from the Imaum of Muscat. Had the British minister at the Persian court been under the *immediate* orders of the Governor-General of India, the Shah would speedily have recoiled before the remonstrances of an authority backed by 300,000 men. We do not fear a Russian invasion of India, but we must guard our prestige of invincibility with the treacherous and semi-barbarous courts of Asia, as the best means of protecting our Indian dominions from the dire effects of internal commotions, and from the hostile incursions of the turbulent and warlike tribes on our north-west frontier. While the ancient seat of empire of the Cæsars in the East is in the hands of the soldiers of the West, and while British enterprise is surely, though gradually, adding the Sultan’s empire to the area of its wide exertions, his dominion in Asia Minor, and our name in the East, have received a shock by the capitulation of Kars. ‘We owe India a victory in Asia ;’ we owe it a victory that shall efface from the standards of Russia the record of our heroic misfortunes at Kars. But now that the temple of Janus is closed for a season, let us stamp on Asia the impress of our genius and our power ; let us render the invasion of Asia Minor by Russia for ever impossible, by throwing open to the world, by the irresistible power of steam, the rich and forgotten plains of the Euphrates and Tigris—the once-famed granaries of the East—and subduing to industry their wild inhabitants. This would be a greater triumph than the recapture of Kars, and at once a colossal and enduring monument of our science and enlightenment, as well as of our energy and might as a people.

“The Indian army has not only fought the battles of England in India and Central Asia, but the Sepoy of Bengal and Madras has crossed bayonets with the best soldiers of Europe, in Java and the Mauritius, while their brethren of Bombay marched to oppose the same gallant enemy in Egypt. Notwithstanding this, our tried and magnificent army in India has been practically ignored in the late war.

"There is now in India an army of nearly 300,000 men at the disposal of this country, apart from 31,000 subsidiary troops and contingents from native states. In that army there are about 26,000 Europeans belonging to the Queen's service, including cavalry and infantry of the line; and 15,000 European troops in the Company's service, of every arm except cavalry, and 240,465 native troops. This last figure includes 233,699 exclusively native troops, together with 3644 European commissioned officers, and 3122 European warrant and non-commissioned officers and rank and file. The number of the commissioned officers of the Queen's troops amounts to 588. The police corps regularly organised consists of 24,015 native commissioned and non-commissioned officers and privates, and 35 commissioned European officers. Large and costly as this army may be, it might easily be increased, especially from the warlike tribes lately added to our dominion. Here, then, is a reserve, and an ample reserve, well organised, officered, and generally with some experience of war. How could it be said that we had no reserve? Of this immense force, 40,000 are British soldiers. Of the rest, the irregular native cavalry is just the force we most required in the late war, and could not supply from home. Here, then, is everything that we have ascribed to Russia.

"All former empires that ever pretended to hold distant countries in subjection made a fair exchange of armies, so that while Italians were holding Britain, or Numidia, or Dacia, Britons, Numidians, and Dacians were stationed in Italy, and even supplying candidates for the imperial purple. Whatever the final results, the Roman Empire would not have lasted ten years without that interchange. Russia carried on the war with forces drawn from the heart and extremities of Asia, as well as from the most northern shores of Europe; and when we talk thoughtlessly of her overpowering population, it is these distant regions that we are unconsciously thinking of. Our case is the same as Russia's, only we have not got the sense to see it, and shall not see it till our eyes have been opened and our wits quickened by a succession of disasters."

"The mutual dependence of our Western and Eastern empires was clearly pointed out many years ago in these words: 'In case our enemies should prove sufficiently powerful to press us hard either in Europe or Asia, it would be a matter of inestimable importance to have it in our power to transport our military forces from Europe to Asia, and from Asia to Europe, with the greatest possible celerity, as the exigencies of war may demand. A rapid means of communicating between India and Malta, both by means of the Red Sea and of the Persian Gulf, through Egypt and through Syria, would multiply tenfold the resources of Britain, and secure the defences of our possessions from Canada to Hong-Kong. Indeed, England, with her small standing army, with her population not trained and disciplined to defend their own territory against invaders, and with ministers who neglect her navy, can never be duly secured against the sudden attacks of her rivals and enemies, until she can impose some restraint on their ambition, by having it in her power to array the Sepoy on the shores of the Mediterranean, and the highlander of Scotland and the gallant sons of Erin on the banks of the Indus and the Ganges, with a degree of speed which no other power can equal. The small amount of our military force, in comparison with the enormous extent of our empire, must be counterbalanced by abundant means of communication and extraordinary rapidity of transport.'

"Russia, aware of the mistake she committed in going to war with imperfect means of transit, is, with *our money*, about connecting the shores of the Caspian, the Black Sea, and the Baltic with the heart of the empire by means of railways communicating with her navigable rivers.

"In America, ten miles of railway are on the average opened every day for the accommodation of the regular traffic of the country.

"And shall we, while enriching with railways Russia, America, France, Italy, and Austria, forget what is due to India with her boundless resources and vast population?

"It is evident that to have the benefit of even the moral weight of our magnificent and well-appointed army in India, on the great events which are now in

progress, and of the consequent changes which must necessarily flow from them, that we must have, above all things, increased facilities for moving troops and stores upwards or downwards along the line of the Indus, as well as up the Persian Gulf, or to the Red Sea, as circumstances might render necessary.

"While these pages are passing through the press, the shadow of coming events in the East is deepening and extending, and it becomes more emphatically the duty of this country to make their army in India, by proper means of transit, not only sufficient for the internal peace of that country, but that some portion of it should also, by the same means, be made available wherever and whenever the welfare or the honour of the paramount state might demand its service. There never was put forward a greater fallacy, or an error more likely to be mischievous, than 'that the Turkish question was of no importance in an Indian point of view.' The grand problem, now in course of solution in Turkey, must affect in its results, whatever they may be, in the most immediate and powerful manner, our power and prosperity in India.

"Every act in the great drama of the war has elicited either the apprehension or the applause of the nations of the East. In the mosques of Bokhara, five thousand Moolahs prayed daily for the success of the Sultan of Room, and 'the name of *Mouravieff* is probably now repeated with awe by the Persian and the *Afghan*.'

"The Eastern shepherd, in his solitude, pondered over, and the warrior, in his fastness, watched with kindling eye, the varying fortunes of the field, while every incident of the campaign, whether in Europe or Asia, has been minutely discussed, and will be well remembered in the bazaars throughout the length and breadth of India."

By establishing a steam and electric connexion between England and India and the confines of Central Asia, not only would the power and control of England be enhanced over her 150,000,000 widely-scattered subjects, but a great and glorious step would be taken towards securing the progress, the freedom, and the peace of the world.

We have only taken up one bearing of the question in this notice—that which refers to our present difficulty with Persia and with Russia in Central Asia. The bearings of the question in reference to Turkey, and to our commercial relations with that country, with our Eastern empire, and with the East generally, present a vast field of inquiry. The reader will find them ably expounded in Mr. Andrew's work. France, most interested in the opening of the canal of Suez, has naturally not looked on at a project which it most erroneously supposes to be a rival one, without some feelings of rancour, and the possible and very imaginary power to be gained by the establishment of a railway along the great valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris has been a source of no little heart-burning and jealousy. It will not be a little amusing to the reader, then, after going over the recent traffic returns of North Syria and Mesopotamia, furnished by Mr. John Kennedy, and of those countries and of Baghdad from various other sources, to find a notice of a memoir of French origin, on the comparative political and commercial importance of the route by railway by the Euphrates, and by the Suez canal, in which all the arguments are not only strongly in favour of the first, but the author actually demonstrates by figures and calculations, very carefully made, that those advantages would be much greater than have ever been propounded by its advocates in this country. Such a testimony, coming as it does from such a source, cannot be looked upon with that sceptical incredulity with which almost all great undertakings are viewed at the outset, not by philanthropists and patriots, but by the race of schemers in our own country.

MARMONT'S MEMOIRS.*

DURING the earlier portion of Marmont's memorials of his time, we found him enjoying the full tide of prosperity: he had the luck to be engaged against inferior generals, and he gained a considerable portion of renown, not justified by ensuing events. The prestige attaching to his name had, indeed, become so great, that Napoleon selected him to supersede Masséna in the Peninsula, and had ample reason to regret his choice. Instead of Marmont maintaining the reputation of the French arms, he, by his own showing, spent his time in unworthy disputes with the other generals holding separate command, and thus strengthened the English power. On his own *ex parte* evidence, he was no match for Wellington; and, disguise it as he may, he was out-generalled at Salamanca. But we shall have occasion to refer to this subject presently.

At the end of the second volume we left Marmont at Zara, opposed to the Russians and Montenegrins. Various skirmishes took place during the winter, and the rebels (as Marmont chooses to call them) suffered very condign punishment by his burning the town of Castelnuovo over their heads. The next step proposed was a combined operation of the French and Austrians to capture Cattaro, but it ended in nothing; fortunately, perhaps, for Marmont, as the Russian naval force was very large, and it would have been unfavourable to contest the sovereignty at sea with them. In the mean while the Dalmatians, who had been amicably disposed to the French at the outset, began to grow discontented at the prolonged occupation, and aided the Russians in carrying out their numberless intrigues. Hence it is not surprising that Marmont felt greatly disposed to take an active part in the war between the English and Turks, which Duckworth's forcing of the Dardanelles appeared strongly to suggest, and proposed to join the Turks with 25,000 men. He obtained the emperor's assent, and opened negotiations with Mustapha Bairaktar, so celebrated for his devotion to the unhappy Selim; with Passwan Oglou, and with the celebrated Ali Pacha, of Janina, to the latter of whom a field battery and abundance of *matériel* were sent. The sudden change which took place in the conduct of the Porte, however, overthrew all these laboured schemes, and the retreat of the Russian fleet enabled Marmont to devote his attention to a branch of military occupation for which he always showed a remarkable genius. In the expectation that his long-cherished dream would be fulfilled, and that Turkey in Europe would be broken up, and subjected to a Polish partition, Marmont paved the way by opening up roads into the interior of Dalmatia. By these means he regained a great portion of his popularity with the inhabitants, who said, in their flowery language: "During eight years the Austrians drew up and discussed plans for roads, without carrying them out: Marmont mounted on horseback to have them made, and lo! ere he descended, they were finished." About this time, too, an envoy from Ali Pacha visited Marmont, who gives the following account of his mission:

* Mémoires du Maréchal Duc de Raguse, &c. Vols. III. and IV. Paris: Perrotin.

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This envoy was *en route* for Poland, in order to meet the emperor. Mehemet Effendi had experienced strange fortunes. He was a Roman and a priest, whom we found at Malta performing the duties of inquisitor, on our capture of that island. He followed us to Egypt, where we gave him employment as a civil servant. Not finding in that department the advantages he had anticipated, he determined on returning to Europe in the company of two French officers. A corsair took them, and they were carried to Janina and put in prison. One day the *ci-devant* inquisitor announced that he had been favoured with a vision; Mohammed had appeared to him and demonstrated that the Christian religion was false, and so our friend decided on embracing the Koran. He was immediately set at liberty. He was employed by Ali Pacha, and soon taken into favour. When he came to me, his master had authorised him to enter into negotiations with Napoleon. The vizir had decided that peace was near at hand, and foreseeing that the emperor would demand possession of Corfu and the seven islands, Ali Pacha sent Mehemet to ask that they might be handed over to him, his sole argument to convince Napoleon being: "Ali Pacha loves the French; a French general will come to take the command at Corfu; this vicinity will engender quarrels, and it will be unjustly said that Ali Pacha does not love the French. In order to prevent such injustice it would be better to give the island to Ali Pacha." Mehemet Effendi joined the emperor just as the peace was being signed. The conditions were still kept secret. He made his request, and supported it by the powerful argument I have quoted, while the emperor replied: "But how am I to take Corfu? it does not belong to me." "But your majesty will have it," the renegade said. "How am I to take it?" the emperor continued; and he never altered this mode of argument, which could not possibly compromise him. Mehemet Effendi's mission was fulfilled, and he returned to his master. Afterwards, I was told, the wretched man went back to Rome, and made a public recantation.

The peace of Tilsit, and the emperor's wish to interfere in Spain, put a final check to the designs on Turkey; Cattaro was handed over to the French, and tranquillity restored to the world for a short period. Marmont received his reward in the title of Duc de Raguse, which he considered the greatest compliment that could be paid him. During the peace, Marmont was engaged in negotiations with the Montenegrins, in the vain hope of inducing them to accept the government of the emperor; and, from his own showing, he could always know the state of the political thermometer, as regarded Austria, by the language held by the Vladika. When, therefore, the Montenegrins broke out into hostility, he could not entertain the slightest doubt but that a war with Austria was imminent. Nor were his expectations frustrated. As soon as hostilities commenced in Italy, Marmont received orders to make a diversion in favour of the army of Italy. After some unimportant movements, he was summoned by the Archduke John to evacuate Dalmatia, but thought it beneath him even to answer the summons. Napoleon's march on Vienna altered the aspect of things materially. The viceroy recommenced the offensive by entering Friuli, while Marmont hurried to join him. On the route, he fought and won the battle of Gospich against a very superior force, on the same days, the 21st and 22nd of May, as the terrible battle of Essling was being fought on the left bank of the Danube. From the correspondence in the third volume we will here show that, while engaged in fighting his own battles, Napoleon found time to carefully watch his generals, as will be seen from the two following letters:

NAPOLEON TO MARMONT.

Bayonne, 8th May, 1808.

MONSIEUR LE GENERAL MARMONT,—The pay of the army of Dalmatia is in arrears, because you have diverted 400,000 francs from the paymaster's chest to meet other expenses. Things cannot go on in this way. The paymaster was very wrong to obey your orders. As it is the treasury which pays the expenses, this branch of the service cannot be kept straight with such irregularity. You have no right, under any pretext, to force the chest. You ought to demand credits from the minister; if he do not grant them, you must not incur such expenses.

This matter was evidently rankling in Napoleon's mind, for we find him writing again on May 16, 1808 :

MONSIEUR LE GENERAL MARMONT,—There is great disorder in the administration of my army in Dalmatia. You have authorised a violation of the chest, amounting to nearly 400,000 francs. And yet the same amount was placed to your credit for the engineer and artillery works. It is a very considerable sum. How is it that it was not sufficient? Dalmatia costs me an immense sum; there is no regularity there, and all this causes a degree of irregularity in our accounts, to which we are not accustomed. The paymaster is responsible for all these sums; I have ordered his recal, and he had better make haste and send in all the vouchers to certify his accounts. But all this does not justify the expense. You have no right to spend a farthing which the minister has not placed at your disposal. When you want a credit, you must ask for it.

The terms on which the archduke had entered on the campaign were very favourable. The French army, or at least the greater part of its forces, and especially those troops who had made the campaigns of 1805, 1806, and 1807, were in Spain and Italy; Davoust's corps alone, about 30,000 strong, and a few other troops hurriedly organised in the dépôts at home, were in Germany. Thus the allies represented the largest integer of the French army. Without wishing to treat them unjustly, we may assume that our readers are aware how mediocre these soldiers were. The archduke opened the campaign with a firm and numerous army, perfectly equipped, and marched with the confidence imparted by his immense superiority. This confidence was universal, but a change soon came over the troops in the following simple way:

A French prisoner was taken on the field of the battle of Ratisbon. He was questioned, and he announced the arrival of the emperor to take the head of the army. They refused to believe him, but every prisoner repeated the same tale. From that moment, I was told—from the instant when the fact was confirmed, the archduke, who till then had displayed coolness and talent, lost his head, and only committed absurdities. "And I," Bubna, who told me the story, added, "in order to recal him to his senses, said to him, 'But, monseigneur, why trouble yourself? suppose Jourdan had just arrived instead of Napoleon?' " This amusing incident never left my memory. It does not attach much credit to Jourdan; but Bubna chose his name, because the archduke had fought against him for two campaigns and had always beaten him.

And it was fortunate for the French army that Napoleon was present, for the check at Essling had almost destroyed it. At that moment, so Marmont tells us, Prince Charles had in his hands the destiny of the French army: he could have destroyed it; but it appeared to him so wonderful and extraordinary that he had not been beaten, that he almost

doubted his victory, when it only depended on him to render it decisive. The French army was divided by the Danube, which is of immense width near Vienna; the two portions could only communicate by means of uncertain navigation. The troops on the left bank were utterly worn out by the obstinate struggle, and had no ammunition or space to move in on the island of Lobau. If the Austrian army had forced a passage, and if the population of Vienna had revolted, which they were much inclined to do, Lannes and Masséna's corps, and the cavalry of the Guard, must have been captured or cut to pieces. Fortunately for Napoleon, the time had not yet come for his star to set.

During the period that Marmont was detached at Laybach, the Austrians moved down a large force on Gratz, where the 84th Regiment defended the town against overwhelming numbers for fourteen hours. For this brilliant service Napoleon ordered the regiment to bear on its standard the motto, "*Un contre dix*," while Marmont received his reward in the shape of the following letter:

NAPOLÉON TO MARMONT.

Schönbrunn, 28th June, 1809, Nine in the Morning.

MONSIEUR LE DUC DE RAGUSE,—On the 27th you were not at Gratz. You have committed the greatest fault of which a general can be guilty. You ought to have arrived there by midnight of the 23rd, or the morning of the 24th. You have 10,000 men under your command, and you do not know how to enforce obedience; in fact, your corps is only a division. I believe that Montrichard is not a splendid officer; but you complain with a bad grace. What would it be if you commanded 120,000 men? Besides, a formal act of disobedience would be criminal; it is a misunderstanding, and how can that occur, when a general only commands 10,000 men? Marmont, you have under you the best corps of my army; I desire your presence at a battle I propose fighting, and you cause me a delay of several days. You will possibly have beaten Giulay this day. It is very necessary I should know what I have to depend on, where you are, and whether the enemy will collect his forces in the neighbourhood of Gratz. It is important that his troops should be so scattered that they cannot be re-assembled for many days.

At the commencement of July, Marmont proceeded to Vienna, in order to have an interview with the emperor. He met him at a fortunate moment, on his return from an inspection of the works thrown up for the protection of the French army. According to our author, Napoleon was subjected to a species of intoxication when he had a large number of troops at his command, and his resolutions were influenced by the lively impression such a scene caused him. "A man of his superiority ought to have been free from such a degree of intoxication (*enivrement*); his feelings ought not to have had such an empire over his mind; for, before seeing them, he was aware of the number of his troops." The reception was sufficiently gracious, and Marmont was ordered to cover the approaches to the island of Lobau. A few days later the battle of Wagram was fought, which the French won, owing to the errors of the Austrian commanders. The Archduke Charles complained greatly of the conduct of his brother John, and a public discussion commenced between them. The fact is, that though Prince John halted his men to boil their soup, and so delayed his arrival on the battle-field, the French had 35,000 fresh troops prepared to receive him. After the battle a sudden panic took place, and

the entire plain was covered with fugitives: nearly ten thousand men rushed precipitately on the Danube in the most disgraceful state of fear. They had been terrified by the outposts of the Archduke John's army; but such a panic throws a strange light on the components of the French army of Wagram. We do not think that the troops who won Jena and Austerlitz would have been guilty of such conduct. The battle of Wagram is one of the greatest of modern times, if we regard the number of combatants collected. There were 300,000 men in the two armies, and, from the end of one wing to that of the other, about two leagues and a half distance. The French had 700 field-pieces; the Austrians 500. But though the French gained the victory, they did not take a single prisoner, except some wounded men left on the field of battle. The French captured seven guns from the Austrians, but not a single flag; while the Austrians, on the contrary, took nine guns. If it was a victory, as the French are so fond of asserting, at any rate it opened up the prospect of many more battles to be fought. The following curious anecdote seems to throw a strange light on the character of the Emperor Napoleon:

The day after the battle the emperor mounted his horse, and, in accordance with his usual custom, rode over a portion of the field. The part he visited was where Macdonald had been stationed. I never could understand the sort of curiosity he experienced in seeing the dead and dying thus covering the ground. He stopped before an officer dangerously wounded in the knee, and had the strange idea of having the amputation performed by Yvan, his surgeon, in his presence. The latter had great difficulty in making him understand that this was not the proper place, that the operation was impossible at the moment, and he invoked my testimony in support of his own.

By the battle of Zúaim, Marmont had a glorious revenge on the Archduke John, for the proposed evacuation of Dalmatia, in the benefit of an offer to conclude an armistice. The next morning, on hastening to receive the congratulations of the emperor, he was disagreeably disappointed by having to listen to a detailed criticism of the campaign in Croatia, in which the emperor tried his best to prove him guilty of all possible faults. The reward for his patient reception of the remarks was the *maréchal's bâton*. We think he could well afford to let Napoleon speak his mind for such a reward.

The new marshal, as junior, had to read the despatches aloud, and then Marmont broke the news to the emperor of the loss of the battle of Talavera, at which he was furious. The reason Marmont insinuates for the escape of the English army upon its retreat to Corunna, was, that Soult had an intense ambition to gain the throne of Portugal for himself. But we had better quote his character to show what Marmont thought of one of his rivals:

Soult, who possessed very little mind, and was excessively passionate, suffered from unlimited ambition. His reputation for finesse was founded on his custom of always expressing the opposite of his thoughts, while this finesse and art disappeared as soon as his passions spoke, for then his intelligence was obscured to such a degree that he would fall into incredible aberrations. We have seen generals dream of crowns after lengthened war, in times of disorder and anarchy, and when they commanded troops without a fatherland—mercenaries whom habit, interest, and *esprit de bande* attached solely to their chiefs; but in a period of order and discipline, with a sovereign to whom Europe was subjected, with a national army, and when the chief of the state was pre-eminently chief of the

army,—to attempt to snatch a crown assuredly never crossed the brain of any one before it occurred to Marshal Soult. He had then the fancy to become King of Portugal, and be elected by the Portuguese. On arriving at Oporto he was joined by some intriguers, and got up a meeting to declare the overthrow of the House of Braganza, and ask a new king from the emperor; of course, with the understanding that the choice should fall on himself. The rumour of this project spread through the army, and produced a disagreeable effect. Soult was not liked, and his enemies were delighted to have such a good means of attacking him. He was only known by the name of King Nicholas.

The result of these proceedings was the total disorganisation of Soult's army, by which the English profited. Soult was driven out of Oporto with the loss of eighty guns and all the baggage of the army. In the first impulse, Napoleon was disposed to punish Soult with all possible severity; but, on reflection, he thought the publicity would be hazardous, and ignored it *in toto*.

We would not here allude to the English expedition to Flushing, were it not to quote a capital anecdote Marmont tells of the emperor: "At this period Napoleon made great fun of the sailors. They had always asserted that the navigation of the Scheldt presented great difficulties for men-of-war, that the banks below Antwerp prevented their equipment before they entered the roads, and that it was more prudent to employ canals to let the vessels down. 'Well,' said Napoleon, laughing most heartily, 'just see the good effects of fear. Admiral Missiessy's squadron was in Flushing Roads, ready to set out to sea, armed, provisioned, and water on board. The appearance of the English produced such an effect, that the squadron, in this state, ran up the Scheldt in a most unfavourable wind, and some of the vessels even passed Antwerp, and sought shelter in the Rupel. Come, misfortune is good for something; the English will have taught us all the value and properties of this naval establishment.'"

Napoleon and Bernadotte had been on bad terms ever since the suspicious conduct of the latter at Wagram. Hence some surprise was felt at court about his elevation to the throne of Sweden. It appears that Bernadotte, while commandant of Hamburg, had formed the acquaintance of several Swedish officers, prisoners in that city. When the Swedes were looking out for a successor to the throne, they therefore thought of him. By this choice, their object of withdrawing from the Russian influence was attained; then, as he was a marshal of France, they fancied such a step might be pleasing to the emperor. Finally, Bernadotte being placed in a sort of opposition, it was reasonably believed that he would not be the slave of his former master. Such was the secret of his nomination.

The emperor had not the least idea of it, nor Bernadotte himself. Even more, Bernadotte, then on very bad terms with Napoleon, and suspected of fresh intrigues, was the object of a species of surveillance on the part of the police; hence he behaved with great circumspection. In the midst of these preoccupations a stranger asked to speak with him. This individual, with whom he was unacquainted, informed him that the states of Sweden had summoned him to succeed King Charles XIII. He could not understand a word of the story, but believing he was being mystified, he grew angry. The other, greatly surprised, justified himself by the papers of which he was bearer. Bernadotte hurried to St. Cloud, where the emperor was staying, called him out

from the council, and informed him of the offer made him. The emperor could not believe him, but twice repeated that it must be a joke. "Still," Bernadotte remarked, "the letters are authentic." "That is true," Napoleon continued; "that appears certain. I cannot oppose the success of their request; it is too honourable for France, and for me, to find the peoples come to select their sovereigns from among my generals. So accept, by all means. But all I can tell you is, that they have made a bad choice."

The attempt on Napoleon's life, which took place during the negotiations for peace, terrified the emperor, and he determined on accelerating the final signature of peace. For this purpose he requested that Prince John Lichtenstein, commander-in-chief of the Austrian army, might be sent to confer with him. The Emperor Francis assented, but gave Prince John strict injunctions not to sign anything. The prince could not resist the cajoleries in which Napoleon was so skilful an adept, but signed provisional arrangements, whose value would depend on the pleasure of his sovereign. But he had hardly left the French camp when Napoleon announced the peace as concluded, and ordered one hundred guns to be fired. The Emperor of Austria could not withdraw, and thus, as Marmont says, this peace was juggled.

Marmont proceeded to Paris, where he wished to enjoy long-looked-for repose, and the days slipped away pleasantly enough in the presence of his friends. He was surprised, however, to find them so cold in political matters, and evidently surfeited with military glory. One of them, indeed, astonished him in a marvellous degree, and we will repeat his remarks in Marmont's words.

Duc Decrès, minister of the navy, was my compatriot, and I had contracted an intimacy with him while proceeding to Egypt on board his vessel. He was a man of considerable talent. I will not utter any praises of his passionate and vindictive character. I know several blamable points connected with him; but, personally, I have always to speak well of his conduct towards me. He found me highly satisfied, and very ardent in my narratives of the war. After letting me speak, and listening to me calmly, he said as follows: "Well, Marmont, you appear very satisfied, because you have been made a marshal. You see everything in blooming colours. Do you wish me to tell you the truth, and unveil the future? The emperor is mad, quite mad, and will turn us all topsyturvy. The affair will end in a fearful catastrophe."

I fell back two paces, and answered him: "Are you mad, yourself, to speak thus—are you wishing to try me?"

"Neither one nor the other, my dear friend. I only speak the truth to you. I shall not proclaim it from the housetops, but our ancient friendship, and the confidence existing between us, authorise my speaking to you unreservedly. What I tell you is only too true, and I shall call you to prove the truth of my prediction." He then developed his ideas to me, by speaking of the strange nature of the imperial projects, their fickleness and contradiction, their gigantic range, *que sais-je?* He presented before me a tableau which events have only too fully justified. More than once, since the Restoration, I have reminded Decrès of his astounding, but most melancholy prediction.

During Marmont's stay at Fontainebleau, the emperor had frequent debates with his uncle, Cardinal Fesch. During the past summer Napoleon had proceeded to the extreme measures of violence against the Pope, who had crowned him and imparted so much dignity to the ceremony in the eyes of the nation by his presence. On the night of the 5th of July the Pope had been taken prisoner. At the very moment

when Napoleon was deploying his immense forces at the battle of Wagram, his agents were waging war on an aged priest, who had no means of resistance, save in justice and the opinion of nations. Five years had not elapsed ere the glorious sovereign, no longer governed by the dictates of reason and justice, had fallen, while the aged priest had remounted his throne. Fesch, on becoming a cardinal, took up the cause of the Pope with ardour, which led to such scenes as the following :

One day, at Fontainebleau, Fesch was disputing harshly, as was his usual custom, indeed. The emperor grew angry, and told him that he, a libertine, an infidel, had good grounds for assuming such an hypocritical manner, &c. "It is possible," said Fesch, "but that does not prevent you from committing injustice; you are devoid of reason, justice, and pretexts; you are the most unjust of men." At the end, the emperor took him by the hand, opened the window, and led him on to the balcony. "Look up there," he said; "do you see anything?" "No," replied Fesch, "I see nothing." "Well, then, learn to hold your tongue," the emperor went on; "I can see my star; it is that which guides me. No longer dare to compare your weak and imperfect faculties to my superior organisation."*

Marmont proceeded to assume the viceroyalty of Illyria, where he kept his hand in by punishing predatory bands of Turks. A year and a half were profitably spent in arranging the internal economy of the country, and regulating the customs dues, that pet project of Napoleon, as an offshoot of his continental blockade. Marmont also devoted himself to physical studies, and made a magnificent discovery, which, however, has unfortunately escaped the notice of posterity. To bring this before the attention of the Academy, he proceeded to Paris, just at the period of the accouchement of the empress. The following passage seems just, and deserving quotation :

At this period of joy and triumph Napoleon had succeeded in everything—the limits of the world appeared too narrow for him; all was at his feet, and his least desires had almost the irresistible power of the laws of nature. A son was born to him; and this infant, regarded as the pledge of the tranquillity of the world, as the political rainbow of nations, seemed destined to bear on his head that crown overshadowed by so many laurels, and to receive the sceptre of the world as his inheritance. The majestic edifice, erected with such toil, was supposed to be sheltered from all tempests; and, although some symptoms might be already alarming the initiated, there was not as yet the slightest idea that this torch, whose brilliancy might be called celestial, would so soon grow pallid and expire. But the prudence, calculation, and profound thought which had raised the edifice, were about to give place to the most unreasonable conceptions; the pride change into coarse aberration; the inspirations of genius disappear, or be reduced to a mere flattery of the passions; and a man who had emerged from the crowd, the child of his own labours, would soon outstrip in his illusions princes born on the throne, whose flatterers had corrupted their character, and obstructed their intellect. All this, however, was on the verge of happening, so weak is our nature. The greatness of Napoleon was partly his own work; but circumstances singularly favoured his elevation. His arrival at power was the expression of the wants of society at that date; but his fall was entirely attributable to himself. He displayed greater and more constant energy in destroying himself than in his rise; and never was there one to whom the observation could be applied more justly than to himself, that established

* Marmont tells this story on the authority of Duroc, who had been present at the scene.

governments can only fall by their own laches, and always die by a species of suicide.

Now, to tell the truth, this mode of writing appears to us somewhat ungrateful, when we notice, in the very next sentence, that Napoleon received Marmont *à merveille*. Nor must we forget to mention that our hero was presented to the new empress, "and found in her the dignity and expression of goodness which is the appanage of her entire family." We were not aware that the last quality was so extensively developed in the Hapsburg family : if it be so, they must fearfully belie their nature at times. Marmont also gives his testimony to prove the falsehood of the story that the infant was a supposititious child, which was never believed even by those persons who so industriously spread the rumour. We were about blaming Marmont for mentioning the story at all ; but it struck us that we were equally guilty for the repetition of the denial.

But there was one speck on the emperor's brilliant horizon : Spain was still unsubdued, owing to the presence of those troublesome English, who would not be driven into the sea, although, by all strategic rules, they should have yielded to the designs entertained by the emperor. Masséna, who had been sent the previous year to Spain to take the command of a powerful army, arrived before Lisbon, and did not venture to attack it. He must be recalled ; and, on the Wellington and Napier principle, the emperor, not being able to go himself, commissioned Marmont to take his place ; the bait he held out being tempting enough. His words at the final interview were : " There are great rewards to be expected in Spain. After the conquest, the Peninsula will be divided into five states, governed by viceroys, who will hold a court, and enjoy all the honours of royalty. One of these viceroys is intended for you : go to conquer and deserve it." With such prospects, for which, by the way, our author was so severe on Soult a few pages back, Marmont assumed the chief command of the army in Spain, and laid that foundation for his own downfall, which was owing as much to his overweening confidence as to the transcendent ability of Wellington.

Before we begin to analyse the operations of the army of Portugal, while under Marmont's command, it will be advisable to take a rapid glance at the scene of the war, and the events which had occurred upon it. The war between France and Spain broke out in 1793. Charles IV., after employing all the influences in his power to save the life of the unhappy Louis Seize, believed that his duty and dignity bound him to avenge his death. At that moment, the resources of France were exhausted ; those of Spain, to take the offensive, weak ; but the government was powerfully backed up by the energy and patriotism of the Spanish people, and seventy-three millions of francs were voluntarily poured into the royal exchequer. Godoy, however, was not the man for the situation. Some ephemeral successes, followed by rapid reverses, ended in a peace advantageous for France, while Godoy received the title of Prince of the Peace. The same spirit, the same weakness, brought about an alliance and a great scandal. The family compact entered into in the interest of the Bourbons was re-established between the Spanish Bourbons and the murderers of the chief of their house. This state

of things lasted during the Revolution, but the alliance became troublesome to Spain on the accession of Bonaparte to power; for, from that moment, France set no limit on her demands.

Napoleon, though accustomed to see everything yield before him, conceived a feeling of contempt for the Spanish people, whom he noticed to be so abject. He confounded the nation with its government, and yet they were diametrically opposite: the government had reached the extreme verge of corruption and weakness, but the people, under this degrading yoke, had yielded neither its pride nor its virtues.

Napoleon, talking one day with M. de Hervas, a good Spaniard, and since known under the name of the Marquis d'Almenara, said: "With 30,000 men I could, if I pleased, conquer Spain." "You are mistaken," Hervas replied. "If you allude to the conquest of the government, the 30,000 men would be useless: a letter in your hand and a courier would be sufficient. If you wish to subjugate the nation, 300,000 men would not suffice." The future proved that he spoke the truth.

The nation entertained an intense admiration for the emperor, Marmont tells us. It longed to be liberated from the Prince of the Peace, and awaited Napoleon's influence. At the period when the French troops were sent to the frontier, the people hailed them as deliverers, and raised triumphal arches in Madrid to greet Napoleon as their liberator. But when the revolution of Aranjuez had overthrown the favourite, the presence of the emperor was no longer necessary; and, as Murat on his arrival in Madrid took under his special protection the object of the national hatred, all the odium recoiled on the emperor. The Spaniards concluded that the Prince of the Peace had been his agent, and had only acted for his advantage. This was the first cause of the Spanish hatred for the French. The events at Bayonne put the climax on it. An honest and brave nation detests perfidy and contempt: and in this affair nation was never more perfidiously and contemptuously treated than the Spanish. But we must make room for a quotation, showing Marmont's views on this subject:

If Napoleon had comprehended Spain, he could have made her the most useful ally to his power, and his influence there would have been permanent and unlimited. The weakness of the sovereign insured his obedience, while the fidelity of the nation to that sovereign guaranteed its ready assistance in seconding all his undertakings. The old king, slave of a favourite, could no longer reign: but Ferdinand was the object of public confidence, and on him rested all the hopes for the future. This prince desired, as the most signal mark of favour, to espouse a niece of Napoleon. Any direct action on the part of Napoleon would have contributed to regulate the government, and give this monarchy a vitality and power which he could have employed for his own profit. A fatal idea took possession of his mind, and he did worse than realise the fable of the goose with the golden eggs: for he not only diverted a source of wealth, but also let loose a torrent of evils. The interests of a brother whom he wished to convert into a slave, and who openly resisted his will, the uncertainty of a gloomy future, gained the day over the advantages ready to his hand, and ripe for plucking. Finally, by removing their sovereign, he opened up a vast field, on which this brave people could give way to their generous and patriotic feelings. By exercising a judicious policy and displaying honesty of conduct, Napoleon would have possession of the treasures of the Indies, the command of vessels and numerous troops, who, allied to our destinies and subjected to the movement of the age, would have become worthy of enrolment in our ranks. Instead of this, Spain

furnished nations with an example of resistance, became the tomb of numberless armies, and the principal cause of our ruin and the reverses which overwhelmed us. But, after having, as if wantonly, created this resistance destined to be so calamitous for us, Napoleon did nothing to overcome it, and, on the contrary, seemed to devote himself to diminishing the chances of success. The absurd division of commands, which he would never give up—the unparalleled rivalries, which he could not suppress—his absence from the scene, where he alone could do good—his usual refusal of the most indispensable succours and *matériel*—his continued obstinacy in closing his eyes to the light, and his ears to the truth—finally, the mania, which he never could be induced to give up, of directing from Paris operations in a country which he had never deigned to study or understand, completed the mass of evils by which the best armies of Europe were eventually overthrown.

There is some degree of truth in these remarks, if we extract the evident bias which Marmont has to throw his own faults on his master's shoulders. It is all very easy to say that a conciliatory temper would have given the emperor the treasures of India, but England would have had a word to say in that matter; and even the Spanish vessels would not have been of much service against a British fleet. Fortunately for Marmont, the emperor is not here to contradict his assertions, and we may let him indulge his spite: after all, we liberated Spain, and that is the chief affair to which we need attach any importance.

Joseph arrived in Madrid with a weak body of troops, consisting of recruits drawn from the various dépôts. The Spaniards despised them, and proceeded to action. A detachment sent to Valencia was beaten, and forced to retreat precipitately. The disastrous events at Baylen, where the incapacity with which the troops were commanded was surpassed by the cowardice, pillage, and brigandage, produced a commotion which was felt to the uttermost limits of Spain. Joseph evacuated Madrid and retired on the Ebro, where he awaited reinforcements. The emperor made his appearance at the head of the *grande armée*. The Spaniards were defeated at Burgos and Tudela, Saragossa was attacked, the whole north of Spain swarmed with troops, and the country was tranquillised. Junot was sent into Portugal, and occupied Lisbon; but an English army came to the assistance of that country. Junot was beaten at Vimeira, and the convention of Cintra sent back the French army to its own country. The English then marched on Salamanca, and the emperor prepared to attack them. The evident hostility of Austria recalled Napoleon to Paris, and Soult was ordered to follow up the English army, and exterminate it—if he could. The battle of Corunna was fought, and the British army was relanded at Lisbon. Soult, who was ordered to reoccupy Portugal, was surprised on the Douro, and compelled to return to Spain, with the entire loss of his *matériel*. The command was soon afterwards taken out of Joseph's hands, and confided to Masséna, who remained inactively before the lines of Torres Vedras; while his troops rendered themselves beloved by the population in the following manner:

On the march of the French army the whole population had fled, carrying off into the forests and mountains all the cattle, and hiding provisions, &c. The country occupied by the army remained, therefore, entirely deserted. There was no method by which to administer regularly the resources it might contain. The inhabitants not being there to obey the commissariat and bring in pro-

visions, the troops were obliged to go in search of them, and as each experienced the same want, the whole army was soon out foraging. Detachments of armed and unarmed men were formed in each regiment to explore the country and carry off everything they found. If they met any Portuguese, they seized and tortured them to obtain information as to the spot where provisions were concealed. They hung them till they became red in the face (*au rouge*) as a first, warning then they hanged them till they turned blue (*au bleu*), and death speedily ensued. Such a state of things produced disorder of every description, and the soldiers, thus left to themselves, soon employed the same menaces to extort money. At first, these researches and maraudings took place at a short distance from quarters, but soon, as the resources became exhausted, they were forced to go further a-field. All this part of Portugal was subjected daily to a system of general and systematic pillage. The soldiers went out as far as twelve or fifteen leagues. More than a third of the army was thus constantly dispersed; and far from their quarters, while the remainder seemed left at the mercy of the enemy. I have heard General Clausel say that he had seen battalions placed in front of the English army, and within cannon range, with not a hundred men in camp, while the muskets were left piled. The enemy could have carried them off without the slightest risk. Isolated men being daily massacred by the inhabitants, and detachments cut off, the losses became numerous; but that which still further imperilled the existence of the army was the confusion and disorder entailed by the utter absence of all discipline.

Such was the state of things in Spain when Marmont proceeded to take the command, and of course he begins his narrative by summing up all the disadvantages on his side, and the advantages enjoyed by the enemy. Thus, he says, that the English army was fresh after its long rest in the lines of Torres Vedras, and enjoyed the blessings of undivided command, while amply provisioned from the rear. Granted; but we cannot agree with him when he says that "he feels a conviction that if the English troops had been forced to do for a month what the French did for four years, the English army would have melted away before the expiration of the second month." With the recollection of that dreary Crimean winter still sticking to us, when the English army endured sufferings with the most heroic and unexampled patience, we beg leave to differ on this point from our author.

The first steps taken by Marmont were to introduce some degree of discipline into his army, and he issued a proclamation, by which he agreed to pay for all provisions brought in. This conduct, however, seemed so extraordinary that the Spaniards would not believe it. At the same time he put a check to the desire generally entertained by the officers to proceed home "on urgent private affairs," by stating that every officer was perfectly at liberty to leave the army, and would have his papers granted immediately after application. The army, amounting to 28,000 men, was then reorganised and put in cantonments around the headquarters at Salamanca. There is no doubt that Marmont possessed a high degree of talent for organisation, and he would have made a first-rate quartermaster-general, but in the higher faculties of commanding he was deficient. With all the authority delegated to him by the emperor he could not enforce obedience, and the entire correspondence of the fourth volume is filled with crimination and recrimination between Marmont, King Joseph, and the generals, most painful to read, and evidencing a very unhealthy state of things.

Badajoz had just capitulated to Soult; and Hill was sent off after the

affair of Fuentes de Oñore and the evacuation of Almeida, to retake it, while Wellington proceeded to attack Soult. The battle of Albuera was lost by the French, and Soult wrote pressing letters to Marmont for assistance. Our author takes great credit to himself for his generosity in obeying the appeal, apparently forgetting that the interests of his country were at stake. He found Soult at Merida, who, little accustomed to such kindness from a rival, was intoxicated with joy and gratitude. The siege of Badajoz was raised, and the town placed again in a state of defence. Four days later Soult laid a trap for Marmont, which the good sense of the latter enabled him to avoid. He proposed, namely, to carry off his troops, and leave the defence of Badajoz to the Duc de Raguse. The latter immediately called to mind the advice Junot had given him a few months before :—"You will have a good deal to do with Soult. Distrust him : act with prudence, and take precautions, for I assure you he will not fail to bring some heavy misfortune on you, if he can, no matter at what price. It is because I know him so well that I warn you." Marmont saw that Soult wanted to leave him to be beaten by the English and lose Badajoz. Soult, therefore, failed in his design, but Marmont, being only too glad to get rid of him, sent him off with a brigade of light cavalry. The state of penury from which the army was suffering decided the emperor at last in giving the province of Toledo for the support of the army of Portugal. This rich and fertile district had been spared, and large quantities of corn were laid up there, which were invaluable to the army. Joseph, however, much more occupied with his own interest and enjoyment of the moment than with the grand result of the movements of the army,—Joseph, whose security at Madrid depended on the success of the operations,—at first refused to give up this province to Marmont. For more than three months a continued contest went on between the two. At length, Joseph, compelled by Napoleon to yield, sold all the corn, as if he had been obliged by a treaty to give up the province to the English. Joseph was troubled with some strange illusions, for he asserted that the French prevented his governing in Spain, and if the armies would only go away the Spaniards would gladly obey him ! This mania accounts for his hesitating conduct.

Marmont gives a flaming account of how he could have cut the English army to pieces at El Bodon, if he could only have imagined that Wellington would allow his army to be scattered about in the presence of the French. So great was the confusion caused by the unexpected attack, Marmont says, that Lord Manners, the Duke's aide-de-camp, took the French squadrons for English troops, and asked General Deseau where the Duke was. General Deseau had not the presence of mind to take him prisoner, but warned him of his mistake by furiously replying, "*Que me voulez-vous ?*" The English army fell back, while Marmont destroyed a quantity of gabions and fascines collected near Rodrigo, and then took back his troops to their winter cantonments. His headquarters being fixed at Talavera, he took advantage of a few days' leisure to go to Madrid and visit his old friend Joseph :

It is well known what a powerful effect the atmosphere of courts has on those who dwell in them ; but Joseph afforded me an extraordinary example. I found in him still the same talents, the same amiability ; but none can form an idea

to what a pitch his *insouciance* and the effeminacy of his manners had attained. His inclination for pleasure exercised an extraordinary dominion over him. Forgetful of his origin, only feeling the necessity of justifying by his efforts the favours with which fortune had overwhelmed him, he appeared as if born to a throne, and solely occupied with the enjoyments which such a birth entails. He might have been taken for the weakened scion of a worn-out dynasty. He had made good use of time, when we bear in mind that, seven years earlier, he had regarded it as a perfidy that the title of king should be offered to him.

The power of yielding to every sort of enjoyment soon degrades the best characters, and flatterers, by heightening the self-love of sovereigns, speedily cause them to fall into the strangest aberrations. Joseph, in other respects a man of mind, gave himself to such illusions that he fancied himself a great warrior, when he had neither taste nor instinct for the profession, was ignorant of the first rudiments, and did not comprehend the most simple application of the art of war. He often amused me with discourse on his military talents, and ventured to tell me that the emperor had withdrawn the command-in-chief from him because he was jealous of him. These words were uttered by him more than once, and the gay and light observations which I made on such occasions did not make him feel the absurdity of his supposition. He complained much of his brother, while criticising his politics, his contradictions, the anarchy which he suffered in the French armies occupying Spain. He was in the right; but it was curious to hear him add—when he could not sleep quietly, except under the French flag—“Without the army, without my brother, I should be peacefully King of Spain, and recognised by the whole of this immense monarchy.” It must be in the nature of man not to be able to endure calmly prosperity and power, since persons who had risen from the plainer ranks of society had so soon lost all recollection of their starting point; and is it not just, therefore, to display some indulgence towards those whom flattery and illusion have surrounded from their cradle?

On returning to his army, Marmont received the unwelcome intelligence that the English had marched in full force on Rodrigo. Within a week that place was taken, although the French had employed twenty-five days in the original capture. Marmont throws the blame on General Dorsenne, who had entrusted the defence of the town to a wretched officer of the name of Barrié, at the head of 2000 men. The fortified convent, which had played so important a part in the hands of the Spaniards, and would have contributed greatly to the defence of the town, was not occupied, and the English took possession of it without a blow. The lunette was carried on the evening of the investment. On the 16th of January the artillery practice commenced, on the 18th a practicable breach was made, and in the night the assault was begun. The breach was successfully defended; but a feigned attack by escalade succeeded, and the town was carried. We fancy this unlooked-for result must have caused Marmont to form a different opinion of the British soldier, although he is careful not to say a word on that subject.

The French gained a temporary success by breaking up the Spanish army under Blake before Valentia; and our author tells us the following anecdote thereanent: “Blake’s army, I know not on what occasion, had behaved a little less badly than the others, and the cortes, as a reward, have given these troops the surname of *Los mas Vallentes*. These soldiers had almost converted it into their proper name. During his march, Montbrun found swarms of these disbanded troops making their way homewards. They were stopped, and asked who they were; and all replied by the words, highly improper on this occasion, *Los mas Vallentes Desertores*.”

Marmont, much disgusted by the fall of Rodrigo, occupied himself by converting Salamanca into a species of fortification, while Wellington was quietly concentrating his troops on the left bank of the Tagus. On the 22nd of February, Marmont received information that the enemy was investing Badajoz. Marmont made some counter-movements, and for a while impeded the carrying out of the design. But such contradictory orders came from Paris, that Marmont was quite incapacitated from carrying out his plans, and had no resource left him but to resign. The only result his remonstrances obtained with Napoleon will be found in the following anecdote, as narrated by Jardet to Marmont, on his return to Paris :

After having discussed all these questions, the emperor said to Jardet, "Here is Marmont complaining that he wants a multiplicity of things—money, provisions, *matériel*, &c. Well; and I am going to carry an immense army to the heart of a country which produces nothing." And then, after a pause, followed by some minutes' silence, he seemed suddenly to start from deep thought, and looking Jardet in the face, said to him, "But how will all this end?" Jardet, confounded by this inquiry, answered, with a laugh, "Very well, I think, sire." But he quitted him with a vivid impression, the natural effect of so singular an inspiration.

The orders Marmont received were so imperative that he was compelled to fall back on Salamanca, on the way throwing a few shells into Rodrigo without any useful result. The English prepared to act on the offensive, encouraged by the hesitating movements of the enemy, and on the 16th of June appeared before Salamanca; while Marmont, after leaving the town in as good a state of defence as he could, fell back in the hope of being reinforced. On the 27th, Salamanca capitulated, and Marmont found himself in a most critical position. No help could be obtained, and Marmont, in his fear that Hill's division might at any moment join Wellington, and add 12,000 men to his strength, determined on taking the offensive himself. The armies soon found themselves close together, and everything evidenced a speedy trial of strength. How the battle eventually came about will be best told in our author's words :

General Maucune advised me that the enemy was retiring, and requested leave to attack. I saw better than he could what was taking place, and I could judge that, as the enemy's movement was only preparatory, we had not yet arrived at the proper moment to attack him with advantage. I therefore sent Maucune word to remain quiet. But, though a brave soldier, he had very little sense, and could not refrain when in the presence of an enemy. The same general, only five days before, had gravely compromised the army on the passage of the Douro by his precipitation. Destiny would have it that, in spite of the resolution I had formed of never placing him at the head of a column, the natural arrangement of the troops gave him that position. General Maucune did even more: he went down from the plateau and advanced on the enemy without any order. I perceived this, and sent him word to return. Doubting his obedience, I determined on going to him myself; and after casting a last glance on the movements of the English army, I had shut up my glass, and was about to mount my horse, when a single shot, fired from the English battery of two guns mounted on the opposite plateau, broke my arm, and gave me two deep and large wounds in the ribs. I had my left side turned towards the enemy, and the shell with which the gun was loaded, bursting after it had passed me, my right arm and my right side were also wounded.

It was about three in the afternoon.

This event, at the moment when there was not a second to lose in repairing the mistake made, was fatal. The command passed to General Bonnet, who, being wounded soon after, transferred it to General Clausel. So that, to tell the truth, this succession of changes in the command at length did away with all command. On the other hand, the Duke of Wellington, seeing such strange dispositions and such disturbance in an army which, till then, had been led with method and regularity, reverted to his former intention of fighting. He attacked Maucune about four o'clock, and soon drove back his line. The cavalry fell on the seventh division, which was extended out of all reason, and on the light cavalry, which was also in confusion, and commanded by a general officer of no great merit. In less than an hour all became confusion on the plateau, from which I had hoped hereafter to make well-combined movements which would entail severe loss on the enemy.

After clearing the plateau, the enemy made a vigorous attack on the Arapiles; but the brave 120th Regiment received them in the most brilliant manner, and the English, having been unsuccessful on this point, left 800 dead on the spot. Each did his best, and each regiment and division made extraordinary efforts, but there was no guiding principle. The retreat having to be made on the Alba, General Foy made a movement by his left, and as his division had not been engaged, it performed the duties of rear-guard. It checked the enemy completely at the opening of the forest, and the retreat was effected without any loss.

Such is an exact account of the battle of Salamanca. Our loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners did not exceed 6000 men, and that of the enemy, published officially, amounted to nearly the same.

The worst of the affair was that, although Marmont had risked an engagement, under the impression that no assistance would be sent him, Joseph had collected about 12,000 combatants to come to his assistance. Hence it has been insinuated, with some appearance of justice, that Marmont hastened his movements, after receiving information of the king's approach, that he might not be under his orders on the day of battle. This charge Marmont repudiates; but we can only say that, if it be so, Marmont ought to have served as a bright example to the other marshals stationed in Spain. But we must quote one gem relative to the battle:

I was carried off the field at the moment when the English made their attack on the Arapiles, and I had the satisfaction of seeing them repulsed; and while going away I pronounced, in a loud voice, the following verse from Racine's "Mithridates":

"Et mes derniers regards ont vu fuir les Romains."

It will be seen that my spirits were not broken.

Marmont quitted the army and proceeded to Bayonne, where he remained till he grew sufficiently recovered to proceed to Paris. He suffered horribly, for he would not have his arm cut off, in the hope that his naturally good constitution would carry him through safely. The following specimen of a Job's comforter is amusing enough: "The prefect of Salamanca, a great friend of mine, had withdrawn to Bayonne. One day, calling to see me, and on my telling him of my sufferings, he said, 'I know all about it. I thought your affair was just like our poor Gravina's.' 'How?' I said; 'he was killed at Trafalgar.' 'Not at all,'

he replied ; ' he had his arm broken by a cannon-ball ; he would not allow it to be amputated, and at the end of three months he died.' It was exactly my history, except as to the death, which did not take place. This stupid remark made a powerful impression on me, and I was for several days in a very restless state of mind."

There was another matter, too, in which poor Marmont felt very unhappy. He did not receive a word of consolation either from the emperor or in his name. The first time our friend heard of him, was on an inquiry being made into his conduct. Four questions were proposed to him for reply, and he must have done so satisfactorily, for he never heard anything more about it. On his return to Paris, the emperor received him very kindly. He asked after his health; and when Marmont told him that he was still suffering greatly, the emperor said : " You must have your arm cut off." Marmont observed that he had gone through so much suffering already, that he would prefer keeping it; and so the conversation on that matter dropped. The remainder of the audience is curious :

He scarcely spoke to me of the events in Spain. He only talked about himself and the campaign in Russia. He did not appear in the slightest degree affected by the disasters which had so recently occurred before him. He rejoiced greatly, at that moment, at having escaped from the physical sufferings which he had undergone. He tried to deceive himself as to the real state of matters, and addressed these words to me :

" If I had remained with the army, I should have halted on the Niemen; Murat will fall back on the Vistula. Such is the difference in a military point of view. But, after the losses we had suffered, and as a sovereign, my presence with the army, at such a distance, and under the present circumstances, would have rendered my situation precarious. Here, I am on my throne, and I shall soon be able to take measures to repair all our disasters by creating the resources we are in need of."

And, as far as the latter part is concerned, he proved that he was in the right.

More than two-thirds of the fourth volume of these *Memoirs* are occupied with correspondence, possessing very slight interest for the general reader. This is accompanied by commentaries, in which Marmont laboriously strives to prove that he was a deeply injured man, and that every one tried to throw faults upon him which he did not deserve. According to his showing, Napoleon was guilty of the most astounding mistakes in the directions he sent from Paris for the guidance of the campaign; and to his ignorance are owing all the evils which happened to the French arms. This we are allowed to believe or not, as we please, but we are inclined to refer the defeats in Spain to the ingratitude and jealousy of the marshals. Further on in these *Memoirs*, we shall find that Napoleon alone was enabled to gain victories, and his lieutenants generally managed to throw away their effects by the blunders they committed.

The account which Marmont gives of the battle of Salamanca is ingenious, we confess; but we are not disposed to put implicit faith in it. We were always of impression that Marmont received his wound most fortunately for the safety of the French army, and that Clausel had great difficulty in retrieving the grievous errors committed in the earlier portion of the day. If we remember rightly, this is the view taken by

Napier; and if so, it fully accounts for Marmont describing that historian as "the author of a very mediocre work on the Peninsula campaign, in which the errors of fact and the lack of sincerity vie with ignorance of the elementary rules of the profession." But Colonel Napier need not be discouraged by this opinion of Marmont's, for we are of opinion that the Duc de Raguse's account of the war in Spain will be recognised as a standard authority when Napier's is forgotten—but not before. It is the misfortune of Frenchmen, probably the result of their volatile temperament, that they have the greatest reluctance to speak the truth about their defeats, and prefer to seek refuge in the poorest subterfuges. Surely, they won so many victories under Napoleon's guidance, that they might in justice recognise a defeat now and then.

But what we admire more than all in Marmont, is the candour with which he describes the character of his contemporaries in arms. We have not yet met with a single instance in which he has not been enabled to hint a fault and hesitate dislike. The glittering renown which surrounded the great generals of the day is cruelly dissipated by Marmont's caustic pen, and we are beginning to see the very common clay beneath. We are glad, however, that in effecting this, our author reflects still greater brilliancy on Napoleon I., and the faults which we were disposed to ascribe to him revert to their original authors, the emperor growing the greater the while. A few more confessions such as Marmont has made, and the history of the great emperor will have to be rewritten from a very different stand-point than that generally assumed.

In conclusion, we are bound to confess our satisfaction with the present emperor for allowing these Memoirs to see light in this un-mutilated form. Had he been a man of the common stamp, he would have apprehended danger from the invidious remarks which Marmont makes; but in his consciousness that the character of the first Napoleon is emerging, day by day, *clarior è tenebris*, his nephew has acted wisely in leaving these Memoirs to be judged of by unbiassed men. The reputation of the Duc de Raguse may suffer from the indiscreet revelations his executors have thought proper to make, but Napoleon's character will only grow the brighter from the contrast.

THE HISTORY OF THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS,

AUTHOR OF THE "EIGHTEENTH CENTURY."

XI.

Lord Bute sets up a Paper—And Smollett Edits it—What became of it—The *North Briton*—John Wilkes, Churchill, and Lord Temple—The Duels, Trials, Expulsion, Outlawry, and Popularity of Wilkes—General Warrants prove expensive—Thomas Chatterton and his Struggles on the Press—Bingley continues the *North Briton*.

GEORGE II. was gathered to his fathers, and a youthful monarch had succeeded to his throne; but the female favourites of the dead sensualist had not been half so obnoxious to the nation as the male favourite, who was supposed to sway the young king. Lord Bute was covered with, perhaps, more than his fair share of obloquy: it was the will and pleasure of the people that he should be blamed for everything that went wrong; and receive credit for nothing that went right; it was their delight to hoot him, to insult him, to revile him, to caricature him, to burn him in effigy. A jack-boot was the emblem which, with bright humour, they chose to represent the favourite; and the jack-boot was always being kicked before King Mob, hung from a gibbet, roasted before a bonfire, or buried with all sorts of insult and contumely. In fact, it was a fashion of the people to *hate* Lord Bute. He was a favourite; and the people are always jealous and distrustful of favourites. He was a Scotchman, and the people just then held their noses that they might not *smell* a Scotchman. Add to this, then, that he was far from a good or efficient minister, and we may judge that Lord Bute scarcely had a friend but the king in England. He conferred with Bubb Dodington; and it appeared the best course to start a newspaper, which should take up the cause of the unpopular minister, and try to write him into favour:

"Lord Bute called on me, and we had much talk about setting up a paper."* The paper was "set up," and, on Saturday, May 29th, 1762, appeared the first number of *The Briton*, under the management of Dr. Tobias Smollett, and intended to silence the opposition *Monitor*. The choice of an editor was not a very judicious one. Smollett, always of too irritable a temper for a journalist, was now declining in health and mental vigour. His previous political writings had been confined to the Tory and high church *Critical Review*, which he started in 1756, and his editorship of which is made memorable by the brawls in which it involved him with his literary contemporaries, and the punishment which it brought down upon him for his libel on Admiral Knowles. The admiral's defence of his conduct in the secret expedition against Rochefort being under review, Smollett declared, "He is an

* Diary of Bubb Dodington.

admiral without conduct, an engineer without knowledge, an officer without resolution, and a man without veracity." The admiral resented this strong language by a prosecution of the printer, declaring that he only took this course in order to discover the author, of whom, if he were a gentleman, he should seek satisfaction of a different character. The decoy had its effect upon the high spirit of Smollett, who came forward and avowed himself the author; when the admiral coolly asked for judgment, which the court awarded him in damages of one hundred pounds, and three months' imprisonment,* which Smollett suffered in the latter part of 1759. His direction of the *Briton* was still less satisfactory. Almon, in his "Review of Lord Bute's Administration" (page 55), says of the *Briton*, "the number printed was but 250, which was as little as could be printed, with respect to the saving of expense," and Smollett's own friend Dr. Moore, in writing his life, regrets that he ever became a party writer, "by which he lost some of his old friends, and acquired but very cold-hearted new ones in their stead." Among the latter, Dr. Anderson's hints, in his *Life of Smollett*, clearly justify us in placing Lord Bute himself. Of the old friends whom he lost, one became his most formidable antagonist, and beat him so unmercifully in the literary contests, that the *Briton* retired in terrible disorder from the field, on the 12th of February, 1763, notwithstanding the efforts of the *Auditor*, a paper started by Arthur Murphy, 10th of June, 1762, to support it. The old friend who silenced Smollett (who could himself be bitter enough when he liked) was John Wilkes, Member of Parliament for Aylesbury; agitator and demagogue. The *Briton* had only been in existence a week, when the challenge was taken up by Wilkes, who, supported by Churchill and Lord Temple, lashed himself to his adversary, and grappled him to death. Perhaps Smollett's greatest weakness lay less in his irritability, or his having an unpopular cause, than in his being a Scotchman. The *Critical Review*, although he was the only Scotchman engaged upon it,† was always attacked as a "Scots tribunal;" and now Wilkes made the most of the same line of attack, which was sure to be cheered to the echo by the public.‡

But when the *Briton* was extinguished, Wilkes and his associates did not consider their task accomplished, and we now have to tell the story how this arch agitator, this restless demagogue and reckless incendiary, came to be the instrument of good, to put a seal to the Bill of Rights, and a rivet to the constitution of the country.

Bute had been compelled to withdraw, at all events ostensibly, from the government, but he was still suspected to be the puller of the strings which worked the puppets that succeeded him, especially Lords Sandwich and Le Despenser. This Wilkes boldly asserted, and, on Saturday, April 23rd, 1763, in No. 45 of the *North Briton*, gave the lie to the royal speech. The government flew to arms, but, unfortunately, they took up an illegal weapon, issuing a general warrant, in which the officers were charged to "make search for the authors, printers, and publishers of a

* Scott's *Life of Smollett*.

† Roscoe's *Life of Smollett*, prefixed to his collected works.

‡ Mr. Forster says the *Briton* was "written by Scotchmen." — *Sketch of Churchill*.

sedition and treasonable paper, entitled the *North Briton*, No. 45, Saturday, April 23rd, 1763, printed by G. Kearsley, in Ludgate-street, London." Such was the dangerous and unconstitutional power put into the hands of three of the king's messengers, with instructions to do with it to the best of their discretion. On the strength of it, they at once arrested Balfe and Kearsley, the printer and publisher; and in the night of the 29th of April, entered the house of Wilkes, in Great George-street, Westminster, for the purpose of taking him into custody. He, however, at once took exception to their authority, protested against their intrusion at such an hour, and stood on the defensive; whereupon they withdrew, but returned in the morning, arrested him, and carried him before the secretary of state for examination, securing also all his letters and papers. His coadjutor Churchill had a narrow escape of sharing his fate. He came into the room at the moment, and Wilkes, knowing orders were out to arrest him also, and shrewdly suspecting the officers were unacquainted with his person, exclaimed, "Good morrow, Mr. Thomson! How does Mrs. Thomson do to-day? Does she dine in the country?" "Mr. Churchill," says Wilkes, who himself tells the story,* "thanked me, said she then waited for him, that he had only come for a moment to ask me how I did, and almost directly took his leave. He went home immediately, secured all his papers, and retired into the country. The messengers could never get intelligence where he was." After his examination, Wilkes was committed to the Tower, and his friends and legal advisers were refused access to him. The warrant which thus committed him so close a prisoner, describes the *North Briton* as "a most infamous and seditious libel, tending to inflame the minds and alienate the affections of the people from his majesty, and to excite them to traitorous insurrections against the government." On May 3rd (never yet having been allowed to see either his friends or solicitors) he was brought up on a writ of *habeas corpus* to the Court of Common Pleas, and his case argued by Serjeant Glyn, his counsel, who, of course, was instructed only by his friends (for it is worthy of remark that he could not get it admitted that the secretaries of state had given direct instructions that no one should see him, only that they had "gone out of town, and left no orders;" this pitiful subterfuge throwing the onus on the constable of the Tower, who was, of course, instructed privately). He himself made a speech, in which he protested loyalty to the king and opposition to the ministers; and ultimately the court offered him his liberty on bail. This he very properly refused (wishing to test the legality of the power by which he was arrested), and was remanded back to the Tower, his friends now, for the first time, being admitted to him. The next day he was, by order of the king, peremptorily dismissed from the colonelcy of the Buckinghamshire Militia. On the 6th he was again brought up, and addressed the court, expressing a conviction that it would order his release, and if it did not, his confidence in an appeal to a jury. His counsel then raised and argued the following points: whether the warrant of commitment was legal—whether the particular passages of the libel ought not to have been specified—and whether his privilege as a member of parliament did not exempt him from arrest. Lord Chief

* A Complete Collection of the Genuine Papers and Letters in the Case of John Wilkes. Paris, 1767.

Justice Pratt ruled against him on the two first points, and in his favour on the third, and he was discharged from custody on his privilege. He again addressed the court, thanking them for their decision; and retired among shouts of rejoicing from a "prodigious mob," who accompanied him to his own house. Here he found that his papers had been seized and removed, and he forthwith wrote a letter (scarcely justified even by the circumstances) to Lords Egremont and Halifax, accusing them of having robbed his house in his absence, and being in possession of the "stolen goods."^{*} In reply, those noblemen reproved him for his insolent language, and informed him that, although he was discharged from custody, his majesty had ordered the attorney-general to prosecute him, and for that purpose some portion of his papers were detained. No proceedings were, however, taken at present, and on the 30th of May he set up a press under his own direction, and recommenced the *North Briton*. His violence and abusive personalities involved him in some strange scrapes. On the 8th of October, 1762, Lord Talbot had challenged and fought him at Bagshot, and the *North Briton* came off with the advantage; but now he had outraged the whole Scottish nation, and was strangely called to account for it. Having thought it prudent to retire to Paris, he was, on the 15th of August, walking with a friend, when he was accosted by a gentleman, who asked him if his name was Wilkes. On being answered in the affirmative, "he said that Mr. Wilkes wrote the *North Briton*, and he must fight him." This Scottish knight-errant was Captain Forbes, who gives us the whole story in a letter to his father. "I let him know," he says, "that I was a Scotch gentleman, and that, upon account of the scurrilous and ignominious things he had wrote against my country, I was determined he should fight me." Wilkes replies, with some show of reason, that he was not bound to fight every Scotchman who might choose to vindicate his country, adding that he was waiting to fight Lord Egremont, and until he had met him he would engage no one. Whereupon Forbes exclaims, "The first time ever I shall meet you in the streets or elsewhere, I will give you an hundred strokes of a stick, as you deserve no more to be used like a gentleman, but as an eternal rascal and scoundrel." The marshals of France (at whose instigation we are not told) now interfered; but some time afterwards, Wilkes, failing in meeting Lord Egremont, sent notice to the chivalrous Scot, through his friend the Honourable Alexander Murray, that he would meet him at Menin, in Austrian Flanders, whither he repaired with his second, but Forbes made no appearance.

On the 8th of November the Houses, both of Lords and Commons, went up to the king with an address, expressing their abhorrence of the *North Briton*, and soliciting that steps might be taken for its suppression; and shortly afterwards suicidally resolved that the privilege of parliament did not exempt persons from arrest for libel.[†] On the 15th the House of Commons, on the motion of Lord North, voted "that the *North Briton*, No. 45, is a false, scandalous, and seditious libel, containing expressions of the most unexampled insolence and contumely towards his majesty, the grossest aspersions against both Houses of Parliament, and the most audacious defiance of the authority of the whole legislature,

^{*} Authentic Account of the Proceedings against John Wilkes.

[†] Proceedings of the House of Lords, November 29th, 1762.

and most manifestly tending to alienate the affections of the people from his majesty, to withdraw them from their obedience to the laws of the realm, and to excite them to traitorous insurrection against his majesty's government."* The House further resolved that the obnoxious paper should be burned by the hands of the common hangman; and this was done on the following day in front of the Royal Exchange,† when a great mob assembled and pelted the executioner and constables with filth, broke the windows of the sheriffs' carriage, and were proceeding to further acts of violence, when the authorities decamped, and left King Mob marching up Cheapside with the rescued remains of the *North Briton* borne high in triumph. At Temple Bar a huge fire was raised, and the eternal jack-boots consigned to the flames. This indignity to the House was resented by an address to the king, praying for the punishment of the offenders; but a motion in the Court of Common Council, for a vote of thanks to the sheriffs for their attempts to carry the order into effect, was negatived.

The debate in the Commons produced another duel. Mr. Samuel Martin, late secretary to the Treasury, complained that he "had been stabbed in the dark by the *North Briton*," and would like to know his antagonist. The next day Wilkes wrote to acknowledge himself the author of the attacks complained of, and we give a portion of Mr. Martin's reply, as a curious example of the style of such epistles between two members of parliament in the year 1763:

"Sir,—As I said in the House of Commons yesterday, the writer of the *North Briton*, who had stabbed me in the dark, was a cowardly as well as a malignant and infamous scoundrel; and your letter of this morning's date acknowledges that every passage of the *North Briton* in which I have been named, or even alluded to, was written by yourself, I must take the liberty to repeat that you are a malignant and infamous scoundrel, and that I desire to give you an opportunity of showing me whether the epithet of cowardly was rightly applied or not. I desire you may meet me in Hyde Park immediately, with a brace of pistols each, to determine our difference,"‡ &c. &c.

The desired meeting was granted, and Wilkes fell, shot in the belly. He appears to have acted with some magnanimity on this occasion, entreating Martin to save himself, refusing afterwards to criminate him, and charging his friends, in the event of his death, to take no proceedings against his adversary. But the wound did not kill him; neither did Alexander Dun, the Scotchman who forced his way into his house during his illness and attempted to assassinate him; he was spared to perform the only act that gives a lustre to his name, and we are not sure, even in that, whether the motives that guided him were purely patriotic. On the 6th of December an action was tried by a special jury (at the desire of the defendant), in the Court of Common Pleas, in which John Wilkes claimed damages of Robert Wood, the Under Secretary of State, for the seizure of his papers on the 23rd of April. It was on this occasion that Lord Chief Justice Pratt gave his celebrated decision against general warrants; and not, as has been generally stated, on the 4th of May, the

* Journals of the House of Commons, vol. xxix. p. 723.

† Not in Cheapside, as stated by Mr. Knight Hunt.

‡ A Complete Collection of the Letters and Papers in the Case of John Wilkes, p. 55.

question of the warrant of arrest not having been brought forward on that day. In a long and remarkable speech, Pratt declares the general warrant to have been "unconstitutional, illegal, and absolutely void." The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, with 1000*l.* damages. And on the 21st of February, 1764, the City of London presented the judge with its freedom, as a mark of its admiration of his conduct. Thus did the restless demagogue and factious politician secure the liberty of our persons and the sanctity of our homes against one of the most daring attempts ever made upon both. The story now falls off in importance: Wilkes has done "the deed which gilds his humble name," and the rest is little more than the tinsel of mob popularity. On the 19th of January, 1764, he was expelled the House of Commons for writing the *North Briton*, and on the 21st of February he was tried before Lord Mansfield, in the Court of King's Bench, for republishing the *North Briton*, No. 45, and also for printing an infamous and obscene "Essay on Woman," and found guilty of both charges. Refusing to surrender for judgment, he was outlawed. "On Sunday, August 5th, 1764, the under-sheriff of Middlesex made proclamation at the great door of St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, in the following terms: 'John Wilkes, late of the parish of Saint Margaret, within the liberty of Westminster, in the county of Middlesex, Esq., appear before the lord the king at Westminster, on Tuesday next, after the morrow of All Souls, to satisfy the lord the king for your redemption on account of certain trespasses, contempts, and misdemeanours, whereof you are impeached, and thereupon by a certain jury of the county, taken before the king, and you, the said John Wilkes, you are convicted.'"^{*} But Wilkes, preferring his liberty to his "redemption," retired to the Continent, from whence, on the 4th of March, 1768, he addressed a submissive letter to the king, soliciting a pardon; but this having no effect, he shortly afterwards surrendered, and was subsequently sentenced to pay a fine of 500*l.*, and suffer twelve months' imprisonment, for republishing the *North Briton*. On the 28th of March he was returned as one of the members for Middlesex, and on the 7th of May his outlawry was considered, and in next term reversed, by the Court of King's Bench, as illegal, Serjeant Glyn gaining this point against Thurlow. On the 28th of November he petitioned the king, through Sir Joseph Mawbey, for a pardon; on the 2nd of January, 1769, he was elected alderman for the ward of Farringdon Without; on the 1st of February, his petition to the House of Commons for a restitution of his seat was declared frivolous, and he was formally expelled the House, and a writ issued for a new election. On the day of election he was returned without opposition, but voted by the House (Feb. 29th) unable to take his seat. A new election, on March 16th, saw him again elected, and next day again expelled the House. On April 13th he was for the fourth time returned by a large majority, but this time the election was declared null and void, and his opponent, Colonel Luttrell, pronounced duly elected. The Supporters of the Bill of Rights sent him 300*l.*, and on April 20th he paid his first fine, and on the 17th of April, 1770, he was discharged from his imprisonment. On November the 11th, 1769, he clenched the question of the general warrants by an action against Lord Halifax for false imprisonment and the seizure of his

^{*} Annual Register, 1764.

papers, and got 4000*l.* damages. We have no more to say of the *North Briton*; of its author we may just remind the reader that he was subsequently elected sheriff, lord mayor, and chamberlain of the City of London, and member for the county of Middlesex, dying December 26th, 1792, at the age of seventy, and his remains being deposited, by his own request, in a vault of Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley-street. He left behind him, among all the stormy recollections which his name suggests, some quiet proofs of a classic and refined taste in literature; but his translations of Theophrastus, Catullus, and Anacreon are trampled down by the boisterous *North Briton*, which still represents him. A few articles which he contributed to the *St. James's Chronicle* in 1761, appear to have been the commencement of that connexion with the newspaper press which led to so important an era in its history.

Horace Walpole relates a pillory scene in connexion with the *North Briton*, in which the celebrated jack-boot appears again in a prominent position:

"Williams, the reprinter of the *North Briton*, stood in the pillory to-day (February 14th, 1765), in Palace-yard. He went in a hackney-coach, the number of which was 45. The mob erected a gallows opposite him, on which they hung a boot with a bonnet of straw. Then a collection was made for Williams, which amounted to nearly 200*l.*" The money was placed in a blue purse trimmed with orange, the colour of the Revolution.* To this account we may add, in proof of the extravagance of public feeling, that the owner of the hackney-coach considered the honour of carrying Williams sufficient reward, and refused the proffered fare: that one gentleman put fifty guineas into the purse: that "opposite to the pillory were erected four ladders, with cords running from one to another, on which were hung a jack-boot, an axe, and a bonnet, the latter labelled 'Scotch Bonnet:'" that the top of the boot being first chopped off with the axe, it and the bonnet were together burned: and that Williams stood the whole time with a sprig of laurel in his hand.

Churchill, although his character would have seemed just to suit him for such work as the *North Briton*, seldom appears prominently,† although it was said by Kearsley, in his examination, that he received the profits arising from the sale of the paper. If so, Wilkes must have been satisfied with the notoriety which it brought him, and which appears to have been particularly acceptable to his temperament.

The ruling of Chief Justice Pratt (now better known as Lord Camden) produced, as may well be imagined, a goodly crop of actions at law. On December 10th, 1763, Dryden Leach, printer, had obtained 300*l.* damages from the three king's messengers who had arrested him by mistake as the printer of the *North Briton*; and, on the 4th, Arthur Beardmore, who, with Dr. Shebbeare and Entick as authors of the *Monitor*, and Fell and Wilson as its printers, had been arrested on a general warrant, brought an action against Lord Halifax, and recovered 1500*l.*; Entick got 20*l.*; Meredith, clerk to Beardmore, 200*l.*; Fell 18*l.*; and Wilson 40*l.* On May 4th, 1764, Beardmore got further damages of

* Fourth Estate, vol. i. p. 312.

† Mr. Tooke in his *Life of Churchill*, only identifies two or three papers as of the poet's writing.

1000*l*. from the messengers who arrested him; and on June 1st, Fell and Wilson got 600*l*.; so that Halifax, who had to bear the whole brunt of the actions (the other Secretary-of-State who had signed the warrants, Lord Egremont, being dead), found general warrants rather costly, as well as dangerous playthings.

The constitutional course of an appeal to "twelve honest men" was found to be the safest after all; and when it seemed necessary to restrain the press, the government were content to abide the decision of a jury. The only prosecution, however, that we have met with about this time, was that of Richard Nutt, the printer of the *London Evening Post*, who was tried for libel (and that, by-the-by, before the prosecution of Wilkes, September 10th, 1754).

Wilkes's fascinating manners (for Lord Mansfield, who hated him for his attacks on the Scotch, and high Tory Dr. Johnson, who, although he might have sympathised with him in this sentiment, must have hated his Whig principles, have both admitted that his manners were both gentlemanly and fascinating) attracted the friendship of another poet besides Churchill, and Thomas Chatterton, sick of all he knew of the aristocracy in Horace Walpole, allied himself to democracy and Wilkes. What papers he actually wrote we cannot now discover; we know him better as a writer for the *Middlesex Journal*. In October, 1768, then only fifteen years of age, this precocious genius had contributed some articles to *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal* and early in 1770, he commenced writing in the *Middlesex Journal*, under the signature of "Decimus," in the *Political Register* under that of "Probus," and in the *Freeholders' Magazine*, with the initials "T. C." In one of those letters to his mother, which have been so often adduced as evidence of his vanity, if not of a love of lying, but which, we think, bear touching testimony of a desire to make his loved relations happy in visions of future fame and glory, never, alas! to be realised, breathing words of hope and comfort from the bosom that was sighing with disappointment and despair, and accompanied with presents from the hand that had not bread to put to his mouth, the hapless lad writes, under date of "Shoreditch, May 6th, 1770"—"Occasional essays for the daily papers would more than support me." But what a different tale does his own private entries in his pocket-book tell! The youth who wrote so fondly to his proud mother and sister of the position he was gaining, and the affluence he had in store for them, and would share with them, sealed his letter, and, sick at heart, entered the miserable pittance he was receiving from the papers:

	£	s.	d.
Rec ^d . To May 23rd, of Mr. Hamilton, for Middlesex (Journal)	1	11	8
To ditto, for Candidus and Foreign Journal.	0	2	0
Middlesex Journal	0	8	6

The fond sister who read, "I am very intimately acquainted with the editor of the *Political Register*, who is also editor of another publication," little thought upon what a footing! A shade of doubt might have come across her as she read, further on: "The printers of the daily publications are all frightened out of their patriotism, and will take nothing unless it is moderate or ministerial. I have not had five patriotic essays this fortnight, all must be ministerial or entertaining." Did the suspicion for a moment cross her mind that the proud spirit was so bent that he

was now writing on both sides for the sake of bread? Did she see the thunder-cloud gathering that was to burst in a deluge of tears and put out the shining hopes of the doting mother and loving sister?

The dazzle of the illuminations and bonfires which blazed in honour of every triumph of Wilkes, fascinated poor William Bingley, the bookseller of the Strand, who, on May 10th, 1768, brought out No. 47 of the *North Briton*, and got committed to Newgate on an attachment on July 1st. Chatterton had at the last looked forward with hope to being made a martyr, but no such fortune fell to his lot; Bingley really got a grievance, but did not make skilful use of it. On November 7th he was committed to the King's Bench for not giving bail to answer interrogatories, and was thus kept in gaol for two years. Destitute of the tact and the talent of Wilkes, he continued the *North Briton* to No. 217 (May 11th, 1771), when he incorporated it with *Bingley's Journal*, which he had started in 1770. He was a mere tool in the hands of his party, and one day found himself in the Bankruptcy Court, discarded by those to whom he was no longer of any use.

"WHY SHOULD AGE BE SO UNLOVELY?"

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

EYES less bright, and locks of grey,
Limbs that seek repose,
Show us that Life's lengthen'd day
Is drawing nigh its close :
But there's brightness in the sunset,
Rest beneath the shade—
Why should age be so unlovely
As 'tis sometimes made?
Gather'd thoughts, and chasten'd views,
Words of lofty tone,
Off from feeble lips diffuse
Wisdom not their own;
Feeling still has all its kindness
Though in strength decayed—
Why should age be so unlovely
As 'tis sometimes made?
Life has charms that yet have power
O'er the failing frame,
Charms that, to its latest hour,
Ever are the same.
And with art and nature's treasures
Still before us laid—
Why should age be so unlovely
As 'tis sometimes made?
When the scene grows dark around
Other spheres may shine;
Hope looks upward from the ground
Where soon we shall recline.
As the world recedes, bright visions
Heav'nward are display'd—
Why should age be so unlovely
As 'tis sometimes made?

A SWEDISH VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD IN THE YEARS
1851, 1852, 1853.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. BUSHBY.

San Francisco, July, 1852.

My last letter informed you that we had left Guayaquil for Panama. I shall now proceed to give you some account of that place, and of others which we have visited since you last heard from me.

The bay at whose extremity stands the town of Panama is studded by a group of small islands, besides being partially occupied by the well-known promontory which is bordered with hills, covered up to their summits with rich vegetation. The country is hilly, but there are no mountains to be at all compared to the lofty ranges of the Andes. There are also many sandbanks in the bay that become visible at low water, and beyond these lie the shipping, which consist principally of the packet-boats that carry passengers to California. No other man-of-war than ours was at Panama during our week's visit to it. The town is built upon a projecting tongue of land which, at ebb-tide, stretches far out towards the sea, and where the water gathers in many little pools. These are probably in a great measure the cause of the fever and ague, and other complaints which constantly prevail in Panama, and of which the inhabitants show evident signs in their wan and emaciated appearance. The town was formerly surrounded and defended by a thick wall; this wall now lies almost entirely in ruins. One solitary cannon retains its place at the foot of the standard of New Granada, which waves here in all its glory. It was from this hard-working cannon that our salute of twenty-one guns was returned.

Even within the town ruined houses are seen which tell of better times. With the exception of one tolerably handsome street, where there really were some signs of life and movement, the streets of Panama are all gloomy and dirty. The houses, the lower parts of which are of stone, the upper of wood, look heavy and dark, with their massive balconies enclosed by wooden lattices, painted green. What Panama most abounds in are signboards. Along the outside of every house, on both sides of the street, and from every wall, stretch enormous gaudy signboards, with words corresponding in size, in every European language, and advertising to the public every kind of trade and occupation, even to that of a physician. But if the signboards attract attention, the same cannot be said of the shops, which seem to have taken as their motto, "the simpler the better." Goods of all kinds are very expensive, especially every article of food. There are no public buildings except churches, and none of these are in the best condition.

There is nothing particular to say about the people. One sees nothing but European dresses and European customs, hears nothing but the languages of the old world blended in Babel confusion. Though the country round the town is flat, the Isthmus of Panama is hilly; the road, therefore, between Panama and Chagres is extremely picturesque. The hills are not very lofty, ranging from about 500 to 1000 feet in height; but from Cio Giganti both oceans are to be seen. The stranger is

struck with much that is curious here in the animal creation. Vast numbers of apes, of an uncommonly large size, parrots of the gayest colours, enormous worms, birds that resemble flowers floating in the air, and a thousand other living creatures, fill the woods which thickly cover the valleys and the hills. Grasshoppers of a peculiar species swarm in thousands among the trees, and emit a sound so sharp and loud, that I can compare it to nothing but a railway whistle. The vegetable kingdom is also full of variety, and remarkable as it is for its beauty, it is even more so for its utility. Panama is perhaps the place in the world where most abound all that is needed for the arts and occupations of mankind.

The character of the vegetation is quite tropical: the leaves of many of the trees, as well as the fruits, were strange to our eye; but there is an utter want of herbage, and the lofty trees and gigantic bushes, with their brilliant blossoms, spring from a reddish soil, which is by no means so refreshing to look at as the greensward at home.

The present Panama is not the old town which was built soon after the discovery of America, but the ruins of it are found at some little distance. The new town is not in a flourishing condition, and I heard many complaints of the want of money and the stagnation of trade. Better times, it is to be hoped, await them when the two oceans, now separated by the isthmus, shall be connected by means of the railroad, which already stretches from Manganilla—immediately to the east of Chagres—to about twenty-eight English miles from Panama, and which, it is expected, will soon be finished. The passenger traffic upon this railway is even now considerable. We had a proof of this during our stay at Panama. A steamer arrived from San Francisco crowded with eight hundred passengers; when these poor creatures landed, the town was filled in a minute with the oddest-looking Californian gold-diggers—half-savages, with overgrown beards, and in the most extraordinary garbs. They had come from the gold-diggings, and were returning to their homes with more or less of their hopes realised—too many, it may be feared, disappointed in their golden dreams. They stopped at Panama for an hour or two, besieged the gambling-houses and public-houses, crammed the shops, and swaggered about the streets until the evening, when the whole host of them departed on mules towards the railway and Chagres, where another steamer was to receive them and convey them to North America.

On leaving Panama one also takes leave of South America, and it is impossible then to refrain from casting back a glance over the vast continent whose coast one had so lately surveyed. From the Caribbean Sea to Cape Froward what an immense extent of land for the occupation of the human race—the brute creation—the vegetable kingdom! Here dwell, even now, innumerable hordes in a state of unsophisticated nature—independent of the restraints of civilisation—unfettered by the bonds of society—free from the encumbrance of dress, or merely wrapt in the skins of wild animals, and like them seeking shelter in dark caverns. The different states may appoint boundaries for those hordes, and trace them on their maps; but how can those boundaries be respected by those who have no law, honour, truth, or religion? What cruelties, disgraceful to humanity, have not been exercised here? What sufferings

have not the forefathers of these Indians endured and inflicted? How have not the Europeans, with fire and sword, urged their religion and their customs on the aborigines? What shouts of triumph from the powerful invaders—what groans and sighs from the multitude who were weak and oppressed! And yet, how many bright examples of magnanimity, courage, strength of mind, and patience, does not the history of this continent also offer to the world?

All the states of South America are republican, with the exception of one empire, and that appears to be as frail and feeble as they are, and to be threatened with the same fate that is probably hanging over them. This unhappy land has much to forget—much to learn. But let us hope that the dawn of better days is approaching for it; that a new generation is springing up, with new ideas, new experiences, new energies, and new life. The emigration from Europe, which has increased so much latterly, and especially that of the Anglo-Saxon race, *must* have great influence over political, commercial, and intellectual life in the southern hemisphere.

But to turn to the scenes of nature and inanimate life, what rich materials for meditation do they not present! Of what tremendous revolutions, what gigantic force, and long-departed ages do not those mighty mountains speak, whose summits mingle with the sky—those solitary shores, over which the wild waves have rolled for centuries unmarked! And again, those majestic woods, with their giant trees, which seem to have stood there since the first glorious day of earth's creation, and, rich even now in vigour and beauty, appear like imperishable monuments of the past! South America is, perhaps, that part of the world where the scientific inquirer will have the widest field for his researches in years to come, and it cannot fail to afford new and valuable additions to the sum of human knowledge.

We went from Panama to the Pearl Islands, to take in water and fire-wood, and anchored outside of St. José, where we remained for a few days. The weather was very variable, for the air was now heated by the burning sun of the equator, now thick with the heavy equatorial rain, pouring straight down—a kind of waterfall which no one could conceive who had not witnessed it. The Archipelago consists of several islands, that stand near each other, in the midst of the calm, deep blue sea. These islands abound in all the indescribable beauty of tropical scenery; the shores are lined with lofty and graceful palm-trees, the gently-rising grounds are covered with woods, some of whose gigantic trees are reflected in the clear streams that descend towards the strand, and form, here and there, cascades sparkling in the sun, whose beams glance gaily amidst the interstices of the flowery thickets, composed of innumerable creeping plants. It was all beautiful and grand; but still more imposing, perhaps, was the intense silence that reigned around.

We had fixed to go next to San Francisco, but as the Galapagos Islands were known to be among the most interesting places in the world to natural philosophers, our commander kindly determined on giving us an opportunity of visiting them. After a tedious voyage, rendered unpleasant by heavy rain and dead calms, we reached the Galapagos. This ocean group consists of fifteen islands, of which Albemarle is the most

important. They are all of volcanic origin, and full of volcanoes, from whose more or less deep craters the lava had flowed in streams, and was covered in some parts with a poor, in others with a rich, vegetation. These volcanoes are of what may be called recent formation; and at Marlborough Island and Albemarle eruptions have taken place not long since, and smoke is still always issuing from them. These islands, which acquired their English names at the period of the restoration of the Stuarts, now belong to the republic of Equador, and this circumstance of itself may account for their much-neglected condition. In the hands of another power—of England, for instance—doubtless several of the islands would have flourished considerably, for they would have been well cultivated; and whale fisheries carried on there would have afforded ample returns to European enterprises.

Before I enter into any little details of the remarkable features in the natural history of these islands, I will give you a short description of those we visited. The western portion of Chatham Island is barren and wilder than anything you can fancy. From the numerous craters, of many of which one side had fallen in, the mouths partially choked up with blocks of lava, great streams of lava had been thrown out in all directions, that now, like a suddenly petrified sea, with its breakers and foam, covered, in layers about an inch thick, the surface of the ground. On crossing these fields of lava it often cracked and gave way beneath the feet, and one sometimes stepped unexpectedly into deep holes in the rocky ground, at the great risk of breaking one's legs. More terrible eruptions had occurred at other places, and there lay immense broken columns and heavy blocks, cast over each other in the wildest confusion, so that it was impossible to penetrate among them. On the east side of the island there was a good deal of vegetation, that is to say, a number of trees and wild plants; here we also saw some of the inhabitants of the island, who, having perceived that we came from the frigate, sought us to offer us turtles for sale. It appeared that the large red crabs, of which numbers were to be seen among the rocks, formed the principal food of these poor people.

Charles's Island deserves its Spanish name, *Floriana*—given out of compliment to General Flores, who is now making war upon his native land—for that island is indeed full of flowers. From the shore on one side, which is studded with rocks of lava, a somewhat precipitous ridge of mountains stretches to the centre of the island, where a couple of volcanoes, one about 1600 feet in height, form a sort of crown to the other and lower craters. A little building stood on the sea-shore near the place where our frigate had anchored, and from thence a footpath led up to a knot of about four small houses, which appeared to have been abandoned before our arrival. One had probably been the dwelling of the governor, to judge by its superiority to the others; this superiority consisted in its being floored, and better furnished than they were. Bayonets, guns, and other weapons were lying about. Fences and orange-trees evinced that the hand of cultivation had formerly been there; and a building, which appeared to have been a prison, showed that malefactors had not escaped the jurisdiction of the law. Some very misanthropic-looking dogs wandered around these forsaken dwellings,

from which another path led up to a still higher site among the hills, where, upon a piece of table-land, stood several other uninhabited houses, surrounded with various fruit-trees and cultivated fields, giving evidence that a colony had been planted there. On these fertile fields sheep and cattle were grazing in perfect freedom. Everything that we saw proved that this island, with a little pains in cultivating it, might easily become a perfect Eldorado. We found that, in 1833, a colony had been established there from Equador; but, as many convicts had been transported thither, it had not become a peaceable settlement, but rather a refuge for pirates, such as we had seen at Guayaquil. I passed a night in one of the deserted huts. Without, it was raining in torrents, and blowing a tempest; but I reposed in perfect comfort upon my bed of Galapagos leaves and flowers, thinking only of the charming view I should have in the morning from the top of the hill close by. Some of the people from our frigate were less fortunate; they had wandered on in the hope of catching a few of the unowned, half-wild animals, who were straying about; but having chased them farther than they ought to have done, night surprised them amidst the inhospitable regions of lava, and they had to spend their hours of darkness and storm without any shelter whatsoever.

When we arrived at the island Indefatigable, we saw, close to the sea-shore, under some overhanging rocks, one or two poor-looking houses, from which some men issued in great haste, and made the best of their way up the hills. On landing, we only found a woman in one of the little dwellings, but as none of our party could speak Spanish, we could hold little or no communication with her. We heard afterwards, at Chatham, that there was in this island (Indefatigable) a set of men who were governed by a woman, or rather, who were entirely her minions, and the sudden flight of the males in a great measure corroborated the statement. Not finding anything to interest us in this island, either in the animal or the vegetable creation, we left it, after the stay of a few hours, for Albemarle, which we could descry in the far distance, traced, as it were, on the horizon, with its mountains of 4700 feet in elevation. The surf was breaking furiously on the rocky shore where we cast anchor, and all around seemed wild beyond conception. Ranges of enormous blocks of lava, thrown together in the utmost disorder, intermingled here and there with almost leafless trees and bushes, obstructed far and wide the road, so that I was nearly fainting from fatigue when I gained the top of one of the hills, and much provoked I was to find that there was so little to reward me for my trouble. Albemarle is allowed to be the most desolate of these islands. It has hardly any vegetation, and is full of salt lakes.

James's Island, or St. Jago, which we visited the last, has a very different character. The shores were guarded, as it were, by hills, with broken craters, and, although there were evident signs that vegetation had formerly existed on a gigantic scale, all was obscured by the stiffened streams of dark-brown lava. Even with the axe in my hand it was impossible for me to penetrate to any depth the petrified thickets, and my exertions, to my regret, were not crowned with much success.

The geological formation of these islands imparts to the living things

that inhabit them something exceedingly peculiar ; and I shall mention one or two facts that I think may be somewhat interesting.

The only mammiferous animals which appeared in any quantity were seals. At Albemarle, a number of these creatures collected in a miniature bay just before our tent ; they raised their bodies half out of the water at a very short distance from us, and, evincing much curiosity about the unusual intruders on their quiet shores, they welcomed us with a kind of joyous snort, and were not frightened even when one or two of them paid with their lives for their foolhardiness.

This absence of fear was even more striking among the birds, which we could easily catch with our hands as they came fluttering around us, and hopping on any twigs that were near us—nay, even upon the scientific instruments which some of our party were using. We remarked the same curiosity and boldness in the sea-birds, who gathered in crowds on the beach. The pelicans, which we could never manage to approach before, might have been killed by throwing stones at them, or were caught by our hands. Penguins, generally so shy, were caught in the same manner, and they created great amusement on board with the absurd-looking stateliness of their walk.

We found the amphibious animals extremely interesting at the Galapagos. The islands themselves derive their name from the turtles, which are found in such quantities upon them—galapago being the Spanish for turtle. Many of these creatures attain such a size, that, incredible though it may seem, it took from six to eight men to lift them up from the ground. One which we captured, and which was of a moderate size, served to make soup and other dishes for twenty people. The turtle which inhabit the heights feed on grass and berries, those who live closer to the shore, on a juicy cactus, which springs up in masses amidst the blocks of lava, and bears a red berry that tastes like the gooseberry. Turtles have the power of imbibing a great quantity of water at one time, and can then dispense with drinking for a long period.

Two species of lizards are found in these islands, and are peculiar to them. The one is an aquatic lizard, with a small head and a comb on its back, and which moves slowly and laboriously along. These are generally to be seen lying on the rocks of lava basking in the bright sunshine, and they look astonished and perplexed when any one comes near them and tries to catch them, but they neither bite nor make any great resistance. *Sometimes they are to be seen swimming in the sea, which they are enabled to do by the construction of their throats, their toes, and their tails. They live upon the marine plants, which they fetch up from the bottom of the sea. The other is a land lizard, and they abound in such enormous numbers—at Albemarle especially—that great bulky pieces of pumice-stone are often entirely bored through by them. Pumice-stone is found in large quantities at Albemarle Island. These lizards are of an orange or reddish-brown colour, and are thicker, more clumsy, and more disgusting in appearance than their black brethren of the coast. They are much more ill-tempered than the others ; when they are angry they nod their heads impatiently, and if a stick be held out to them they will bite it till they leave the marks of their teeth pretty deep in it. Two of these lizards, which we took on board, began to fight

with each other, apparently in play at first, but they both became so furious that the combat ended in their killing each other.

We saw numerous sharks all around these islands, but we did not find many other fish; once, however, we had a rich haul at a place where the bottom was of coral. There were also wonderfully few insects, but there was no want of birds. Pieces or fragments of coral lay on the shores of all the islands, but there was no appearance of those coral reefs which surround so many islands in the Pacific Ocean. Among the plants are to be found an aromatic balsam, which is useful in dressing wounds or cuts, and another which is a very good substitute for tea. One peculiarity I must mention relative to the plants in these islands, that I do not remember to have seen more than two plants with blue flowers; yellow is the all-prevailing colour.

We had a fresh wind when first we left this archipelago, but soon after it increased to a perfect storm, such as we had not expected to encounter in the "Pacific" Ocean. It lasted for some time, and was followed by rain so heavy that the water seemed to fall in torrents from the skies. After this ceased, the heavens became beautifully clear, and the sea was as smooth as glass. No one who has not seen it can imagine the splendour of a sunset at sea after such an uproar in nature. The golden globe of light casts its effulgent beams over the wide canopy of heaven, where the purest azure blends with a purple tint, and the clouds assume the most wonderful forms. Suddenly it sinks beneath the indigo-blue waves; the horizon flames in crimson and gold; and the ocean reflects on its sparkling surface the ever-varying masses of light. Now, but a parting glimpse of the glorious sun is to be caught; and now, it has sunk beneath the line of sea, and the whole vault of heaven seems, as it were, for a few moments on fire. When one gazes at this magnificent spectacle, the work of the Almighty, one can hardly be astonished that the worship of the sun was a religion in the earlier days of the world, among a portion of the ignorant of mankind. And when night casts its pall of darkness over the earth, and thousands of stars glitter in the firmament above—when ocean wraps itself in its gloomy veil, while phosphorescent sparks dance around the ship that is gliding over its expanse—one beholds a scene so grand, so beautiful, that one is lost in wondering admiration, and feels impelled to exclaim, How great are thy works, O Jehovah!

It had been arranged that we should go direct from the Galapagos Islands to San Francisco; but for various reasons our plans were altered, and our course was directed towards the Sandwich Islands.

After about a month's voyage we saw land, and the next day, the 21st of June, we anchored off Honolulu, in Oahu. Those who imagine that all the beauty of tropical scenery will burst upon the eye of the weary voyager when he casts his first glance upon this island, are much mistaken. When beheld from the sea at a certain distance, the island looks merely a gigantic rock, with its bare, grey head defined against the bright blue sky, but the view softens and improves as one approaches nearer.

Around the coast lay several worn-out volcanoes, with their conical-shaped craters, and their sides furrowed by streams of lava. Between the ridges of the hills which stretched inland, and were clad in green almost to their summits, we could perceive deep valleys and fertile mea-

dows, studded here and there with buildings and plantations, evidences of labour and comfort among the inhabitants. Near the shore stood the white houses of Honolulu, not at all European in style or beauty, but nevertheless pretty and picturesque in their own fashion. Above the town rose the extinct volcano "PUNCHBOWL HILL," entirely devoid of all vegetation, but its grey stony mass contrasting well with the wooded hills around. To the right of the volcano, close upon the beach, the eye was attracted by a grove of tall, noble cocoa-nut trees, with their crowns of waving, fan-like branches; farther off, to the west, were to be seen large salt lakes, on which the salt was lying like a crust of ice. In their neighbourhood is the well-known pearl fishery.

We cast anchor near a coral reef, and close to an American frigate, the *St. Lawrence*, an old acquaintance from Stockholm, where it had been three years before. The next morning a pilot came to take us into an inner harbour, in which we were to remain until we had taken in water and other necessities. Here we were speedily surrounded by canoes crowded with the Kanaks, or native inhabitants of the group of islands, who, shouting and screaming, came off to offer us fruit, &c., for sale.

Here then we were, for the first time during our voyage, in a country where we might hope to catch a glimpse of that which is fast passing away—unsophisticated nature. Travellers, even though they should circumnavigate the globe, are not, in our days, likely to meet with the extraordinary people, habits, and scenes which used to astonish the travellers of former times. They must now expect to see but little that is new, and little that is worth relating. The earth does not turn upon its axis more quickly than it used to do, but all else goes, like steam, with giddy speed. Time and distance disappear. Uniformity has spread everywhere, and under the burning sun of the equator, and amidst the ice of the poles, will one soon behold the same pursuits, the same life. Original characteristics are wearing away, and with them much of what was interesting.

Nevertheless, those who take pleasure in inquiring minutely into the history of the different races of mankind, will find something to occupy them in tracing the people of these islands through their period of darkness in the past, through their struggles between paganism and civilisation, between their old state and their new, up to their present, we will hope, improved condition.

On first landing at Honolulu, one has some difficulty in determining whether one is in a European or a "Kanak" town. The streets, which are regular and of a good width, have frequently foot pavements, though not causeways; they are like roads, and are often bordered with alleys of acacia, and other trees. They all bear English names, such as Fort-street, King-street, &c. &c. They are not lighted at night, except here and there by a solitary lamp belonging to some house whose owner chooses to proclaim in this manner his superior position, or, in some few cases, who takes compassion on those who must be out at night. There is great variety in the style of the buildings. A small number of the houses are built of stone mingled with blocks of lava; but the greater proportion are of wood. The houses are not erected close to each other, but have—enclosed within low walls—spaces between them which are sometimes laid out as greens, for they can hardly be called gardens, flowers not ap-

pearing to be much in fashion. Some of the houses have a sort of balcony, or look-out place on the roof, with stairs up to it; others, which look like large haystacks, are composed of rushes, and are triangular in shape, with roofs sloping almost to the ground, and a low opening which serves also as a door. Only the principal houses have four walls, and beyond these the roofs also project, so as to form a shade, and afford a space sheltered from the sun immediately around the house. Amidst the variety of dwellings, there are some merely consisting of a few upright poles and a mat stretched over them.

Cisterns, and large reservoirs of water, in which often a great number of fish are kept, seem very general. There is no want of shops of all sorts, but those kept by the Chinese are the most elegant. There is a wooden landing-place, and near it stands the custom-house—a neat building, in which are to be found for sale bread, meat, fruit, and other things; there is also a public eating-room attached to it, where the tables groan under a number of not very appetising dishes. Attracted by the dainties, crowds of people assemble here, and the noise and confusion are often very great. It is a good place to study the natives, whose practices would not appear to be always over honest.

The houses of the Europeans here are furnished very much in the style of our habitations at home, and those which belong to the leading people among the islanders have also their comforts and luxuries. They are divided into different chambers by curtains, or thin walls made of rushes, and have at least beds, tables, chairs, and other useful articles. But in the more common dwellings of the natives there are not even to be found what we would call absolute necessities. There is generally but one room; before the sleeping-place in a corner sometimes there hangs a curtain, sometimes none. The family recline, or sit on the ground, which is often, but not always, covered by a mat of reeds. They use calabashes instead of cups, glasses, dishes, basins, and for many other domestic purposes. On entering their huts, one generally finds them sitting with their knees drawn up to their throats, or lying down doing nothing; and they are so slothful that it is a wonder if they take the trouble to lift their heads to bid a stranger welcome.

There is no want of hotels at Honolulu, some of them extremely comfortable, and provided with every convenience. One is served, in the European style, with all that a hungry or thirsty visitor can desire; the waiters speak French and English, and one does not feel oneself at all on a foreign shore, until the landlord presents his pleasant bill.

There are but few public buildings. Close to the sea lie the house of representatives and the government offices—both built of coral blocks. The gate of the latter is surmounted by a golden crown. The king's palace lies to the east of the town, in a sort of park, surrounded by thick walls. It is a large building of one story, with a gallery on the roof, from which there must be a fine view. His majesty makes use of this palace only on great occasions, and is then surrounded with much pomp. In private, he lives in a simple Kanak manner, in a small house which lies behind the palace, and where he can enjoy his natural tastes and inherited customs. There is also a botanical garden, which is at present in its infancy, but promises to be a very good one. I observed three churches.

"The Royal Church," near the palace; "the French Church," where the Roman Catholic service is performed; and "the Kanak Church," Protestant, which is built in the native style of architecture. I must also mention the fort, situated near the sea-shore, with walls in a somewhat ruinous state, though ornamented with cannon. It is now used as a prison.

Such is Honolulu; without any peculiar character, and almost without interest, since European taste and order have in a great measure superseded all that was original. But it is very different when one goes a little way into the country. *There* one's interest is awakened, for one feels that one is among a strange people in a strange land. Honolulu stands at the end of a valley which becomes gradually narrower as it goes upwards towards the mountains, so that, in following it, the pedestrian finds himself hemmed in at length between precipitous hills three thousand feet high, and a yawning abyss beneath, into which the perpendicular rocks descend. Nothing can be more beautiful than this Nuuanu valley, with its woods and waterfalls. In ascending the valley one sees sometimes the primitive Kanak houses, sometimes small villas resembling English cottages; and at a higher elevation country-houses belonging to the king, the other chiefs, and the principal merchants.

When one has gained the heights where the mountains close in, a view, equally majestic and beautiful, bursts upon one. To the right and to the left, the steep hills are densely covered with green trees, and brilliant flowers up to their dark craggy summits, which tower aloft until they are lost in the clouds; in the sloping valley beneath, the eye ranges over villas and huts, fields and parks, studded with the bread-fruit and other trees, till it reaches the town—the coral reefs, over which the ocean's foam is sparkling—and the blue expanse of sea beyond.

The deep ravine above mentioned was the scene of one of those desperate combats of which there are so many instances in the earlier and more savage history of every country. When Kamehameha had resolved to conquer Oahu, the king, Kalanikupulo, united with some other chiefs in order to make a powerful resistance against the usurper. The cannon of the latter, however, drove the brave islanders back to Mukandale, until they were at length suddenly arrested by having reached the edge of the precipice; but, preferring death to slavery, the chief and his followers threw themselves over the fearful chasm. Amidst the green underwood that stands there in everlasting youth and freshness, may be seen, even now, the time-bleached bones of the warrior and his faithful adherents.

THE STONE OF DESTINY.

THE time-honoured coronation-stone enclosed within St. Edward's chair, in Westminster Abbey, is one of the most remarkable of our historical monuments, and the belief connected with it is one of the curiosities of British history. The known pedigree of the stone carries it back for nearly a thousand years, and tradition surrounds it with a haze of mystery and legend, and refers its origin to a most remote antiquity.

The stone upon which the patriarch Jacob rested his head at Bethel, and which he afterwards set up for a monument, as described in the twenty-eighth chapter of the book of Genesis, has been regarded as the prototype of the stone monuments which were erected by the most ancient nations in the world, either for purposes of memorial or for national solemnities. Many passages of holy scripture show that a stone monument was dedicated to the anointing of kings; and from the East the custom was adopted by Celtic and Scandinavian nations. The ancient coronation-stone of Anglo-Saxon kings, which is preserved at Kingston-upon-Thames; the Meini Gwyr, upon which proclamations are made in the market-place at St. Austell; and some similar monuments that might be mentioned, are examples of the descent of that custom to our own country. But the mediæval legends and popular belief connected with the coronation-stone in Westminster Abbey, assert that national relic to be Jacob's Pillar itself; and the patriotic romances of some old Scottish chroniclers represent this stone to have come to Europe through the Phœnician colonisation of Spain, to have been thence derived by Ireland with the first of her Ibero-Celtic monarchs, and from them to have come to Caledonia.

To seek an historical foundation for a legend of this nature would be to embark upon an ocean of uncertainty in the mists of tradition; but it may be interesting to see how far the existence of this national relic, and of the curious belief connected with it, is carried back by authentic history. And here it may be observed, that the fact of the south-western coast of Ireland and parts of Spain having been colonised at a remote period by a cognate race of Eastern origin; the fact of Phœnicians, if not Jews, having anciently settled in those parts of Europe; and the fact of the stone in question corresponding mineralogically to a sienite found in Egypt, are facts which, as far as they go, afford some countenance to the legend connected with it.

But if we turn to existing traditions in the East, we find that legend to be in conflict with them; for Jacob's Pillar—which is said to have been removed from Bethel by the tribe of Joseph—is believed by the Mahometans (according to Calmet) to be preserved in that ancient building which is known as the Mosque of Omar. The sacred rock covered by the dome is a celebrated object of Moslem tradition and devotion. Dr. Robinson says that the Christians of the middle ages regarded it as the stone on which Jacob slept when he saw the vision of angels, and as the stone of prophecy; and it is at this day known as

Al Sakra, or the stone of anction. There is a strange belief connected with the wall or hollow beneath this long venerated rock, for there the souls of the departed are believed to rest between death and resurrection, and there it was thought the living might hold converse with the dead. But although in Eastern tradition, both Christian and Mussulman, supernatural attributes are connected with this object, it is difficult to identify it with the pillar set up by the patriarch; and in truth the European tradition of the Stone of Destiny ascends to an elder source, and avers that it—the real stone of prophecy—had left Judæa long before the destruction of Jerusalem. At all events, authentic Jewish history does not, so far as we know, connect with the sacred rock in honour of which the dome was built, a prophecy or belief resembling that which is connected with the coronation-stone.

But an Irish tradition derived by us through Scotland, and which first makes its appearance in the old traditions of Ireland, avers that the rock or pillar of Jacob, to the possession of which by a certain tribe destiny annexed the sceptre of the kingdom in which it should rest, was brought from Judæa to Spain by a chieftain or patriarch, who founded a kingdom there, and was taken from that country to Ireland by the king or chief of the Scoti—a very ancient people, who were undoubtedly in possession of the island at the time of the introduction of Christianity, and to whom some historians attribute a Phœnician origin. According to the legend, this conqueror—a very mythical personage, by-the-by—was contemporary with Romulus and Remus, and came to Ireland with the Stone of Destiny to found his kingdom, about the time of the foundation of Rome, or, seven hundred and fifty years before Christ. A thousand years before, according to Biblical chronology, the King of kings promised to Jacob the land on which he set up the stone of Bethel, and dominion to his posterity through all the world.

Now a fatal stone, regarded as a kind of national palladium, is mentioned in Irish manuscripts of the sixth century of our era, by the name of the *LIA FAIL*, or Stone of Destiny; and that a stone which stood upon the Hill of Tara, and was used at the inauguration of the Irish kings, and was known as the *Labheireg*, or Stone of Destiny, existed in A.D. 560, appears from the fact that the stone and the hill itself fell in that year under the anathema of the Christian clergy; the stone (according to Sir John Ware, in his "*Antiquities of Ireland*"), having been honoured as a kind of national palladium before the conversion of the natives, and having become a focus of heathen superstitions. A very ancient prophetic verse referring to this stone exists in the old Irish language, in a manuscript of the sixth century, and is to the effect that the *LIA FAIL* shall accompany the sceptre of the kingdom. This prophetic verse is referred by Borlase, in his "*Antiquities of Cornwall*" to a Druidical origin. Be that as it may, the legends of the early Irish historians relating to this stone are of the most romantic kind, and connect it with shadowy kings of the ancient royal race of Ireland.

The old Irish prophecy connected with that stone, and the prophecy connected in Scottish belief with the *FATALE MARMOR* of Scone and Westminster, to which Scottish mediæval writers transfer the regal attributes of the *LIA FAIL*, have not the same form in the two countries;

but it cannot be doubted that the Scottish tradition was derived from Ireland, and the prophecy itself looks of Oriental origin. The Persians had their *Artizoe*, or "Fatal Stone," which, from the notice of it given by Pliny, seems to have been a kind of ordeal stone, for it was used to point out the most deserving candidate for the throne. Then, too, there is the sacred Black Stone, which is considered by the Seids to be their palladium;* and (it is curious ethnologically, as well as observable in illustration of this point, that) a tribe of Indians of South America revered a sacred and Fatal Stone—described as a large mass of very rich grey silver ore—which they guarded and removed as they were driven from place to place by the Spaniards, and which was the first thing that the subjugated natives stipulated to retain.†

It does not appear at what time the race of Scoti who migrated from Ireland to the hills of Argyll first possessed the Fatal Stone that was preserved at Scone until King Edward I. removed it to Westminster. The patriotic romances of some mediæval Scottish writers—ingeniously avoiding altogether the Irish tradition of the Stone of Destiny—pretend that King Fergus, three hundred and thirty years before Christ, brought with him into Scotland the stone seat of royalty on which the kings had been inaugurated in Ireland, and on which his successors were wont to be crowned; and they add, more credibly, that the same stone was afterwards placed by King Kenneth in the Abbey of Scone about the year of our Lord, 850. Scone was, from very early times in Scottish history, the place of convention—the Scottish Hill of Tara—and upon its Folk-mote eminence the kings were accustomed to be crowned until the time of Kenneth; after which epoch the kings of Scotland, down to the time of Robert Bruce, received the crown sitting upon that stone, in the old monastery of Scone, which was a foundation of unknown antiquity by followers of the rule of St. Columba, who were called Culdees, and derived their institution from Iona.‡

There can be no doubt that this ancient marble seat was thus used for the inauguration of the Scottish kings under the idea that it was the *LIA FAIL*, or Stone of Destiny, of their Irish progenitors, which had been brought originally from the East. But the existence of the *LIA FAIL* upon the Hill of Tara may be traced, as we have said, from, at all events, the sixth century downward; and there this stone—which is described by Mr. Petrie as an upright pillar nine feet high—at present stands near its original locality—the talisman of the kingdom in the old traditions of the country. The *Fatale Marmor* of Scone is found to have been only a substitute. When the Irish colonists of Scotland, to give stability to their new kingdom, begged the *Lia Fail* as a loan from the mother

* It is mentioned in 1851, by the distinguished officer who was then Lieut.-Colonel Williams, the British Commissioner for the settlement of the Turkish boundary question, in a letter from Hamadan, Persia, for which see *Literary Gazette*, 12th of April, 1851. The stone has a long story attached to it.

† These facts are stated by Mr. Empson, in his account of some South American figures in gold, obtained from the sacred lake of Guataveta, in Colombia.—*Archæol. Eliana*, vol. ii. p. 253.

‡ Scone was founded or re-formed anew by Alexander I., who about A.D. 1115 brought thither canons regular of St. Augustine from the house of St. Oswald of Nostell, near Pontefract.

country, she, with more than Hibernian prudence, retained the original, and sent over a substitute, or at most a portion—a loan which the colonists accepted in faith, and, with Scottish care, prized too highly ever to return; and they seem to have transferred to it the prophecy that a prince of Scotia's race should govern wheresoever it should be found. Buchanan, the Scottish historian, identifies it with the stone which had travelled to Scotland, through Ireland, from Spain, and speaks of it as “the rude marble stone to which popular belief attributed the fate of the kingdom.”

And here our readers may like to see the lithological description which has been given of this mysterious object. It is a sandy granular stone, a sort of *débris* of sienite, chiefly quartz, with felspar, light and reddish-coloured, and also light and dark mica, with some dark green mineral, probably hornblende, intermixed; some fragments of a reddish-grey clay-slate are likewise visible in this strange conglomerate, and there is also a dark brownish-red coloured flinty pebble of great hardness. The stone is of an oblong form, but irregular, measuring twenty-six inches in length, nearly seventeen in breadth, and ten inches and a half in thickness. It is curious that the substances composing it accord (as remarked by Mr. Brayley) in the grains with the sienite of Pliny, which forms the so-called Pompey's Pillar at Alexandria.

The Latin rhyme in which the old prophecy was perpetuated—

Ni fallat fatum SCOTI quocunque locatum
Inveniunt lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem—

is said to have been engraved by order of Kenneth, but there is no trace of an inscription upon the stone. If the distich was engraved at that early time in the history of the coronation-stone, it was probably on a metal plate, of which there is some trace upon the stone, or on the wooden chair in which that king is recorded to have had the stone enclosed.

The story of its removal to Westminster, in A.D. 1296, by King Edward I., is too well known to need repetition. “The people of Scotland,” says Rapin, “had all along placed in that stone a kind of fatality. They fancied that only whilst it remained in their country the state would be unshaken; and for this reason Edward carried it away to create in the Scots a belief that the time of the dissolution of their monarchy was come, and to lessen their hopes of recovering their liberty.” As an evidence of his absolute conquest, Edward therefore removed the regalia of the Scottish kings, and gave orders that the famous stone which was regarded as the national palladium should be conveyed to Westminster Abbey, where, accordingly, it was solemnly offered by the kneeling conqueror to the holiest of his name; and there, enclosed in the chair of King Edward and used at all coronations, it has ever since remained, notwithstanding that in the year 1328 it was an article of the treaty of peace authorised by the great council at Northampton that it should be restored to the Scots. By writ of privy seal in that year, Edward III. directed the abbot and monks of Westminster to deliver it to the sheriffs of London for the purpose of being restored to Scotland; but the Scots were unable to obtain the performance of this stipulation. They made another at-

tempt to bring back their talisman, by stipulating, in the year 1363, that the English should deliver it up to them, and that the King of England should come to be crowned upon it at Seone; but in this stipulation, also, the Scots were disappointed.

Whatever may have become of the original chair in which Kenneth is said to have had the stone enclosed, and which does not appear to have been brought into England at all, it is certain, say the historians of Westminster Abbey, that the present coronation-chair was made for the reception of this highly-prized relic of ancient customs and sovereign power. In A.D. 1300, as appears by an entry in the Wardrobe Accounts, Master Walter the Painter was employed in certain work "on the new chair in which is the stone from Scotland," and he bought gold and divers colours for the painting of the same. The chair was once entirely covered with gilding and ornamental work, and the design is of Edward's time. Down to the period when Camden wrote his history, the lines—

Si quid habent veri vel Chronica, cana fidesve,
Clauditur hac Cathedra nobilis ecce Lapis;
Ad caput eximius Jacob quondam Patriarcha
Quem posuit, cernens numina mira poli.
Quem tulit ex Scotis spolians quasi Victor honoris
Edwardus primus, Mars velat Armipotens
Scotorum Domitor, noster validissimus Hector,
Anglorum Decus, et Gloria Militiæ—

were to be seen on a tablet that hung by this royal stone in the chapel of the Confessor at Westminster; and that tablet, as the historians of the abbey remark, is the most ancient document known in which the stone is called "the Stone of Jacob." Whether that venerable relic is at this moment in the dome of the rock at Jerusalem, upon the hill at Tara, or in Westminster Abbey, we do not undertake to decide; but if for nearly seven centuries the posterity of King Malcolm Canmore and St. Margaret, the great-niece of Edward the Confessor and representative of the Saxon line, continued to reign over Scotland, the Scots have long recognised in the sovereign of Great Britain a representative of their ancient line of kings, and under the gentle sway of Queen Victoria may be well content with their share in the government of the United Kingdom, and with our possession of the Fatal Stone.

W. S. G.

INFORMATION RELATIVE TO MR. JOSHUA TUBBS AND CERTAIN MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY.

CAREFULLY COMPILED FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

By E. P. ROWSELL.

XIV.

THE THORNELEY PRIDE.

If that venerable Bengal tiger, stretched fast asleep in a glorious easy-chair before a blazing fire, could have had the least idea of the three cabs rattling along, as described in the last chapter, his dreams would have been far less delightful than they were. That they were pleasant enough in his present blissful ignorance, might be inferred from the rich calm which pervaded his ample and glowing countenance. The rain poured, the wind blew, and the cold pierced without. Delicious consciousness! for the warmth and luxury within were rendered greater blessings by the contrast. The hungry beggar whined through the streets. Exhilarating sound—for below stairs a dinner of sumptuous viands was waiting to be served. The mighty world of poor and needy were shivering and shaking, lamenting and sickening at heart. Oh! unutterable source of gratification to be able to mutter complacently, "Ah, poor wretches—poor wretches—sorry for them!" and looking round, the while, a handsomely-furnished room, to stir a lordly fire into a blaze, which should go roaring up the chimney in defiance of the troubles which had full mastery over those without doors on this most inclement night.

A knock—a loud, aggravating knock—awakening prematurely from sleep the dreaded monarch of the mansion! The old East Indian merchant roused himself with a most startling and portentous growl, the which had the incomer, Mr. Christian, heard, he would, probably, fairly have turned tail and fled. But as it did not reach him, he presently stood quaking before his ancient and hot-tempered friend.

Stood quaking. For how to narrate that which he had come to tell—to bring it out by degrees—to soothe the recipient of the dose during its administration—were matters which he had, indeed, pondered with the utmost earnestness as he had been borne along in the cab, but with no other result than the becoming more bewildered and cast down. The consequence was, that he had scarce said two words to the awfully irritable old gentleman, the glare of whose great yellow and green eyes by no means encouraged him, before he was arrested by the more straightforward than courteous exhortation, "to tell the truth at once, and have out whatever confounded disaster there might have happened, without delay."

Thus enjoined, poor Mr. Christian blurted out, in an instant, the fact that he feared Miss Thorneley, while stopping at his house, had become engaged to Mr. Henry Marsden; and that—

But it was some time before he could get any further, for such an awful roar of anger followed this announcement that the butler, in the kitchen, who had just uncorked a prime bottle of old port as a solace on this memorable evening, let it fall in mortal terror.

"If this is the beginning," thought poor Mr. Christian, "what will be the ending? Well, he cannot be in a worse passion, so I may as well force him at once to hear the whole."

With this tremendous determination, he ventured (with something of the feeling of a soldier going into action for the first time) to place his hands firmly on Mr. Thorneley's shoulders, and in a few words to tell him the whole misfortune, acquainting him with the discovery just made regarding Henry Marsden.

There is a point where violent passion stops, and begins to recede. The mind temporarily gives way to the infirmity of the body. When the rage arrives at a stage which no outburst, no contortion, no gesticulation, can at all adequately express, it begins to subside. Thus, when Mr. Christian had finished, much to his surprise and alarm the venerable tiger ceased to roar, and his eyes to glare. He gave a gasp or two, and then sat down in his easy-chair.

While Mr. Christian stood, half dreading some calamity from this unexpected proceeding, the door opened, and Miss Thorneley was announced.

She entered hurriedly, and, without apparently noticing Mr. Christian, advanced to Mr. Thorneley.

"Dear uncle!" she said, in a broken voice, placing her hand in his, but not daring to look up.

The hard look of the fierce old man softened. It was the one bright gleam of sunshine amidst the dark, gloomy mass of clouds which might be said to represent his character—the clouds of stormy passion, cruelty, and selfishness—this earnest love for (or, rather, deep interest in—for love, true love, could scarce find a place in a heart like his) the dear, trusting, affectionate girl before him. He bent his head fondly over her, and took her other hand.

"I do not ask you what you come to me for at this hour, and by yourself, Mary," he said, "because, of course, Mr. Christian has told me."

"Mr. Christian!" exclaimed Mary, in surprise.

"Yes. You have overlooked him. He has told me all. But, never mind; let this all pass. I was a little vexed, you know, Mary—a little hurt that my Mary, whom I have loved so much, should seem as though she had forgotten both me and her duty. But——"

"Dear uncle, do not go on," urged Mary, her tears falling fast.

"I will not," he replied; "for you will say to me, I am sure, that I may dismiss from my mind all that I have heard, and that you are again the Mary Thorneley you were six weeks back, when you quitted this roof."

"Uncle," replied Mary, earnestly, "in my love for you I am the same as ever; yet I may——"

"No, no, Mary," interrupted Mr. Thorneley; "stop there—say no more. If your love for me be unchanged, I am quite satisfied, for then I know you will not, cannot persist in anything so monstrously opposed to my wishes—so absurd—so——"

"Oh, do not say that," she urged; "hear me, uncle; do not speak hastily. You would, could not, decide to destroy my every hope of happiness?"

"I do not want to destroy your happiness, Mary. I wish to preserve

it," replied Mr. Thorneley, in a graver tone. "I was in hopes we need not even have mentioned further the foolish matter which has already caused much pain and anxiety. But now, seriously and finally, you must at once abandon every thought which you have been led, wickedly, to harbour of marriage with Henry Marsden."

"Uncle, uncle, I cannot do that."

"Cannot!" exclaimed Mr. Thorneley, vehemently. "Cannot! Mary, are you mad? Why, if there were nothing else—if it were even fit and right that a wretched, beggarly clerk, cast off by his relatives, and without a friend in the world (enough! it makes me sick to think of such a creature), should be allowed to entertain even the shadow of a hope of an alliance with my niece, there would, in this case (you know what has occurred, Mary), be an end, immediately, of all further consideration of the subject, by that clerk having proved himself a scoundrel and a thief, and having surely entailed on himself a most severe, perhaps a lasting punishment. Mary, unless you have lost your reason, say to me at once that you will never even think of this man again."

"Uncle," replied Mary, checking her tears, and looking earnestly in his face, "what you have said has fallen with terrible force upon my heart, as you no doubt meant it should. I do not complain, although you have spared me little. In regard to the error which Henry Marsden——"

"Error! pshaw!" interposed Mr. Thorneley.

"Crime—if the darker term must be used, uncle—in regard to that, until from his own lips I have heard such extenuation as he may have to offer, I will not judge him. The consequences—oh! I do trust—oh! uncle, uncle, they may be averted—you can avert them."

"I avert them!" cried Mr. Thorneley, in astonishment.

"Yes, yes," she replied, imploringly, her eyes fixed beseechingly upon his face, and her hands clutching his convulsively—"a very small sum to you, lent in mercy now (and being a deed which, dear uncle, you will love to look back upon in an after day), will prevent all the consequences of this deplorable fault which Henry Marsden has committed, will avert from him a terrible penalty, and will save my heart from breaking. Oh! uncle, do not refuse me—do not refuse me."

Mr. Thorneley almost staggered.

"And is it possible, Mary," he said, in a husky voice, "that you have come here to-night to ask *me* to rescue this fellow from the proper consequences of his crime?"

"And why not?" she urged, with increased earnestness, although her heart misgave her as she noticed a change creeping over her uncle's countenance. "Why should I not have hope, uncle, in your love for me, that you would extend aid in this great misfortune? How many times have you told me, since my father's death, that my happiness should be your care, and you would ever be my friend? You will not now turn from me, uncle?"

"Mary," replied Mr. Thorneley, determinedly, "in turning from your request (which you must be mad to make) I do not turn from you; I am serving you, and fulfilling my pledge. Since your father's death I have befriended you and your mother, and will do so still. But I must hear no more of this. Come, I must keep you out of harm's way for the

future. Go to your room, take off your bonnet, and come to your old seat by me here. Do you refuse?"

Mary had shown no willingness to comply, and the storm was gathering.

"Mary, listen to me," said Mr. Thorneley, with severity. "If now, for the first time, you are about to choose your own path, there shall soon be no other open to you. If you will not go my way, proceed your own; but mind, there will be no turning back. Tears are no answer to me," he continued (for Mary wept, and could not reply)—"I must have obedience. If my love and my protection be desirable, tell me, I say again, that this foolish fancy exists no longer."

"I cannot deceive you by telling you that, uncle," mournfully replied Mary.

"Then go your own way, girl," cried the old man, furiously, almost throwing her from him. "Travel as quickly as you may along the path to ruin which you have chosen. Forget that I am your uncle. I have already nearly forgotten that you are my niece."

There came a change over the weeping girl. Her tears ceased, and her dark eyes flashed, as she replied,

"That you have almost forgotten I am your niece, your speech well shows. I urge my request no more, uncle."

She moved to quit the room.

"And where may you be going now, Miss Mary Thorneley, may I ask?" inquired her uncle.

"I scarcely know," she answered, vaguely; "perhaps I may find help in some other quarter."

Both gentlemen started.

"My dear Miss Thorneley," said Mr. Christian, stepping forward, "pray consider——"

"Oh, do not interrupt her," exclaimed Mr. Thorneley; "doubtless it is fit and proper for a young lady to go begging about for a sum of money to help off a felon with whom she happens to have fallen in love."

"Uncle," cried Mary, the flush of incipient fever dyeing her cheeks as she spoke, "I will not say more than 'God forgive you for those words.'"

"I want no lofty speeches, Miss Thorneley," answered her angry relative. "But there is this one which I will make to you in all calmness. Remember, if you leave this house to-night, you shall never enter it again."

"I shall not wish to," she replied. "Any roof would be more welcome."

"Ay, no doubt; a fine, spirited reply. But there is another head beside yours which you will deprive of a resting-place."

"My God! sir, is it possible you mean my mother?"

"I do, Miss Thorneley. Do you think I shall continue to your mother the allowance which I now make to her, and which is her sole income, after you have left me?"

Mary raised her hand to her forehead, but made no reply.

"No, no, no," continued Mr. Thorneley, his frame shaking with terrible passion. "Do you think you may slight and perhaps scorn me, and I shall not use such power as I possess in retaliation? No, no. Do you remember, I say—do you remember the long, long years before your

father's death, in which we never met, never communicated? He in earlier life defied and thwarted me, as you are doing now, and I watched his slow decline from wealth to poverty, from happiness to misery, without a tear or care. Let it be a lesson to you that I am no soft-hearted fool, bowing to injury, and ever ready to forgive."

"And is it possible," retorted Mary, "that you make a boast of this? My father did indeed sink from prosperity to poverty, and the brother, loaded with riches, looked on with unconcern. I do remember it. My father's death-bed is before me now. It might have been cheered by a brother's presence, and his dying pillow smoothed by a brother's hand. But that brother held aloof, and my dear father sank into his grave with every accompaniment of anxiety and sorrow."

Her uncle drew back and waved her off impatiently, but she continued:

"Yes, you had your revenge upon him, as you may now have it upon me and upon—my mother"—(oh, how difficult to say that word and persevere to speak!)"—"but happier my father, who died in this misery over which you exult, and happier my mother and I, however great may be our trials and privations, than you, sir, who, with the grave so close upon you, can dare to boast of conduct on which Heaven's curse most surely rests. No more of this roof for me—no more of your bounty for my mother. We will go forward with none but God to help us, and have no trust save in His mercy."

There seemed to be a reply feebly dwelling on the old man's lips, but it was not heard, for Mary had left the house ere he spoke. And then he turned to Mr. Christian, his limbs quivering and his face ashy pale, saying, in a low voice, and with a vacant look:

"Protect me, Christian; the dead are abroad to-night. My brother stood talking to me here but now. He was just the same as when we had that dreadful quarrel years ago, and we parted for ever—not a bit altered—not a bit altered."

XV.

DARKER YET.

THROUGH long straight streets northward of Russell-square, the reverse of cheerful by day, and looking especially dull and gloomy on this miserable night, rattled the cab containing Mary Thorneley. The rain fell furiously on the roof of the ancient and battered vehicle, but both the driver and his fare seemed perfectly unconscious, though from very different causes, of the inclemency of the weather. The driver had had a cold, desperate and malignant, for so lengthened a period, that the idea of any increase thereof was simply absurd. He had grown callous to wet, and felt equally happy within, whether his outer man were dry or drenched. His fare thought of nothing, knew of nothing, and cared for nothing, save the one dear object upon which her heart was set, and the which, nevertheless, a dark foreboding filled her, she could not possibly accomplish.

It was to Henry Marsden's lodgings that Mary was hurrying. When she left her uncle's she was in that state of excitement that inaction was out of the question. With her blood at fever heat, the thought of returning quietly to Mr. Christian's was madness. She must go somewhere and do something even with the faintest hope of saving Marsden from the

indelible disgrace which overhung him. If the amount of the misappropriated cheque could be forthcoming immediately, all serious ill-effects would be averted. Without such assistance there was nothing but ruin and ignominy, not to be wiped out this side the grave.

The occasion was not one allowing thought of delicacy or strict decorum. Mary Thorneley's was no milk-and-water affection, not a love adequately expressed by a simper, and betrayed to its utmost depth in a slow extension of the hand, much as a bear obediently presents his paw. She did really love Henry Marsden with her whole heart. Those plain words, better than any rhapsodical phraseology, convey the force of the feeling which swayed her present movements. She *must* save him. She felt that nothing must prevent her, that no matter at what sacrifice— But, alas! Mary Thorneley, cold facts stand up stern and defiant against the wishes of many a warm heart, and in this poor world of ours events constantly press on and conquer, though opposed with all the earnestness of love as strong and fervent as that by which thou wert now impelled.

The not very splendid mansion in which Henry Marsden lived was reached after about half an hour's ride. As Mary alighted from the cab, she for the first time hesitated and shrank back. That which she was now doing was repugnant to her main characteristic. Shy and retiring to the utmost, she was now performing an action of which the world would speak in the harshest terms. Dared she go on? Yes. She would risk much more, for all the world's antagonism, if there were the slightest hope of the sacrifice and the endurance resulting in the salvation of him whom she loved.

Admitted by the lady of the house, who bestowed upon her a scrutiny which at another time would completely have overwhelmed her, Mary in another minute was in the presence of Henry Marsden. He had been sitting moodily, with his arms resting on the table, but he immediately arose and advanced towards her.

"Can it be possible?" he said. "Mary—Miss Thorneley—have you indeed come to me?"

"I cannot wonder at your surprise," she answered, flushing crimson, and then turning deadly pale. "Ah, Henry Marsden, if you but knew the suffering I have undergone the last few hours."

"And I have been the miserable cause!" he exclaimed. "Mary—they—they have told you—all—I suppose."

"I have been told," she replied, with an effort, "that some money—450*l.*—paid you by Mr. Christian for your company, has been spent by you for your own purposes, though what they may have been you do not choose to avow. Henry, this is dreadful news. If you could, even now, tell me that they have spoken falsely, that they have even exaggerated, what a change from death to life to me."

"Ah, Mary, you have heard only the truth. I have done that which they charge me with, though I do declare to you that however much they may reproach me—ay, even those most violent against me—that could they but be made aware how I have been torn and tortured since the wretched act, they would have some pity at least; and though they might not save me from my fate, they would feel some sorrow for me as they beheld my irretrievable fall.

"Mary," he continued, after a moment's pause, "men do these deeds commonly to provide means of gratifying the lowest tendencies. I do

not seek to display my error in any false light—but was there not a motive?"

"What motive?" she asked, feebly, and apparently almost unconscious of what she was saying.

"What motive!" he answered, with some bitterness. "Mary, I could have denied myself anything—I could have wretchedly sunk through life to the grave in insignificance and poverty. I could have borne the sorest privation—could have pinched and suffered almost every want, and yet not have been tempted to turn aside one hair's breadth from honesty, or do aught which at my last hour would have caused me a pang."

"Then what led you, Henry," asked Mary, in some surprise, "to commit this error?"

"The poverty which at one time was no barrier to happiness," he answered, "became so the moment it presented itself as an insuperable obstacle to the bright hope which I had formed soon after we met. Fancy the unutterable gloom and heart-sickness with which I contemplated the long years of toil which must, in the common course, intervene, before there could be the slightest chance of our union, and then fancy the temptation attaching to an effort which, had it been successful, would have brought the much-coveted wealth, with scarce six months' delay."

"Oh! Henry," she replied, "this sounds almost like a reproach. If I have been the cause of this evil hour——"

"No, no, no!" interrupted Marsden, passionately. "Heavens! you could not think I would reproach you. I did but try to relieve myself from the worst shade which, in the eyes of some, this action of mine might bear. Mary, men every day commit deeds, compared with which this petty theft—(ay, give it its right name," he said, as though replying to his own hesitation in using the term)—"this paltry delinquency on my part is as dust in the balance. And yet they prosper. They do not break the law. They are the vilest knaves, but they transgress no statute. Their great crimes are not open to little men like me. And they have their great successes; while I, and such like vagabonds and wretches, are dashed into destruction, howled at, and hated by all our fellow-men."

He strode the room furiously.

Mary was pained. Excited and distressed as she was, and dearly as she loved Marsden, her calm good sense and true religious feeling told her that this was not a spirit suitable to the situation in which Henry was placed, and scarce entitled him to pardon and deliverance.

"Henry," she said, rising, and pressing her hand earnestly on his arm, "in this hour of terrible trouble let us be humble. It is a poor excuse that others have been worse than ourselves. You will not think my love for you is less for saying so. But, let us consider. What door of escape is there? Surely some means may be found of averting the blow?"

"I see none," he replied, bitterly. "How can there be any?"

"It is indeed a fearful position," she replied, pressing her forehead with her hands. "One effort I have made and failed; but there may be other means open to us. At least, let us earnestly examine."

"Dear Mary," replied Henry, "I thank you very, very sincerely for
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the effort you say you have already used. But now let me entreat you to think no more of me. I will even say, do not remain with me. There is no hope whatever of averting the blow. Let it, therefore, come, and the sooner the better."

He sat down, and covered his face.

"Oh, do not despair!" cried Mary, passionately. "Who shall say there is no hope, even in the darkest hour. The blackest cloud may, in God's mercy, be dispersed, and His hand can cause the gloomiest night to be succeeded by the brightest morning."

"It is useless, Mary; it is useless," replied Henry, in the very depth of melancholy. "I have given up all expectation of escape."

"Might you not apply to your cousin, Mr. Tubbs?" asked Mary.

"I would sooner that five times the penalty which I shall suffer fall upon me," he answered, "than stoop so low as that. My heart would break in the attempt."

"And yet," urged Mary, "think, Henry—think. Surely, nothing should be left undone to turn aside this terrible evil. Have you weighed it in its full consequences?" she added, with a shudder.

"Yes, I have; and my very life-blood has stopped while I have done so."

"Then why, Henry,—why hesitate to try any means offering a chance of escape. A few more hours, and the door of hope will be closed. Oh, why should pride, mere pride, stand in the way? How fearful to think, hereafter, when the worst has happened, that but for pride all might, probably, have been saved."

"Mary, this is terrible," replied Marsden, pacing the room violently. "Leave me—leave me. It is of no use. In pity, leave me."

"And is that your answer to me, Henry Marsden?" exclaimed Mary, her manner suddenly changing, her eye kindling, and her cheek again flushing crimson. "And will you be prostrated without a care, almost without a thought? Henry Marsden, you have no *right* to act thus,—no right, I say to you, in that it is not only you yourself who fall. If the day is about to close to you and the long night set in, where is my day henceforth, and what light remains to me in life? When you drew me to you, when you said you loved me, you gave me the privilege to speak as I do now. It is not only your own fate which hangs in the balance this night. I grow selfish, but I bid you remember that if the penalty fall upon you, it falls equally upon me. I may not, indeed, know the bodily suffering which you unhappily may have to undergo. Better, perhaps, if that were to be my portion, too; for it might force the mind to forget its miseries, and save it from decay and madness. Henry Marsden, if you have no heart to save yourself from irretrievable ruin, would to Heaven you had never made an effort to draw mine towards you!"

He turned upon her, but it was rather in anger than in sympathy.

"And why, Mary, should you thus taunt and reproach me?" he exclaimed, with something almost of fierceness. "If I try not to escape by means which would be utter degradation, am I not acting more as becomes one who loves you than if I were to follow the grovelling course which you suggest? I have played my game, and I have lost. I would it had been deeper. Fallen as I am, the very pettiness of the cause grates upon me, perhaps, as much as the ruin itself. I could almost glory now in the rendering the crime greater."

"And is this the spirit," retorted Mary, "which animates you, Henry Marsden, in such an hour? If so, I will, indeed, leave you. Would that we had never met. I have endured for you this night insult and contempt. I have been driven forth an outcast from the only roof which sheltered me; more, I have lost to my dearest relative on earth the protection of that house and home. Do you think these things have not tried me? Was not my spirit bruised and well-nigh crushed ere I saw you this night? But I was not turned aside. The love which you now treat lightly would have led me through more—much more—to save you from destruction. But let it pass," she said, checking the hot tears which fell. "It is over now. I have seen the end of my brief existence. Welcome anything now—welcome, O my God! poverty, suffering; and welcome more than all the quiet grave, now that Henry Marsden slights and scorns the love I bear him—ay, and shall bear him, till this poor life within me has passed away."

She stood erect, her dark eye flashing and every feature breathing life and energy. And he, too, roused to madness, drew his tall form to its full height, and answered her with kindred strength.

"You goad me—you goad me, Mary—God forgive you! You are unjust and cruel—you know not what you say. Wherein, think you, lies the torture which I have suffered and do now suffer? I care nothing for myself. Let them do their worst, and I shall not shrink. It is on your account, unkind girl! that my heart throbs to breaking. I say you goad me—you force into my brain a thought which, more than once, has entered it, but which I have cast out as a temptation of the fiend. I will grasp it now. It is a thought of peace, Mary, of the deep stillness and rest of the grave. I say I will invite and hold it fast now, and thus—thus—I will avert the ruin you so much dread."

She flung herself at his feet in agony.

"Henry! Henry!" she exclaimed, "anything rather than that. Oh, forgive me, and recal those words. There is shame on earth, and it is hard to bear; but there is worse shame and ruin to follow on such a deed as that you hint at. Oh, turn from that! Let this blow fall, if it must do so. It may bring a long night this side the grave; but what is that—what is that—to the endless night which awaits the *Suicide* when the grave is passed? Oh, forgive me, Henry—say you forgive me!" And she clasped his knees, and her tears bathed his hands as they sought to raise her.

There was no reply, and she raised her eyes. He was bending over her, and his eyes met hers. Oh, what a shriek she gave!—one long, piercing shriek, as though it were her death-cry. Reason had gone forth from Henry Marsden, the glare of a MADMAN was upon her, and the closing scene had indeed begun. The door opened, and Mr. Winks appeared in time to catch Mary in his arms as she fell back senseless.

XVI.

NIGHT.

WINKS was a self-possessed, cool-headed man, but he staggered back, and his blood chilled, when, with Mary in his arms, he turned his gaze on Marsden. His face contorted, his mouth partly open, and his eyes blood-shot and staring in ghastly fashion, the latter presented a terrible appear-

ance. For the moment, Winks was almost overcome, but, recovering himself, he took Mary in his arms and gave her in charge to the people of the house, who now, in alarm, were entering the room. With very considerable quivering he then addressed Marsden.

"My poor friend!" he faltered. (Winks was really a kind-hearted fellow, and was dreadfully shocked.)

"Eh?" said Marsden, in a whisper. "So, it is fraud, fraud, fraud. Well, here—I am a judge, you know—you shall be lightly dealt with, for *her* sake."

"What a horrible thing, to be sure!" whispered Winks to the proprietor of the house, who stood by him. "Poor fellow! he's evidently lost his senses."

They consulted, and proper measures were speedily taken for the care of Marsden during the night, Winks promising that, if necessary, he should be removed in the morning.

Directing, next, his attention to Mary, and hearing that the cab which had brought her was still at the door, Winks ascertained from the cabman whence he had come, and decided to return thither with Miss Thorneley himself. It was not long, therefore, before poor Mary was again in Mr. Christian's house, receiving every attention which the sincerest affection and deepest interest could bestow.

The kind heart of Mr. Christian had been so cruelly afflicted that evening, that his not very keen intellect was obscured to an extent precluding any material conversation between him and Winks until the next morning. Winks then called, and Mr. Christian, remembering that Marsden had sometimes mentioned Winks as a friend, and the latter having shown himself to be one by his recent acts, he thought it advisable to reveal to him the position in which Marsden stood.

Winks was very much shocked.

"How badly turns out occasionally," he said, "that which one does from the best motives!"

He then gave the following explanation of this remark :

He had never executed the first large order which we have seen Marsden gave him. He felt satisfied, at the last moment, of its folly, and abstained. Still, having undertaken its execution, he took upon himself the responsibility of representing to Marsden that it had been carried out—a very generous thing on his part, because he sincerely determined to be no gainer should his judgment prove correct—while he would certainly have been a loser had the event been otherwise. The result of this proceeding was, that when Marsden thought that he had lost all he had gained and more beside, and even gave his acceptance to meet the deficiency (which acceptance, Winks explained, he was not unwilling to take, thinking that it would effectually bar any further speculation by Marsden), the balance in his favour in Winks's books actually remained just as it was before the adverse speculation had apparently been entered into. The second order, given on the strength of Mr. Christian's money, had really been executed, and the whole of that amount had been lost and something beside; but setting the former balance against these losses, there was sufficient to restore the misapplied cheque of 450*l.*, and even leave a balance of 150*l.* in Marsden's favour.

"I had actually called last evening," said Winks, in deep vexation, "to tell Marsden all this, return him his acceptance, and shake him by

the hand on things being so much better with him than he had reason to believe."

It was, certainly, very unfortunate that the revelation had not been made sooner, but the only course now was to alleviate the mischief as much as possible. The first thing was to pay the overdue call, as though Mr. Christian had discovered his mistake regarding it, and the next was to see Mr. Tubbs as to the disposal of poor Marsden.

Alas! the heart of Joshua Tubbs had grown narrower as his worldly substance had increased, and he intimated his perfect indifference as to what became of Marsden, and his indisposition to render aid in any way.

"Hard-hearted brute!" muttered Winks, as he returned to Mr. Christian's, after this very unsatisfactory intimation. "You don't deserve your good fortune; and, on my honour, I wish it may fly away from you, I do, you wretch!"

There was no help for it, and Marsden was removed to a lunatic asylum, a furious, fearful madman. So he continued for three weeks. At the end of that time he became much better and calmer, but as the medical attendant thought that months would intervene before his recovery, Winks, with the concurrence of Mr. Christian, had him conveyed to a private asylum by the sea-side, with which a relative of his was connected.

And Mary Thorneley. Her uncle was perfectly unmoved by the circumstances of that unhappy night, although they were narrated to him with all the pathos which Mr. Christian could command. She had disobeyed him—there was a gap between them henceforth—he forgave not her father for opposing him—he would not forgive her. He would not receive her again.

Mary remained in a dreamy, lethargic state for some days, scarcely speaking, and seeming unconscious of all that had passed and was passing. She recovered from this condition somewhat, and then, at her entreaty, recent events were related to her. Oh, how thankful she was that that terrible blow had not fallen, and that Marsden had escaped being dragged before the world as a criminal, and suffering a heavy and degrading penalty. Her heart swelled with gratitude, and her whole soul praised the Giver of all good.

But she could never see Henry Marsden more,—so they told her. In their desire that she should regard him as separated from her for ever, they exaggerated his illness and spoke of him as virtually dead.

It was scarcely necessary: Mary *felt* that she should not again see Henry, but her reason was different from theirs.

The sure symptoms of the malady which had recently robbed her of her brother rapidly developed themselves in her own frame. Her day, which had so little advanced, was to be brought suddenly to a close. The unnatural excitement recently displayed called for a deeper rest than sleep—the quiet of a heavenly home.

Months passed. In a small room in the lunatic asylum by the sea-side sat Henry Marsden, indeed, a very wreck. So wasted and worn was he, that the gazing at him would have chilled and shocked you. He was looking moodily through the window at the ocean not far distant, and listening to the faint murmur of the waves. It was afternoon in winter, and well-nigh dark. He had sat there for hours each day for weeks past,

with only that one amusement, the watching the rolling waves, and hearkening to their melancholy music.

There approached his chamber door without two persons. One was the doctor of the asylum.

"We can but try it," he said to his companion. "Give me the letter."

"You are sure it will not injure him?" said the other.

"Anything is better than his present lethargic condition," replied the doctor. "He is very nearly if not quite sane now, but his bodily health must give way unless we can rouse him. Perhaps he had better not see you. You can hear what passes. I will leave the door open."

So saying, the doctor entered the room.

"I have a letter for you, Mr. Marsden."

He did not speak, nor manifest any surprise, though many dreary months had gone by since he had attempted to read anything. He mechanically took the letter, and the doctor retired.

"We will go in again presently," said the doctor to his companion, "but I hardly think he will read it."

He was mistaken, however. At first, Marsden turned the letter about slowly without sign of any emotion. Then suddenly a sharp thought seemed to run through his brain, and he sprang from his seat. He tore open the letter, looked at it for a moment, fell into his seat again, and remained for some minutes perfectly passive. He then slowly raised the letter from the ground, on to which it had fallen, and read as follows :

"DEAREST HENRY,—It could not be that I should not say one word at parting. Do not grieve for me. If I thought that these few words could pain, instead of comfort you, though the writing them throws sunshine on the path which is now so nearly at an end, they should never be penned. My object is—in the hope that health and strength may return to you, and life long be spared—to say something in these few farewell words which, being remembered, may serve to render the future which may lie before you indeed happy.

"Henry, there may come a brighter day. The dark clouds now above you may pass, and you may almost be tempted to forget the present period of trial. But oh, do not forget it! However great the change may be which you may accomplish, recollect this time of sorrow. And if it will help you to bear in mind the lesson we have both learnt from it, think of me and of this farewell, not else—not else.

"God bless you! It is night as I write this, and as I lie down to sleep I feel that there is no waking for me in this world. But to you may be granted many many years. Oh, let them, dear Henry! be years through which shall brightly shine the light of truth and honour; and then, if occasionally there shall steal into your heart thought of her whose last act is to think of *you*, she will seem to bend over you with a smile and with a blessing.

"MARY."

There was no visible effect produced on Marsden by the reading this letter, for he was presently again watching the waves, now glistening under a full moon, and hearkening to their hollow murmur.

THE PAST RECESS—ENGLAND'S MISSION.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

ANOTHER year has flitted past us, and a new parliamentary campaign is on the point of opening. The legislative recess has been of less than ordinary political interest at home. The retailers of things they know and do not know, with minds like Covent-garden, places for all sorts of wares, would have had to live on lenten fare but for the criminal returns. Our domestic incidents have exhibited little favourable to the improvement of our moral character. The overwhelming desire to be rich covers a multitude of sins in a community constituted like our own. The utility of honesty as the most useful policy towards gain, had not, until recently, been so notoriously set at naught by those who had no shadow of excuse to plead. The desire to cut what is called a "respectable" figure in life, has painfully exhibited how much those are mistaken who appropriate to the desire for wealth, in our advanced social state, an improvement in common honesty. The vanity of a wealthy reputation rules. We must needs appear what we are not, if we turn thieves for it; we must thrive to be "respectable,"—that is the cant term. "Poverty," as Petronius says, "may be the sister of a good understanding;" but our shrinking modesty and sympathy with the "respectable" will pardon that lack, and walk the streets with a loose character in borrowed satin, rather than tolerate the best understanding in plain stuff of its own. Appearances must be supported if we hand over our virtue in exchange. The spirit of avarice, which increases with wealth, by placing subordinates in tempting and responsible situations, upon salaries that just keep them above want, expecting them at the same time to confer credit on their paymasters by a superfine coat and superior manners, aids in the corruption of the low-minded and ill-educated. Genuine high-mindedness is getting shy of modern society. Criminals by profession have recently stamped upon offences the cowardice and cruelty, rather than the heroism of crime. Their doings were, after all, innocent of the hypocrisy which characterised the recent offenders in search of "respectability," by its purchase with the money of other people. They did not rob to become governors of hospitals, and profit by a reputation for charity. They were plain, downright, straightforward, consistent rogues, not covetous enough to expect money and "respectability" too. Why did not some of the friends of the "respectable" knaves get up testimonials for them—a favourite mode just now of overreaching popularity. Everything goes by the mode. In one rogue's case the plea of charity would have served admirably. We wonder the hero of that tale never thought of having something of a testimonial, through a hint to his friends: perhaps he feared it was become too vulgar.

A dread of the Pope during the recess, considering the 5th of November had to be passed, was natural among old ladies, and an assemblage of the other sex, easily mistaken for such, met to make a martyr of the Maynooth grant, trembling at the thought of the Roman conclave. A Chartist shout for Frost, the returned convict, awoke no echo. Transportation and ticket-of-leave grants have been again subjects of

discussion, the ticket-of-leave system having failed. Applied for a second offence it seems a most unobjectionable punishment. New Holland, nearly equal to Europe in extent, offers many eligible sites for convicts, without interfering with any of the present colonists. Statesmen of enlarged minds cannot pass over the origin of our present magnificent colonies in the East. In a few years the first erring generation disappears, one portion of it having become good citizens, the other, incorrigible, having passed to the grave, with its crimes. Then succeeds a better state of society, and an enlarging traffic. We have burdened posterity with debt; we are equally bound to afford it some counter advantages.

The contumacy of Archdeacon Denison in regard to the Thirty-nine Articles was a sort of interlude during the recess. We do not understand splitting hairs between the south and south-west side. The archdeacon knew the sense in which his superiors read the articles of his faith, and he should not have signed them at first rather than have attempted to misinterpret them. Why did he not fling off his gown and relieve himself, if the matter were really one of conscience? This discussing petty points of doctrine, in place of attending to the practice of Christian duties, tends to neutralise all connected with the faith itself, and to make the world believe religion consists in dogmatic points. There is still a tendency to drag back into the jaws of past superstition everything connected with religion, and to extol obsolete and pagan ceremonies. Men immersed in business are little acted upon by the designing in this way, compared to the fair sex, who have leisure to listen to absurdities as well as verities, and, in their misled sincerity, to draw the male part of their families into the path of retrogradation. Even in our later ecclesiastical edifices we see the most gloomy and least cheerful examples of departed times selected as the architectural share in preparing the way for the restoration again of ecclesiastical superstition and narrowness. This its advocates denominate a "restoration to the true faith," meaning the ridiculous absurdities of the middle ages. Our streets are deformed with architectural examples of this kind. Why should not religion, regulated by "the Book," as a good bishop phrased it, keep pace with the advancement of everything besides? The first reformers are not to be deemed infallible; yet their labour, under a thousand disadvantages, is not to be improved, but corrupted.

Public meetings have been held for the introduction of Maine law, regardless of its anti-constitutional character. A law to prescribe what we shall drink and eat is a return to sumptuary enactments no more to be tolerated where freedom of individual action exists. The Gin Act of the last century, and its fate, ought not to be forgotten. The vagabond will not pass a public-house without putting on the character of a beast—he is but one in a thousand. That does not matter; the thousand must be deprived of what they do not abuse, and have the right of freemen to enjoy, in order to accommodate wretches who say they cannot resist temptation. Let such be punished when found in a state of inebriety, even double the punishment upon repetition, but do not narrow individual right to accommodate vice. Let us have no more coin, because coin tempts thieves to take purses. Publicans, whose capital is invested in their calling, are to be sacrificed, with their property, to an immense

extent, having as good a right to carry on their business as any other class paying the public dues. "But the fine gin palaces?" True, some of these "paint damnation gay" to the sot, but they are comparatively few, and we believe often more the property of rich distillers than those whose property they really appear to be. Every man is the son of his own actions, and public offences are answerable before the magistrate, while for private offences man is answerable to God. It is an abhorrent principle to punish those who use the gifts of Heaven wisely because a few bad men abuse them. Ebriety has greatly decreased of late years. In 1742, eight millions of population consumed nineteen millions of home-made spirit; in 1850, twenty-seven millions consumed about twenty-three millions. They should have consumed three times the quantity, had they maintained the old standard. Scotland, of the three kingdoms, is that to which the character of inebriety attaches most extensively; at present in the proportion nearly of three to one. There is an idle love for legislation abroad. We may soon expect to find a public officer appointed to gauge the mouths of her Majesty's subjects, if legislation is to proceed to such lengths. A mania has existed, too, for preventing the sale of poisons, because the use of poisons has been so wickedly applied in some recent instances. This has been a popular cry. At least a hundred substances of a most useful character must not, in such a case, be sold. But everybody knows that foxglove, nightshade, and a dozen other plants found in every field, are at hand for an infusion with hot water, mortal enough for the strongest humanity. These must be destroyed throughout the kingdom, to make all complete. Perhaps a set of commissioners to watch over dykes and ditches for the destruction of noxious plants might be a sequel to such new preventive services; unluckily, knives, fire-arms, and rope must still remain. Such outcries exhibit great ignorance of principles. Laws are for our protection; their attempted amendment of domestic manners, as in the restraint of the glutton, or the regulation of costume, would render existence intolerable. Every man must be the "son of his own actions," and the moment such actions injure society publicly, let the law step in.

Education has continued to extend itself, though, for "education," we should say "instruction" in reading and writing, which are but the key. This is cheering as far as it goes, but then comes the important question of the application of the key to the elements and the subsequent formation of the mind by reading and reflection. This is an important point not yet duly considered. More is expected from the acquirements of reading and writing than will ever be realised. How to proceed further is the difficulty. The majority of criminals not being able to read and write, because the majority of the class from which they come cannot do so, seems to be considered of too much weight; but we must not dilate further on this copious topic.

The languor prevalent in the last sitting of parliament, which seemed to infect the recess, was perhaps to be placed to the exhaustion of the war excitement. Unlike former wars, no portion of our vast commerce was placed in jeopardy. We had not to recover from commercial losses and injurious interruptions in trade before we began fresh speculations. We started from the level which existed before the war, during which the prosperity of our trade continued. When the conflict was over, we had

only to continue our uninterrupted progress. The subject of politics was naturally absorbed in the speculations of the mercantile world consequent upon the transition from war to peace. The trade returns of 1856, for the first nine months of the year, exceeded those of 1855 by above fifteen millions and a half sterling, the total being little short of eighty-five millions. The total for the year, to December 31, reached the enormous sum of 72,218,988*l.*; the exports for the year to 120,000,000*l.* To the absorption of individuals in their business, to confidence in the government, to silence among the advocates of abstract theories, and to the satisfactory rate of wages, must the tranquil state of the country be ascribed. This increase in the revenue, too, arises from a consumption beneficial to the people.

The admirers of American freedom have been startled at the savage proceedings stimulated by President Pierce in Kansas, and at the display of personal outrages in the Senate, which it would be difficult to parallel in any other country. The reign of law has been openly set at defiance, and it has been proposed among the southerners to make slaves of white as well as of black men. President Pierce's crafty message, we are glad to see, lets foreign affairs remain as they were. These are all that concern us. The recess has been unlucky for those who float best in troublous times, and seek in the turbid waters of popular distress for the spread of their doctrines, exhibiting the little hold anarchy has upon the general mind when there is fair remuneration for labour, and the poor are not ground into dust by taxation without employment, under the struggle of overwhelming necessities.

Thus, commerce flourishing, manufactures extending themselves, and political excitement not to be aroused from its alumber to gratify discontent, it is not wonderful that both the public and the exchequer benefit through the increase of exports and imports, although provisions were dear from uncontrollable causes. There can be no better proof of the wisdom of ministers' in terminating the Russian war at the first moment it was possible to do so with honour. War is a criminal necessity, and no desire to humiliate a foe justifies its prolongation an hour beyond the duration of that necessity.

We every day see plainer the wisdom of the peace, if it cost a conference extra. It is remarkable how we prattle about our Christianity when it will serve our turn, and fling it aside to suit our passions or interests. Time, the great revealer, shows that our past opinions on the peace were not erroneous. We are fully occupied, we are growing rich, in Europe at least all are peaceably inclined, and in politics the principles which produce those effects are not to be challenged. For us we hope the time is not so remote when

Useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.

Our population has continued to increase—a certain sign of the general weal. There exists a continuous activity in new pursuits arising out of our surplus capital. This confers a benefit upon other countries, and makes us respected in the remotest regions, because we are always met there in connexion with a greater display of moral or physical power than any other people.

The public mind was not affected by the want of finish in the Russian

twenty now concluded, nor has it regarded the dispute between Prussia and Newfoundland in any other point of view than one of contempt at conduct quite in character with that worthless sovereignty, blustering with the weak, skulking in its duties from the strong. Foreign affairs have slumbered in almost the same supineness as our domestic occurrences as to their effect on the public mind. Even him of Naples, the last of the "Barbours," as Béranger would phrase it, whom every freeman wishes

——— deposed,
Ejected, emptied, gazed, unpitied, shunn'd,

appears forgotten. The intelligence of the Persian war affected the public much in the same manner as the rumours of war would do between the kings of Lilliput and Brobdignag. This we deeply regret. The ignorance of the masses—indeed, the general indifference towards our colonial possessions, and all not circumscribed within petty individual movements—is too evident. It is in vain we speak of colonial affairs, of India debts, of sums expended uselessly that must in the end fall upon the national purse,—all is a matter of indifference compared to the overcharge of a jobbing ventry, or the flattering prospectus of a company for bottling moonshine. It is never considered that a great proportion of our augmented commerce is with countries the interests of which are so little regarded by Englishmen in general. Our brush with China has been met, not by any curiosity about the cause—the right and wrong of an affair that has produced bloodshed—yet what a noise is made about a solitary murder at our own doors. How full of selfishness is our measure of calamity. In the Cockney, the vulgarest of all dialects, the cry is, "Are teas riz?"—the multitudinous exclamation in a squabble so remote gauging humanity by prices, and looking at shedding blood as of no moment so very far away. There have been meetings to promote the repeal of the odious and oppressive Income-Tax, which, with our overflowing revenue, must give way. On the whole, as already stated, the country has been quiet because it has been prosperous, and the efforts at political movement have been met by popular indifference. Yet there are those who continually exclaim that we are the worst governed of nations, and that unless the more ignorant direct public affairs, the middle and upper classes will ruin the country. We could wish this commonplace were used with more sincerity and discretion.

Turning to the position of the country as a whole, what a subject of congratulation presents itself. "Proud islanders," as we have been called, it is only now that we can fully comprehend and justify that appellation, despite the ignorance and prejudice that still stain our domestic character. But these are foils to set off our countervailing glories. We have a right to be proud of our country, elevated as it is to a point our fondest anticipations could not have presumed to expect a few years ago; and more than that, we are still advancing. If the present aggregate be so large, to what a height may we not at last attain. In extant books of nineteen centuries ago we are described, much as Captain Wallis described the people of Otaheite upon his discovery of their island, scantily clothed in skins; the half-naked body coloured blue with woad, to appear formidable in war; the wives of every ten or twelve Britons common to each; a rule of Druid priestcraft, among other ceremonies, offering up human victims; an artistic skill sufficient to make

wicker baskets, which were exported to the mistress of the world as curiosities. What is the mother of dead empires become now but the seat of a superstition that represses intellectual advancement, the representative of mental feebleness, the living record of the decadence of perished greatness, the head-quarters of priestcraft. The basket-making Briton, on the other hand, is become the master of worlds Caesar never knew. No inland Mediterranean limits his naval enterprise, creeping in apprehension of danger along its shores. His bark floats in every sea; his prow careers wherever waves roll or tempests blow. The Roman, Saxon, or Norman, can no longer insult his shores with impunity, though the blood of all three commingles in his veins. He smiles at ancient exaggeration, and the small scope of mind which magnified little things into great. The waves that overwhelmed the host of Pharaoh now bear the nurse and infant to the bounds of the conquests of Alexander. British vessels navigate one of the rivers of Paradise. The formidable Hydaspes of the Macedonian king has not limited British conquest in India. Little, indeed, appear the mightiest things of old to those who can penetrate into the earth, travel seventy miles in an hour, and communicate their wishes a thousand leagues in a moment. What a caricature to us are the great things of antiquity! Little things, we say, are great to little men. We have outgrown our fathers, some of whom called themselves giants in their day, and yet we ourselves are not Titans. Proud islanders we may be while humanising the savage, introducing refinement among the rude, and teaching mechanical arts to the whole earth by our commerce. We do not halt; if we move, we advance. Nothing is more foreign to our nature than to stand still. Wealth increases the desire for greater wealth, in a very few cases not from the desire of more so much as the inability to deviate from the beaten track, despite the natural wish for repose overcome by habit. There is a degree of aptitude diffused in this country beyond any other, which, if not of the highest order, is still of a nature to be useful in a practical sense, and well adapted to the limited comprehension of the masses. Perhaps sagacity would be its best denomination. It may be considered the staple of our success among the nations, but can only coexist with public liberty. It comes of habit, born of a species of instinct, often rude or homely. It is a great aid to our forward movement, and is recognised so distinctively among no other people in Europe.

How grandly towers the British colossus at this moment among the other empires! How mighty the power it wields, having bridged the ocean with its ships and made the great deep obedient. Our ships have done it all. Trade is loosened from the fetters which the adherents of the good old times prophesied would be so ruinous. We have made the human conscience free as air, though bigotry prognosticated from that freedom, schism, and atheism, while it would be absurd to deny that our power has increased with our religious liberality. We have lightened the courser, and left the race to be won by muscular freedom. We have grown wiser and better for this, if only in suppressing the hypocrisies we were antecedently constrained too often too wear. We now advance by results which those who run may read. Happily circumstanced for augmenting our natural advantages, for we cannot move without embarkation from our sea-girt land, our shipping becomes a part of ourselves, without which we should be ignorant of the world, destitute of colonies, and com-

merce. The ocean is our natural highway, conducting us to territories frigid, torrid, and temperate, the produce of each being gathered within the limits of our own varied climatic domains. We go forth, a race of Alexanders, to conquer, not with the sword, but with the rudder and the plough. Our interest is to make the desert rejoice and blossom like the rose, and share the fruit and the harvest with all mankind. We would multiply in all lands "the human face divine," as seen in our own island, and change to fertility the forests and wastes of the primeval creation that yet cover the larger part of the earth's surface. Other nations cannot understand that the universal can be our best interest. We are accomplishing our great and honoured mission to this end notwithstanding. Let Australasia, and Canada, and New Zealand tell the tale of the present, as the United States of America tells that of the past. Let us proceed in this great work, nor suffer idle prejudices to draw us aside any more. Let us go on creating new sources of commerce to enrich others as well as ourselves. Our perseverance must lead to final success, our success to the envy, if not the admiration, of every other nation, and in the end to our undying renown.

The population of our island still augments. Emigration continues. Thousands of acres lie waste in England, which but for tithe, the law so absurdly permitted in relation to non-existing things, would most probably be cultivated, but now lie waste. Thousands seek for lands on which labour may meet its reward, and the diligent rear their families, on a soil not so taxed to the discouragement of cultivation. Regarding the extent and value of our colonial possessions too little interest is felt; that of Australia excepted, because it is the modern Ophir. The daily pursuits of individuals often circumscribe their power of acquiring a more extensive acquaintance with what ought to be familiar to them, and hence, perhaps, much of the public indifference regarding the colonies—an indifference inexcusable. This rapid increase both in traffic and population, the occupation of primeval lands, and the inevitable annihilation of the aboriginal inhabitants, mark the process of improvement, and seem to proclaim the period when the human race first occupied the earth to be less remote than we might suppose, so little yet of the earth's surface, in proportion to the whole, being occupied. Our American possessions comprehend nine hundred thousand square leagues of surface, without reckoning our West India Islands. Our entire possessions occupy 2,824,000 square miles, and the inhabitants under the British crown may be reckoned at one hundred and thirty millions. Of these, thirty millions may speak the English tongue from childhood, to which adding nearly the same number in the United States of North America, it will give sixty millions speaking English—a fair prospect of its becoming a universal language, when North America and Australia become moderately peopled in proportion to their extent.

Those in society who conjoin to educated minds elevated views, who, laying aside for a time the cares of the hour, look to the extension of our blood, race, manners, laws, and language, those who through the glass of philosophy contemplate with a sincere love of country the extension of its influence to a limit almost undefinable, cannot but feel warmed at heart with the picture thus presented to the imagination in no fleeting colours.

With such a space for breathing, in climates adapted to every bodily

constitution, and to the produce of all luxury, manufactures, or trade can demand, a numerous people, descending from our loins, must impress our usages, laws, and language upon descendants still more numerous. These will propagate the most copious of languages, the easiest read and written by a stranger, if one of the most difficult to pronounce. England and the United States, covering the ocean with their vessels, must contribute to its use, because it is the commercial language among all nations, and the commerce of the rest of the world falls far short of that of England with her Transatlantic progeny. Another source of debt to England, on the part of the world at large, will be found in the beneficial example she has set in the path of freedom. For this she is regarded with great distaste by the arbitrary governments of Europe, where the people still luxuriate under divine right. She has denounced slavery at home and abroad, and for this the Southern American denounces us. She has given steam machinery, vaccine inoculation, railways, the electric messenger, and numerous inventions for the benefit of all the world. She has reared her strength upon a solid foundation, and she has just closed, in conjunction with France, unscathed, a contest of unparalleled magnitude, at an enormous distance, with a nation of gigantic resources, as little affected, internally, by the vast cost, or externally by injury to her traffic, as if all had been profound peace. Her sons, of all ranks, have proved themselves as courageous as of old; despite the incapacity of some of her military leaders, her celebrity has been enhanced, her foes humiliated, and her name more than ever a protection to the feeble. Even those foreign nations that accused her of selfishness in the promulgation of her free-trade principles are beginning to imitate her example.

We are regarded with jealousy by the three despotic powers of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, because popular interference and popular rights it is their main principle of rule to denounce. The sovereign's will must be the law of the high allies, from the royal succession to the most trivial private acts of social life. Hence it was that Lord Aberdeen was preferred to Lord Palmerston by the great powers and the petty despots of Germany. Lord Aberdeene armed with those powers the recollection of his visits to the Continent in the time of Lord Castlereagh, and the small regard of this nobleman for the English constitution, when he said it was not the best thing we possessed. The triune despotism could not conceive of our great increase in freedom and political knowledge since, and that Lord Aberdeen had taken advanced views with the change of time and circumstance. How should despotic rulers, whose principle is ever the same iron, unbending; grinding, knowledge-contracting, soul-depressing thing, calculate upon the change of action here; either in minister or people? Lord Palmerston they dislike because he is too liberal in policy for them, and less inclined to bend English principles to despotic views even in small matters. His long experience ensures him against becoming the dupe of the tough-skinned old diplomatists, who fancy things are to run on in politics, like the poet's river, alike for ever. The sovereign will being alone permitted to change, how should they dream that English sovereigns, in obedience to popular feeling, had been obliged to recall a minister that had gone out of royal favour? How should a Czar of Russia or Emperor of Austria dream of a parliament confronting a crown?

If the breeze that has wafted the majestic vessel of the British state

so auspiciously onward be justly hailed, it is but right that the ministry under whom a good port has been so securely attained should "partake the gale." The existing position of affairs, it is true, develops the ability of the principal navigator. It is, indeed, a thing for no common self-congratulation to see under his ministry marvels that never before marked the reign of a minister since the time of Chatham. The peace of Amiens was a truce only, after continual disasters. The victories of France brought Pitt to his grave. The snows of Moscow, as Sir William Napier truly observes in his admirable History, struck down Napoleon, in the loss of his veteran army, as but for that loss the allies could not have shaken his power. We could not have prolonged the war much further, our expenses having amounted to above a hundred and ten millions a year. The battle of Waterloo, fought against the French levies of the "Hundred Days," was contested and won hardly. For six years the peace that followed was a scene of domestic troubles; trade embarrassments, legislative acts subversive of public liberty passed, treasonable practices, gibbetings, public credit shaken, royal broils, and thirty millions of property annihilated by too rapid a return to cash payments. The people having little confidence in their rulers, troubles were rife on all sides. At length that renowned peace, which at last forced a dynasty upon France by foreign armies at the cost of torrents of blood, was in a few years again set aside. What a contrast all this presents to the conclusion of the late conflict—a conflict not unwisely begun like the former, but rightly begun and triumphantly concluded, our resources scarcely touched, our domestic peace unbroken.

The triumph of Lord Palmerston is complete. He wins his laurels fairly. He hears no cries of bankruptcy, and famine, and treason, to dash down the cup of his successes. His political opponents, shattered, divided, inconsistent, have sealed their own discomfiture by their want of common management :

— never did base and rotten policy
Cover her working with such deadly wounds.

Now, as it is the fashion to abuse a minister, do what he may in his office, so we are not sure whether to be well abused, when successful measures crown his labours, we should not consider a tribute to superior talent. England never stood on such an eminence as at the present hour, either at home or abroad ; never, never until now, in finance, in a magnificent navy, in public freedom, in population, in general comfort, what period of our history is so elevated ? There is much to do in the way of reform and change in many of our laws and institutions, no doubt, and we agree that such a time as the present is the best for such operations ; but we protest against that lowering of our position, and those continued efforts to exalt ignorance and political inexperience, to persuade the poorer classes that they are the people who alone comprehend how the country should be governed, and that they are excluded from their rights by the middle and upper classes, in not participating in duties of which they know nothing. We should really suppose that the complex duties of those who are to direct public affairs were common to our nature, and as regularly inherited as a fee-simple estate. Every other pursuit in life requires some kind of experience, but that of governing mankind. We are aware how much this kind of argument originate

in the desire of cozening popular attention to gainful objects, but truth should be the sole guide of writers who assume the functions of advisers and directors of those who most need advice and direction, in place of flattering them into error. Nor is this all: they who by dint of long study, experience, and talent of a superior order, it might be supposed best qualified for imparting knowledge, are set at nought by the vicious practice of others writing downward, and regulating their tone solely by the inclinations and feelings of the parties numerically greatest, by whom they hope to profit. In this way the better objects of the press, both as to politics and literature, are, and will continue to be, deteriorated, and the censures cast upon the government, with no consideration about their truth or falsehood, will display their right character and motive.

It is no violation of truth to point at those just foundations of our existing lofty position for which ministers may take credit. We shall be told it is all the result of accident, and that the success of Lord Palmerston's government is one of those happy chances which comes sometimes to the rescue of men less qualified by nature than good fortune. It is well enough to use this argument when no other is available; but the fallacy is obvious, since it is impossible to judge of that of which we can know nothing certain but the result. The same thing has been said out of envy or party spirit a thousand times, in relation to all who have been eminent in any public walk of life. We believe his lordship directs, and will direct, his own cabinet. The people of England, not the court, placed him there in confidence that he would do so.

The Premier is the first minister, for nearly a century, who, at the termination of a foreign war, with brilliant success, has seen tranquillity reign at home; manufactures, agriculture, and commerce flourish; religious differences soften; a vast expenditure incurred without distress; no oppressive enactments passed to support the government; courtesy dealt to all; the law in some degree amended, the revenue increased four millions in the current year. The firmness of Lord Palmerston and England defeated Russia in her intrigues regarding Bolgrad. These are things on which a minister of England may well pride himself, called to his post as he was by the popular voice, when he had just before been the victim of paltry foreign intrigue. He may well find consolation for diatribes that, partaking too much of the hope of lucre through misrepresentation, do no more than betray their cause. His lordship's ministry has vanquished antagonism, the first which we remember ever to have done so, and done it both in argument and fact. If his lordship be damaged in the ensuing session, it will be from the carelessness of his friends, or the caprices of those whom no consideration invested with the power but that which placed them above their proper sphere of action. In an appeal to the country he cannot fail. Those journalists who slandered him when out of power, now exalt him; we will not say do him justice, that is no part of their consideration; they change their tune, because falsification just now in his lordship's case will not pay the piper. They must not be in the wrong; they feel they are so, and think in the present day, so indulgent to lapses of honest principle, that eating their words will be deemed a peccadillo, or no more than the cry of those whose political virtue consists only in saying, "Long life to the conqueror!"

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE WAR OF LIBERATION.*

THE situation of the Great Army of France at the close of the Russian war has been so fully described by M. de Segur, that the Duc de Raguse refers all his readers to that work for details connected with the disastrous scenes of 1812. In the following year the after-pangs of the Russian campaign were still lacerating France. The army only existed nominally. The effective strength of several divisions did not amount to 900 men. Those who had escaped death were prisoners, or scattered over the country, without arms or organisation. The corps which had been left behind in Prussia and in Dantzic, had become in their turn victims to the rigours of the season, and suffered a great diminution. It is true that the enemy had also experienced a severe loss, but, *cæteris paribus*, they were better prepared to go on with the war than were the French at the opening of the campaign of 1813. The defection of Prussia had suddenly arrayed new forces against France, as formidable from the number of warriors as from the spirit which animated them. Dantzic was vigorously blockaded, as well as the other strong places on the Vistula, and yet the viceroy who commanded the so-called Grande Armée, amounting to 12,000 men at the most, had remained in Posen till the last moment. He had there fallen back on Berlin, whence he was driven by the uprising of the Prussian nation, and took refuge behind the Elbe, where he received considerable reinforcements.

The feeling aroused in France by the Russian disaster was extraordinary. The nation, while groaning beneath the weight of war, which threw a great amount of unpopularity on the emperor, had grown so accustomed to victory, that it rose up as one man to avenge a defeat. A feeling of patriotism caused unexampled efforts to place Napoleon at the head of an army which would enable him to regain his lost influence, and continue to dictate laws to Europe. Before commencing the Russian campaign, the emperor, while taking with him every disposable man, had wisely decreed the formation of 100 reserve battalions, known as the *cohortes*. By a display of injustice, which can only be pardoned by the necessity of the case, he had raised these bodies from the men who had completed their term of service; and, to gloss over the rigour of the measure, these men were informed, by a *senatus consulte*, that they would only be employed in the defence of the fatherland, and would under no circumstances be called upon to cross the frontier.

M. de Lacépède, orator to the senate, in bringing forward the decree, placing the emperor in possession of these resources, uttered the following remarks, whose

* Mémoires du Duc de Raguse. Vols. V. and VI. Paris : Perrotin.
March—VOL. CIX. NO. CCCXXXV.

absurdity was noticed at the moment of their being spoken: "But these young soldiers will have to lament at the fate reserved for them, of remaining far from the dangers and glory of the French army." The theatre of glory drew near to them, and, in fact, came to meet them. A new decree, issued in the winter of 1812-1813, authorised their mobilisation and enrolment in the army under new figures. The 100 cohorts, when organised in regiments, took the numbers commencing at the 192nd and extending to the 150th and odd. These corps formed the first resources the emperor had at his disposal.

The annual conscription had already been called out. It filled up the strength of a great number of the third and fourth battalions, which were formed into provisional regiments, and sent to the army of observation on the Maine. Soldiers, drawn from the departmental companies, were formed into a regiment of four magnificent battalions. At the same time, Napoleon summoned the marine artillery—a numerous and very valuable corps—from the various ports, to be enrolled among the line. Its strength was doubled by means of recruits, and they were formed into thirteen service battalions, which were attached to Marmont's corps. Lastly, Napoleon called together a corps of three divisions, composed of the troops of the army of Italy, veterans whose glory and bravery recalled the palmy days of French victories. To these troops must be added the Imperial Guard, consisting of 15,000 infantry and 4000 horse—the only cavalry at that period disposable through the entire army. These troops were ready to take the field by the month of April. Still the emperor was not satisfied with these preparations, but ordered fresh levies, and urged his allies to supply their contingents in full strength, although they now existed only in name. The consequence of these energetic steps was, that, by the summer, the French army was as strong as it had ever been, but the ranks were filled with very young conscripts.

In March, Marmont proceeded to take command of his division at Mayence, although he was still suffering severely from his wound. The opening of the campaign brought a severe loss on the French army; at a slight skirmish near Weissenfels, Marshal Bessières was killed. He was well known as always giving the emperor honest and good advice, and hence his loss was felt through the whole army. The first great battle fought in the campaign of 1813 was that of Lützen, a plain celebrated for a still greater victory in the Thirty Years' War. In this battle Marmont's troops had to support the brunt of the engagement, and displayed the utmost bravery, in spite of their youth and inexperience. With nightfall the battle terminated, but Marmont's troubles were not yet over:

I had just got off my horse to enjoy a slight rest, when the noise of cavalry coming up was heard; the Prussians were attacking us. The nature of my wounds enforced some precautions in getting into the saddle, so I threw myself into the square formed by the 37th light. This regiment yielded to a panic, and fled. At the same time my escort and staff retired from the spot where the charge was taking place. This unhappy regiment, in its terror, took them for the enemy, and fired on them. In the midst of this confusion, I thought that as the Prussian hussars were going to sabre us all, it was useless for me to be distinguished from the rest, so I took off my cocked-hat and plume. The crowd moving quicker than I did, hurled me into the ditch running along the high road, but at last the fugitives stopped. Fortunately, the Prussians were not informed of our disorder; after charging the 1st regiment of Marines, who withstood them boldly, they had retreated. . . . About ten at night four regiments of

Prussian cavalry, one of them being guards, attacked us again. On this occasion everybody did his duty; no disorder occurred, and we emptied 500 to 600 saddles, whereupon the enemy retired.

On the night of the battle, the emperor said to Duroc: "I am once again master of Europe." It was certainly a great victory for France, and the troops, composed of raw levies, displayed great bravery. The results in trophies and prisoners, however, were absolutely nil, owing to the want of cavalry. In this battle, too, Napoleon exposed himself terribly in re-forming the third corps, which had been broken by the enemy, and he hardly ever incurred such personal risk on the battle-field. At this period, the French troops assembled in Germany amounted to 175,000, although only a hundred and odd thousand were present at Lützen; while the combined Russian and Prussian forces probably amounted to 90,000 men.

The reverses of the last campaign had struck terror to the hearts of the princes of the Confederation. Austria from that moment had seen a chance of regaining her ancient preponderance, and was now busily engaged in withdrawing from the alliance those German princes who adhered to the French. Among others, the King of Saxony had been acting in a suspicious manner. He had retired to Ratisbon on the advance of the Russians, but soon after fell back on Prague. At the same time, the Saxon troops were ordered to display the strictest neutrality. But Napoleon soon put a stop to these proceedings after the battle of Lützen, by sending the king a letter, demanding a satisfactory explanation within six hours. In the case of a refusal, he would be declared no longer regnant. The result was, that the king came back like a whipped child, and was received at Dresden with great state by the emperor and the marshals. For this complaisance the poor king was punished very severely by the Congress of Vienna; but after all it was quite a chance how the campaign would terminate, and the king can hardly be blamed for attaching more truth to the menaces of Napoleon than to the promises of a Hapsburg.

But the emperor had soon more important matters to attend to than a little German king, for the enemy was pressing him on all sides, and the battles of Bautzen and Wurtzen, in spite of the success achieved by the French army, were beginning to show that the enemy was not paralysed by the usual prestige of victory attending the Gallic arms. On the 22nd of May, the battle of Reichenbach took place, which cost the French more than a defeat would have done, for they lost there the emperor's most honest counsellor, Duroc. He had a presentiment of his death; for he said to Marmont only a few hours prior to it: "My friend, the emperor is insatiable for fighting: we shall all be killed; such is our fate." His death was very peculiar: Napoleon, surrounded by his staff, was riding along a hollow road, when a shell, fired from an immense distance by a battery falling back before the French vanguard, fell among the group. General Kirchan, an excellent engineer officer, was killed on the spot, and the Duke of Friuli mortally wounded in the stomach. The emperor displayed great grief, and spent some time with Duroc in the hut where he was laid. It seems that he tried to justify himself to the emperor with reference to some faults which had been unjustly

imputed to him. The character Marmont gives of him is so fair that it deserves quotation :

Duroc was of a good family. His father, a gentleman of Auvergne, without fortune, was serving in a cavalry regiment garrisoned at Pont à Mousson, where he married and settled. Duroc entered as a king's scholar in the military school formerly existing in that town, was intended for the artillery, the most advantageous arm at that day for a gentleman who had no patrons or protection. He entered at the same time as myself, and we were both received sous-lieutenant cadets at Châlons in the beginning of 1792. At a later date, when a portion of the scholars emigrated, Duroc joined the army of the princes, and was present at the siege of Thionville. His natural good sense soon made him comprehend the confusion prevailing among émigrés; he returned to France and came to Metz, where I was then in garrison. He told me what had happened to him, and his resolution to re-enter the service. The government looked over his momentary absence, but made him return to Châlons as a cadet. Soon after, he was attached to the 4th regiment of artillery. Thence he was removed to the army work corps, employed by the army at Nice. There I met him again in 1794.

Duroc continued in his arm of the service, and became aide-de-camp to General Lepinasse, commanding the artillery of the army of Italy. After the battle of Arcola, General Bonaparte, having lost many of his aides-de-camp, consulted me about filling up their place; and I proposed Duroc, who was selected. Such was the origin of his fortune. Duroc constantly remembered it, and ever felt a sincere friendship for me, which time only strengthened. As aide-de-camp he passed through the campaigns in Italy and Egypt. He had attained the rank of colonel when Bonaparte became first consul, and he was appointed steward of his household. When Napoleon assumed the imperial crown, he was appointed grand maréchal, with very extended authority, and had unlimited confidence placed in him. Duroc was entrusted with several diplomatic missions to Berlin and St. Petersburg, which he carried out to the satisfaction of the emperor. He was the centre of a thousand various relations, and the emperor frequently gave him business at variance with his usual duties, in which he always acquitted himself well. Thus he was always overburdened with employment, and oppressed with fatigue and *ennui* to such a degree that he was at times wont to murmur against favour and greatness.

The Duke of Friuli possessed a mind of no brilliant order, but wise and just; little passion, but profound reason and limited ambition. Favours came to seek him more frequently than he hurried after them. Naturally reserved, his friendship was sure, and no one could ever reproach him with the slightest indiscretion. Quite ignorant of any feeling of hatred, he never injured a single person; but, on the contrary, performed a multitude of kind acts for persons who ignored them too often. Any just and well-founded claim ever found him well disposed, and he took those steps with the emperor which he considered useful, without claiming any thanks from the person who was the object of his intercession. Simple, true, modest, straightforward, and disinterested, his coldness of temperament would have hindered him from devoting himself for a friend, or compromising himself to serve him; but, in his position, it was a great thing to find, so near the supreme authority, a man without malevolence; for all that can be reasonably demanded and hoped is to find in that station, in addition to justice, a degree of kindness, active when no danger is to be incurred. Duroc was a good officer, and often regretted he had been called from a profession which had great attractions for him. He was very useful to the emperor, and often made him friends. His opinions, always correct, allowed him, when expressing them, to invest them with a certain degree of independence, although he was greatly afraid of Napoleon. If he had lived during the armistice of 1813, he would probably have exerted a useful influence over the emperor, and made him feel the inconveniences resulting from

the recommencement of hostilities. But Napoleon, after losing Duroc, had no one near him but flatterers, and the advice of such people he always liked.

Marmont's corps was vigorously engaged in pursuit of the enemy, who were defeated on the Katsbach and at Jauner, in which last engagement a thousand prisoners were taken. Owing to the want of cavalry the enemy's corps, amounting to 15,000 men, was allowed to escape from a very dangerous position. Further operations were suspended for a time by the signing of the armistice. It has since been proved that Napoleon committed an error in assenting to it, for his army was more numerous than that of the enemy; the latter, beaten in two great engagements, and after a lengthened retreat, were beginning to feel disheartened, while no reinforcements joined them. On the other hand, Napoleon reflected that his troops, organised in great haste, had suffered severely from fighting and marches. The cavalry was still very defective, and a rest of two months would allow immense reinforcements to reach the front, and the young soldiers, while in cantonments, could be instructed in their duties. These considerations induced Napoleon to consent to an armistice till the 10th of August. The following anecdote on the subject is curious:

The armistice had been concluded by all the powers, with the apparent object of effecting a peace, without the mediation of Austria. Prince Metternich proceeded to Dresden to see the emperor and judge of his temper. Napoleon always had a peculiar friendship for him. Still, their discussion was animated, at least as far as the emperor was concerned; for Metternich, always master of himself, spoke without passion of everything, and discussed the interests entrusted to him with the calmness of a true statesman. Napoleon's bursts of passion, so frequently fictitious it is true, produced no effect. The main point turned on the powers to be given to the mediators. The emperor desired that Austria should be only an intermediary; but Austria wished to be arbiter, and resolved to declare against that side which refused to recognise her mediation. Napoleon was compelled to agree to this mode of negotiation; he could see in the fact the Austrian bias to join his enemies; but still he continually refused to believe that she would decide on such a step. He calculated with Metternich the strength he should have to fight. He began by denying it, or reducing it greatly. When forced to recognise the imposing nature of this strength, he angrily uttered these remarkable words, which were worthy neither of his talents nor his judgment: "Well! the more you are, the more surely and easily I will beat you." Metternich left after a ten hours' conversation, having lost all hopes of commencing any negotiations which could result in peace. During this period Napoleon yielded himself to the flattering idea that Austria would remain neutral; for his last words, at the moment Metternich was leaving the room, were: "Well! you will not declare war against me."

The congress of Prague was opened in the manner agreed upon. The French plenipotentiaries, MM. de Vicence and Narbonne, arrived there late. Then they declared they had no powers, but expected them daily. The time slipped away in this vain expectation. At length the last day of the armistice arrived. At midnight, the allies declared that hostilities would recommence on the 10th of August; on the 12th, the powers arrived, but it was too late. Our readers will, probably, remember that Napoleon played the same dangerous game at the congress of Châtillon, where even more was at stake, and he was being hemmed in by the allies. There was surely some fatality attending him; had he only made peace in 1813 (and the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen gave him opportunity

of doing so with honour), he would have satisfied public opinion in France, and would have had time to prepare his exhausted armies for further conquests. But the solution is to be found, according to Marmont, in his following the advice of a most pernicious flatterer, the Duke of Bassano. He was at that time incessantly whispering in Napoleon's ear: "Europe is impatiently waiting to know if the emperor will sacrifice Dantzic." The hope of saving this town, and the feeling of pride which rejected any sacrifice, however slight, entailed the recommencement of the war and the downfall of the empire.

At the termination of the armistice, so great had been the zeal developed in France, the French army in Germany amounted to nearly 450,000 men, inclusive of 70,000 cavalry. These troops Napoleon divided into three armies, one facing Silesia, a second at Dresden, and a third in the direction of Berlin. His first desire was to punish the Prussians for their audacity in rising against his authority, and he anxiously awaited the moment when his artillery would be bombarding Berlin. Marmont in vain combated this disposition, and even wrote to the emperor the following remarkable remonstrance, which proved only too prophetic: "By the division of your majesty's forces, by the creation of three great armies, stationed at a considerable distance from each other, your majesty gives up the advantages which your presence on the battle-field will ensure. I fear that the same day you gain a victory, and fancy it decisive, you will hear that you have lost two battles." This really happened: while the emperor was gaining a victory at Dresden, the French were beaten in Silesia, on the Katsbach, and before Berlin, at Grossbeeren.

To repulse the French, the allies had assembled a force of 900,000 men, of whom nearly 150,000 were cavalry. For the sake of perspicuity we will proceed to examine into the details of this overwhelming force:

1. 130,000 Austrians divided into 4 corps, a reserve and a vanguard, forming a total of 112 battalions, 124 squadrons, and 263 guns.

2. The Russo-Prussian army in Bohemia, attached to the Austrian army under the orders of General Barclay de Tolly, amounted to at least 100,000 men; thus forming a grand total of 230,000 men, of whom 45,000 were cavalry, and 638 guns.

3. The combined army of Silesia, with an effective strength of 120,000 men, 90,000 of them cavalry, with 356 guns.

4. The army of the north, commanded by the Prince Royal of Sweden, amounting to 155,000 men, 35,000 of them cavalry, with 387 guns.

5. On the Lower Elbe were stationed about 40,000 men, 8000 of them cavalry, composed of new levies and light troops, under General Walmoden.

6. Two armies of Russian reserve troops were formed in Poland. The first, consisting of 60,000 men, came up at the end of September. The second, 50,000 strong, occupied the Grand Duchy of Warsaw. Before Dantzic, were 35,000 men; before Zamosch, 14,000; before Glogau, 99,470; before Gustrin, 8450; before Stettin, 14,000; forming a grand total of 102,200 men.

7. In addition to the army of Italy, Austria had two armies of reserve, which came up eventually to take their part in the campaign, namely, on the Bavarian frontier, 18 battalions and 86 squadrons, amounting to 24,750 men; at Vienna and Presburg, 48 battalions and 79 squadrons, amounting to 65,000 men; making a grand total of 89,750 men.

The allies displayed a very profound calculation in thus mingling together the troops of various nations; for it was the only mode to prevent political combinations and selfish intrigues, and to substitute for national jealousies, so natural and customary in such instances, a generous rivalry among the soldiers on the battle-field, which thus became a guarantee of success. Nor was any time lost in deciding on the necessary operations; for, by the 25th of August, or only sixteen days after the termination of the armistice, Prince Schwarzenberg appeared before Dresden. Fortunately for the French, he deferred his attack until the next morning, and thus allowed Napoleon to come up to the assistance of his advanced guard. The attack, commenced by the allies, was soon repulsed by the French, who, in their turn, became the assailants. At nightfall the battle was undecided, although the allies had to give ground. As, however, they renewed the attack on the morrow, it can hardly be accounted as a defeat. It was on this day that General Moreau was killed. In Marmont's words, "This general had contributed to Napoleon's power by joining him on the 18th Brumaire, and promoting his interests. Flattery had rendered him the rival of his glory, despite his immense inferiority. The mean passions of his *entourage*, and the weakness of his character, had converted him into an enemy. His tragical and premature death excited no interest in the French army." In the same battle a curious incident occurred, showing the value of light cavalry. The French cuirassiers charged the Metzko division: their obstinate resistance seemed invincible. It was horrible weather: the rain prevented the discharge of the firelocks, and scarcely one in fifty went off. All was, therefore, to the disadvantage of the infantry, but yet the cuirassier charges were unsuccessful. The Austrian squares could alone be broken by sending a detachment of lancers before the cuirassiers' charge. The former opened a breach, which the latter proceeded to occupy.

After a long day's fighting, Schwarzenberg made up his mind to fall back, for the pounding-match he had engaged in was not resulting in his favour. The French immediately set out in pursuit, and Marmont, with his corps, had an opportunity to distinguish himself greatly. But the advantages gained by the main army were more than outbalanced by the fearful catastrophe which befel Vandamme.

As a rule, Napoleon urged on his generals to march onwards at any hazard; and, although this was good advice with the majority of the marshals, still General Vandamme was only too inclined to rush headlong into danger without any prior encouragement. He had been told to advance because Napoleon was following him with the whole guard; and he gladly obeyed, for he saw the marshal's bâton in perspective. But Napoleon remained at Dresden instead of advancing, for he had heard of the check suffered by Oudinot before Berlin, and by Macdonald on the Katzbach, and he neglected to warn Vandamme, who found himself without support on the plains of Kulm. He was overwhelmed by the forces brought against him, and his corps destroyed or taken prisoners by the enemy. It was on this occasion that the Prussian volunteers first displayed their patriotism, and have not yet forgotten to boast about it. Space will not allow us to analyse Marmont's elaborate defence of Vandamme, which we think, however, somewhat far-fetched;

but we will proceed to narrate what had taken place in the interim in the direction of Berlin and in Silesia. On the 23rd, Oudinot had been beaten at Gross Beeren by the Prussians, and suffered a loss of 13 guns and 1500 prisoners, principally Saxon troops. It is true that this was no great loss on 90,000 men; but, on the other hand, the Prussian army had been solely engaged, and the prestige which these troops acquired appeared in their eyes to efface Jena. Napoleon gave the command of the army to Ney, dissatisfied as he was with Oudinot's slow movements, but, unfortunately, was no gainer by the change. In the mean while, the Duke of Tarento, left at the head of the French central army, was defeated by Blücher on the Katzbach, and forced to fall back with a loss of 18 guns. This short campaign of five days' duration cost the French army 10,000 men killed, or *hors de combat*, and 15,000 prisoners. This reverse, together with the disaster at Kulm, decided the fate of the campaign. The reason for the ill-success of the French army may possibly be found in the following extract:

Marshal Macdonald, a man of courage, whose straightforward and honourable character deserved the esteem and affection of every one who knew him, ought never to have been entrusted with such a command: his capacity, of a very slight calibre, rendered him unfitted for a great command. Time slipped away with him in vague words. He had that unhappy activity peculiar to certain men of allowing themselves to be absorbed in the most important circumstances by the most minute details. While with the army, he personally wrote all the letters relative to the service. This simple circumstance gives a clue to his character. Thus no arrangement was made in time or suitably. Confusion reigned paramount, and the army, diminished by one-third, lost, in addition, the confidence which had hitherto animated it.

In the mean time Ney was faring no better. He lost 12,000 men, killed, wounded, and prisoners, and 25 guns, in repeated engagements, and was eventually compelled to fall back on Torgau. Marmont fell back on Grossenhayn in consequence of these checks, where he was attached to the King of Naples's cavalry division.

I saw Murat daily and familiarly. I found him still a good fellow, without the slightest pretence. He displayed a considerable degree of friendship towards me, and I repaid it by the complaisance with which I listened daily to stories referring to his states. He more especially troubled me with the love his subjects felt for him. There was in his language an absurd candour, a profound conviction of his being necessary for their happiness. Among other things, he told me that when he was about quitting Naples for the last time (and it was a matter of secrecy), while walking with the queen, and listening to the shouts which greeted him, he said to his wife, "Oh! the poor fellows! They do not know the misfortune awaiting them. They are ignorant that I am going away." I listened with a smile; but he, on telling the story, was still grieving for the pain he had occasioned them.

Marmont's next movement was on Leipzig, which was threatened by the allies, but, owing to some inexplicable weakness on the part of Ney, who suddenly refused to support him, he was obliged to fall back again at a great risk. He proceeded to Düben, where he laid the circumstances before the emperor. The result was a most curious conversation, which deserves quotation. It must be here mentioned that Napoleon had a habit of going to bed at six or seven o'clock in the evening, and waking up at midnight. This was very convenient, as far as he was per-

sonally concerned, for he was all fresh to read despatches; but it pressed hardly on the unfortunate generals who were summoned to a conference at that unearthly hour, when they were, possibly, preparing for a long night's rest after a day's fatigue. In this way was Marmont summoned to give his opinion; but, though he tried his utmost to persuade the emperor to give up Leipzig, as the only hope of safety, it was of no avail: Napoleon determined to fight it out beneath the walls of that city, and kept up his hopes of success by the confident assurance that he need only fight when and where he pleased, for the allies would not dare to attack him. The conversation naturally turned on the events of the campaign, and Marmont frankly explained that the enormous losses entailed on the French army, independently of those on the battle-field, resulted from the want of provisions and assistance of every description, which the troops so sadly wanted. He demonstrated that, had proper attention been paid to the army, it would have been at least 50,000 stronger, and an immense amount of money would have been saved. To all these facts the emperor could only reply: "If I had found the money for the purpose you mention, I should only have been robbed, and things would have remained in the same state." Among other topics, Napoleon complained of the conduct of his allies, and said they had broken their word:

On this occasion he made the distinction between what he called a man of honour and a man of conscience; while giving the preference to the former, because you can depend on a man who keeps his word purely and simply, while the conduct of the other depends on his intelligence and judgment. "The second," he said, "is the man who does what he believes his duty, or what he supposes to be for the best." Then he added, "My father-in-law, the Emperor Francis, has done what he considered useful for the interests of his peoples. He is an honest man, a conscientious man; but not a man of honour. You, for instance, if the enemy invaded France, and had taken the heights of Montmartre, would believe, and rightly, that the safety of your country would compel you to abandon me. Well, if you did so, you would be a good Frenchman, a worthy and conscientious man; but not a man of honour." These words, addressed to me by Napoleon on the 16th of October, 1813, appeared to bear a very extraordinary character, and had something supernatural about them. They recurred to my mind after the events at Essonne. They made a terrible impression on my memory, which has never been effaced.

On the morning of the 16th of October, Marmont received orders from the emperor to traverse Leipzig, and join the rear-guard of the army. While effecting this movement he was attacked by the allies, and a regular battle ensued. After various changes of success the allies took possession of the village of Meckeren, and the French fell back with a loss of twenty-seven guns, while Marmont himself was wounded in the left hand, while leading the 20th and 25th regiments to the charge. As usual, the battle was lost by Ney's neglect in sending up the third division, and by the bad conduct of the Wurtemberg contingent; but, to tell the truth, we are beginning to grow rather tired of Marmont's excuses. This battle, however, he says, and perhaps justly, decided the fate of the occupation of Germany. Napoleon was unable to drive back the masses brought against him, and the battle of the 18th of October was only a supplement to that of the 16th, with the addition of more troops on the part of the allies. The 17th passed over quietly, but on

the morning of the 18th Napoleon determined on a retreat. Some ammunition-boxes, which blew up, warned the allies, and they proceeded immediately to the attack. Before the action commenced, the Wurtembergish cavalry and the Saxons went over to the enemy, and the artillery of the latter even unlimbered and fired on the French. The disastrous fate of the day is a matter of history to which we need not refer; the French effected miracles of valour, but they were outnumbered, and forced to a retreat, more costly than a pitched battle. Marmont had a narrow escape, for the bridge over the Elster was blown up when he had scarcely gone two hundred paces past it. Owing to a mistake of a sergeant of sappers, who fancied a few Cossacks heralded a regular attack, the bridge was blown up prematurely, entailing a loss of 15,000 men, who were left on the other side.

The retreat from Leipzig, in disorganisation, almost rivalled the still more memorable one from Moscow. The soldiers, to whom no rations were issued, formed bands of eight or ten men, who threw away their arms and marched on the flanks of the columns. It was estimated that, of 60,000 men, 20,000 were thus dispersed. The plains and valleys were covered nightly with scattered fires, arranged without any pretence at regularity. These soldiers received a nickname, which has since become historical—that of *fricoteurs*. In the mean while, the Bavarians had joined the allies, and were marching in pursuit of the relics of the French army, and, after numerous skirmishes, attended with varying success, Marmont reached Mayence on the 2nd of November. To add to the misfortunes of the French army, it was here attacked with typhus fever, which carried off 14,000 men, and the same number of inhabitants of the town.

The discontent and discouragement prevailing in the army and in France at this state of things it would be impossible to describe. Nearly a million of men had been expended in so short a time, and the prestige and power of France thrown away by a succession of gross faults, which any man of moderate intellect could detect. Even Napoleon, sanguine as he was, could not help seeing the critical state of things, and his only hope was based on the possible dissensions which might take place among the allies. In this, however, he was sadly deceived. The intense hatred he had excited on the Continent obliterated all clannish feuds in favour of the sole decision of driving him from his imperial throne. Napoleon remained a week in Mayence, asking his marshals for advice, which he declined to follow if it was honestly given or ran counter to his own views. The following anecdotes are interesting on this subject:

On the evening of the 5th of November we were discussing the probable designs of the enemy. I stated my opinion that he would go up the Rhine, violate the neutrality of the Swiss territory, and cross the river at Basle. This calculation was based on the necessity they must feel of having a bridge protected from the ice, and that at Basle perfectly fulfilled these conditions. The emperor grew angry, and said: "And what will they do next?" "They will march on Paris." "That is a mad scheme," the emperor replied. "No, sire; for where is the obstacle to prevent them reaching the capital?" Upon this, Napoleon began to grow violent, and complained of the little zeal his marshals now displayed. The most perfect silence among the auditors signified their approval of what I had just said. The emperor tried to gain a voice at the expense of a compliment, and suddenly turned to Drouot; then, striking him on

the chest, he said: "I only want a hundred men like this one." Drouot, a man of sense and honesty, repelled this compliment with admirable tact, and with that austerity of countenance which gave a peculiar weight to his words, he replied: "No, sire, you are mistaken; you would want one hundred thousand."

About this time, too, Holland was beginning to grow unruly, and drove General Molitor out. Louis Napoleon wrote to the emperor to propose his return to that country, for the purpose of employing, in his brother's behalf, that influence which he fancied he had maintained there. Napoleon, in showing Marmont the letter, said: "I would sooner restore Holland to the Prince of Orange than send my brother back there."

Matters turned out as Marmont had anticipated: the allies marched into Switzerland, and took possession of the whole country. While one corps crossed the Rhine at Basle, General Bubna occupied Geneva, and operated on the Rhône and Saône, for the purpose of keeping Augereau in check. The centre marched upon Dijon, while the right wing entered Alsace and proceeded in the direction of Colmar. The forces the French had to oppose to these were very limited, and, in addition, they were beset on all sides by new bodies of troops, who crossed the Rhine at every available spot. Marmont, according to his own showing, performed prodigies of activity; but they did not prevent the allies from gradually advancing and setting firm footing in France, or the sacred territory, as Napoleon loved to call it.

Marmont took an active part in the battle of Brienne, and we are inclined to agree with him when he says that no reasoning could justify Napoleon's risking it. It was impossible that any favourable result could ensue from it, in consequence of the immense superiority of the enemy, and the open nature of the country. The only surprising thing, in fact, is, that the French army escaped total destruction.

At the battle of Vauchamps, a few days later, Marmont took a Russian prince, Ourousoff by name. Grouchy came to supper on the same night at Marmont's head-quarters, and seeing the prince's sword on the table, begged it, because his own sabre hurt him in consequence of an old wound. Marmont, attaching no great value to such *spolia opima*, made him a present of the sword; but what was his surprise at reading, a few days later, in the *Moniteur*, the following article: "M. Carbonel, aide-de-camp to General Grouchy, has arrived in Paris, and handed to her majesty the empress the sword of Prince Ourousoff, taken prisoner by the general at the battle of Vauchamps." Such a circumstance is quite sufficient to paint a man's character.

But all the victories Marmont achieved could not prevent the advance of the allies on Paris, and they had speedily occupied Nangis and Fontainebleau. The emperor hurried forward to engage the army of Silesia, while Marmont attacked the enemy at Montmirail, where he won an action, in spite of Grouchy having broken his solemn promise of supporting him. The excuse he gave for his conduct was curious enough:

But what had Grouchy done all this while with his cavalry corps and fine infantry division? He had stopped at Ferté-sous-Jouarre! On the 18th, came to Montmirail to pay us his compliments, and display his joy at

escape from such extreme danger. He told me that the idea of the peril I incurred had so overpowered him that he could not continue his movement; and that, if any accident had happened to me, he would have blown out his brains. "That would have been," I said to him, "a great consolation; but, as you trembled for me, and did not go up to support the emperor, you ought at least to have come to my assistance, and made a diversion in my favour." Thus, thanks to his indecision and irresolution, he had compromised my safety to go to help the emperor; and, scarce was this unfortunate decision taken, than he gave up anything of use he might have effected in joining Napoleon, so that he was not of the slightest service to anybody. Can we not read, in this circumstance, the man of Waterloo? But Grouchy was the worst commander who could be placed at the head of an army. He was deficient neither in bravery nor in some slight talent for managing troops; but he never could make up his mind to resolute action; and that is the worst possible fault in war.

The temper displayed at this period in Paris was extremely unsatisfactory to the emperor's party. By dint of great exertions the government was induced to send up some 6000 men as reinforcements; but the worst possible spirit was rife among the national guards. They threw down their arms and refused to fight. Marmont soon received a confirmation of bad news from his brother-in-law, who paid him a visit. The return of the Bourbons was openly discussed, and regarded as the only salvation for France. This was not very satisfactory intelligence for soldiers who had so long fought on the side of the arch enemy of the Bourbons; but Marmont received some compensation from a hint that he would be excluded from the general category of traitors.

The fall of Soissons decided the fate of the campaign. A French general of the name of Moreau held command of the town. Being soon intimidated, he consented to capitulate, on condition that he might join the French army, as if the safety of a thousand men, and the assistance of such a body, could be weighed in the balance with the occupation of an important post, at the decisive moment when the scattered French armies were effecting a junction. So fully were the allies impressed with this, that, when the negotiation was almost broken off, owing to some difficulty as to Moreau taking his guns with him, General Woronzoff, who was present, said in Russian to the negotiator, "Let them take away their guns, and mine too, if they please, provided they depart without any delay." During the whole of this memorable campaign, Napoleon never had at his disposal more than 40,000 men between the Seine and the Marne. The continual efforts made to raise levies, and send them up to the front, only kept up the number of the troops at that amount. The detachments joining daily sufficed scarcely to make up the deficiencies produced by death, by marching, and more especially by desertion, which hourly became a more sensible evil. The only chance Napoleon had then was to try to take the allies when scattered, and defeat them in detail. When they were acting on the offensive, such an eventuality was possible; but never when they were occupying a strong defensive position. From some inexplicable reason, however, Napoleon determined on attacking the combined army of the allies when holding an almost impregnable position at Laon. The mournful results of Brienne and Laon, however, did not serve to enlighten the emperor, for he committed the same fault again, somewhat later, at Arcis, where he could not gain a victory, but ran a

risk of being utterly destroyed. The following anecdote may throw some light on the desperate state in which Napoleon found himself :

The movements of the troops and the want of discipline prevailing, caused those countries to be utterly desolated, which had been the scene of our operations for the last two months. The French soldiers did their share in promoting the sufferings of the inhabitants. I spoke about it to the emperor, and expressed my regret for their pitiable fate. The emperor replied in these words, which I never have forgotten, "Does that pain you? Well, I do not see any great harm in it. When a peasant is ruined and his house burnt down, he has nothing better to do than to take a firelock and come to join us."

Marmont and Mortier were soon after ordered to fall back and cover Paris, while the emperor pursued his plan of attacking the allies in the rear, while drawing to himself the various detachments scattered about the country. Marmont, as a true Frenchman, devotes several pages to an account of the wonderful actions he did,—how with 7500 men he defeated an enemy of 50,000,—but we are not obliged to give much attention to this subject. The main point is, that he capitulated to Schwarzenberg, after receiving authority from King Joseph to do so. Nor need we go into the elaborate defence he makes about the charges brought against him in 1815, of having been the real cause of overthrowing the empire, for one traitor more or less among the serried ranks of men who turned against their benefactor is of no great consequence. But we may enter more closely into the character of a note which is appended to the sixth volume, and in which Marmont tries to show the personal relations existing between himself and the emperor, for it serves to throw a strong light upon the marshal's character :

Some persons have asserted and repeated that I was the object of a particular predilection on the part of the emperor, and treated by him like a cherished son. M. de Montholon, in his story of St. Helena, puts into Napoleon's mouth the words, "that when he was a lieutenant of artillery he had shared his existence with me." This is false and absurd, and requires no reply. But I can hardly imagine what we had to share, for he had nothing, and I very little. For a very long period he was unable to show me any service, and have any influence on my destiny; and precisely at that time I was in a position to give him more than one proof of my friendship and devotion. When he rose, I followed his fortunes at a distance. Assuredly, I shall never think of denying the obligations I had towards Napoleon; but, while recognising them I have the right to appreciate them at their proper value.

The admirable modesty apparent through this entire extract paints Marmont's character exactly. He evidently wishes to insinuate that he could have risen just as well from his own merits as from the favour of Napoleon; in fact, that a mere accident decided which should have all the good fortune. We are sorry that we must overthrow this pleasing delusion; and a careful examination into Marmont's career, not drawn from his own book, but derived from impartial sources, proves that he was about as wretched a general as ever thwarted the far-sighted plans of a commander-in-chief. We will allow him the merit of having been an excellent organiser and administrator, and we have no doubt he would have been in his element had he been chief of the commissariat. And this man unblushingly criticises the motives and actions of the great Napoleon, and, forsooth, tries to show how the error could have been

prevented. In truth, a paltry feeling of jealousy underlays the whole of these Memoirs; and Marmont ekes his petty spite by having his strictures published when nearly all those who could have personally refuted his calumnies have passed from the scene. His conduct in 1830 was a counterpart of that shown in 1814, and the Bourbons were indebted to the same man for hurling them from the throne of France, who had played a material part in their restoration. But to continue our extracts:

I therefore think I am bound to conclude, that if I enjoyed a brilliant career, I owed it in the first place to chance, which, in my earliest youth, placed me in favourable circumstances; and, lastly, to my good services, and a zeal which never failed me a single day. I was, therefore, treated by Napoleon with justice and kindness; but I declare openly, never as a favourite or a person who is the object of particular predilection. A sovereign imparts to his favours a peculiar character, which may be easily specified. He places the man he loves in a situation where glory is easy of attainment through the abundance of the means placed at his disposal. He sets a value on his every action; he overwhelms him with riches; he makes him a sharer in his pleasures and in the delights of his court; he reflects upon him a portion of the brilliancy which encircles himself. Was I treated thus?

Marmont then enumerates his griefs: how he was refused a separate command; how he did not have the marshal's bâton on the coronation, and so on. All these things, which Marmont regards as sins of omission, only go to confirm the view we had formed of Marmont's value. Napoleon was an excellent judge, and wisely employed Marmont in those duties where he could be useful without committing blunders. The clearest proof of this is seen in his conduct in Spain, where he did all in his power to produce an *embroglio*, and was quite successful. Napoleon, in our opinion, was only too kind, and injured himself by entrusting Marmont again with a command after he had so fully proved his utter incapacity. But the gravest accusation still remains to be told:

If I cast a glance on the gifts Napoleon made me, they possess but slight importance when I compare them with those loaded on others. I never received any money present. My pay never exceeded that of simple generals, while my comrades were buried under fabulous amounts of wealth; 1,500,000 francs, 800,000 francs, 700,000 francs, 500,000 francs per annum, such was the value of their positions. In this respect I do not think any great degree of gratitude was laid upon me. . . . It will be seen, then, that if I had my share of the labours of the empire, if I contributed to its glory, shared its miseries and misfortunes, I had but very little participation in its triumphs and joys. If it was flattering to me to be almost always chosen to command under most difficult circumstances, if I was so fortunate as to emerge from them frequently with success, I cannot regard it as a favour that I was placed in them. I have, therefore, a right to assert that I was never treated by Napoleon in such a manner as to owe him any duties of gratitude of a *private nature*.

We will not insult our readers by making any comments on this painfully lucid extract, but we will proceed at once to quote the conclusion to which Marmont arrives, as a proof of the truth of his assertions:

Napoleon was probably the being I loved most in my life. But when I saw his fine genius overclouded, when I was able to judge, by his orders in Spain, that his reason was giving way to continual hallucinations, and later, when serving under his eyes, I could notice the confirmation of my grievous suspicions—that, insensible to the interests of France, to the preservation of his

soldiers, he only lived on his pride, and never gave up his aberrations—I confess that my heart, which had before grown cold, became frozen, and that I had no other feelings but those attaching me to my country, while still cherishing the idea that, after I had saved France from his folly, I would devote the remainder of my life to his person.

What a pity it is that, in our character of conscientious critics, we cannot allow all these fine words to pass as authority. It is well known that the French speciality is exaggeration of sentiment and language; and Marmont was evidently a past master in this branch. Had he spoken the truth, he would probably have said this much: "I have saved a nice little sum during the past campaigns; if the emperor makes peace at once, I shall be able to enjoy it at my leisure, but if the war continues, our losses in Russia must entail defeat: the empire may be overthrown, and my savings may be confiscated." At any rate, this was the general feeling among the marshals, and we have no reason to make an exception in favour of Marmont. The campaign which Napoleon fought against the allies during 1813 has always been allowed to be the finest effort of his genius; and, had he but succeeded in sowing dissension among the allies, he would probably have achieved an honourable peace. As it was, he miscalculated, and the result fell solely on himself. The case of Prince Eugene's desertion, which Marmont so openly criticises, was only the same thing as many of the marshals would have done at so critical a moment; and the greatest error which Napoleon committed was entrusting too much in the hands of men whom he had overwhelmed with personal favours. He put faith in human nature, and met with the easily anticipated return.

The sixth volume of Marmont's *Memoirs* ends with three biographies of Schwarzenberg, Metternich, and Kleber. Of course, the two first are very poor, for Marmont was not the best person to judge of the calibre of two such men. Nor should we have alluded to the third, except that it affords us an opportunity to wind up our paper with an amusing anecdote:

Several of the *savans* who followed the army in Egypt were dining with Kleber at Gizéh. Among them was Dolomieu, who was altogether stupid, in manners, person, and language. Some one having observed that if one hundred millions had been found on entering Egypt, very fine things might have been done with that amount, Dolomieu caught at the idea, and expressed his regrets. Kleber saying to him, "Well, my dear fellow, how would you have employed the amount?" he stuttered, "In the first place, I would have given thirty millions to the Institute for the purpose of making researches; then the same amount to build a town on the point of the Delta; and have handed the remainder to government, to cover the expenses of the expedition—which would only be proper." "We differ, my dear Dolomieu, in our way of looking at the matter," Kleber replied, in a tone of authority. "If I had been entrusted with the division of the sum, I should have given fifty millions to the army, then another fifty millions to the army, a good thrashing to the Directory, and some hay to the Institute."

This story furnishes a pendant to the celebrated one of Napoleon at the battle of the Pyramids ordering the *savans* and the donkeys to the centre of a hollow square.

A DREAM FROM HEAVEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY."

I.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF ADAM GRAINGER.

April.—Another day gone, and no relief! How is this to end? My brain becomes bewildered with excess of thought, and a strange whirling of it sometimes comes on which turns my thoughts involuntarily towards madness. *A whirling of the brain!* gabblers, who feel not what they say; poets, in their whispered measures; lovers, in their doubts and fears, prate of this: it is a common expression: the brain whirls, they say. But how little do they experience that of which they speak! the few who have indeed gone through this agony of the brain, tell it not. When the paroxysm has left me, my frame trembles, my hands burn, and my heart is sick.

Insanity is deemed a thing to shudder at, and I have shuddered with the rest. I remember a party of us were once dining together; little more than boys we were; joyous fellows, rioting in the full sense of youth and life; and the conversation turned upon misfortune—an odd theme for us. Each gave his opinion as to what was the most distressing fate that could overtake man. I said madness. *But there are moments, now, when I envy those who are shut up in that secured building, the dome of which towers aloft in this great city.* Bedlam! Bedlam! were I an inmate of your walls—— After a weary day of toil, how sweet is the homely bed on which the labourer sinks down to rest! and so a vision comes over me of sinking into insanity. I dare not say a longing vision; but as the one gives rest to the body, so the other would bring rest to the spirit—my troubled spirit!

Friday.—I have been reading again the public advertisements. A gentleman is wanted to superintend an office. Qualifications requisite: liberal education, gentlemanly appearance and manners, age about thirty-five, a good general knowledge of business, and security. Should I be able to obtain the latter? Why speculate on it? My application to the advertisers will but share the old fate, and elicit no reply.

I have deserved my lot: people tell me so, and they speak but the truth. What did I want with speculation? Was not my honourable appointment sufficient for me? I am not the first who has thrown away the substance to grasp the shadow. I richly merited the ruin that overtook me, but unfortunately into the same ruin I dragged my wife and children.

When I look back on the last few years I ask myself how we have lived, and I cannot answer. Things have only gone on from bad to worse. Our once happy home—not a vestige of it remains. Struggles, debts, duns, avoidance of creditors, these have been ours. One day spent in scheming how to obtain a dinner for the following, and in harassing uncertainties as to where we should the approaching week lay our heads. A few pounds from one source, a few from another, half a dozen shillings,

begged or borrowed, serving for the supplies of one day, none the next, comforts not even glanced at, luxuries remembered as things that exist not for us, bare necessities scantily supplied, and not always! And thus have we gone on for weeks, and months, and years.

Saturday.—Another week ended. Surely the approaching one must bring something to pass. And yet—how many have gone before it, and have brought nothing! How harshly do those who have not known adversity judge of the world! they imagine that dishonour, if not crime, must necessarily attend fallen fortunes. So-and-so is “sold up,” cries one; “turned out of house and home. And he’s over head-and-ears in debt besides. I look upon a fellow, sir, who runs headlong into debt, as little better than a swindler and a robber.” Harsh epithets for one man to bestow upon another!

I dread to-night. For *I* am in debt; petty debt to petty tradespeople around the neighbourhood; and they will come at this, the end of the week, knocking at the door. But not voluntary debt; no, no; never think it. I was bred with the nicest sense of honour; taught to avoid debt as a crime: I would endure the sharp pangs of famine, even unto death—I have tasted of them—rather than sustain life by obtaining food for which I could not pay; but I dare not let those starve who depend on me for support. How eagerly I have struggled, and do struggle, to obtain employment, none can know; no matter what; anything that would but bring in the money for a bit of bread; and succeed I cannot.

Sunday Morning.—Thank God for Sunday! When I awake in the morning, and the thought that it is the Sabbath comes rushing over me, it speaks blessings to my soul. *A day of rest and peace.* How many, without this intervening cessation of their fiery antagonism with the world, would lay down their heads hopelessly and die! To-day everything is lovely; everything in the outward, visible world. The trees are clothed in the fresh green of early spring, the hedges are budding forth, and the sweet flowers are opening to the warm rays of the genial sun. Quiet reigns everywhere; sounds of every-day life are not, and the very air is at rest; a rest that soothes the mind and almost speaks of hope.

Now the bells have begun for morning service. They are ringing to-day. I wonder why. A more pleasing sound than the ding-dong of ordinary Sundays. Why can’t they always ring? I remember now—one of the highest of our High Church dignitaries comes down to preach to-day; that must be why they ring.

How long it is since I have been to church! Let none condemn me, until they have been placed in my circumstances, and as sorely tried as I have been. There was no missing church before adversity came. I cannot afford a pew, and our clothes are not what they used to be. Margaret goes sometimes: she cannot forget that she is the daughter of a high churchman. If Dr. Channing could rise from his grave and witness the straits to which my imprudence has reduced her! A vision, an imaginary vista of the future, now and then steals over me on these calm, holy days—of these dark years being replaced by bright ones; of the children growing up around us, anxiously trained in all the observances of religion; when we shall sit, drawn together in peace and happiness, under our own vine and our own fig-tree, all the happier, the holier, for

past adversity. But these hopeful dreams are broken off, as now, by the rushing thought that it is only a dream and never to be realised.

Never, never: the darkness has endured too long. I have humbly prostrated myself in agony, imploring of the Most High, in my bitter grief and repentance, that for my wife and children's sake He would turn our captivity; and He has answered not. The darkness has become more dark, the light of the future more dim and indistinct. Now the clocks are striking eleven; the bells are ceasing; in another moment not a sound will break the stillness.

Oh, thank God for Sunday! I could repeat it with my pen, as I have done with my heart, a thousand times. No one can truly estimate the blessings of the day, until he shall have gone through the persecution which has of late been mine. How infinite the wisdom, how unsparing the bounty, that appointed one day in seven as a day of *rest*! One half the world go down to their graves, and have never appreciated the boon in all its fulness. Let me lay aside my pen and think, and enjoy it while I may: to-morrow will come.

May, Tuesday.—Surely there is a spell upon all I undertake: I had almost written curse, but let me not think that yet. If the morning opens with fair auspices, the night brings disappointment. Margaret is almost wearied out, and her naturally calm temper at moments gives way. Not for herself; but for the children I can see that her spirit is nearly broken. Still she bears up wonderfully.

We were standing last evening at the window, without light, when little Cary ran in. "Mamma, we want to dance. Will you come and tune to us?"

"Not to-night, darling. My head aches. You must dance to your own tunes to-night."

"Oh dear! And Jemima's cross, and won't answer when we ask her. Mamma, do you know what Isabel says?—she says she wishes we had our piano again, and the nice music-stool that turned round, and she says I was too little to remember them. Why have we not got them now?"

"Because—they were left in the old house, Cary."

"What a shame! When shall we go back to that house, mamma?"

"Some time," returned Margaret, "or to one as good." And Cary danced away again.

"You spoke earnestly to the child, Margaret," I said. "Spoke as if you had faith."

"I have faith; trusting earnest faith that this terrible time will come to an end. I wish I could see you, Adam, with more of it."

"I had faith, till I was wearied out."

"I know we have waited long, and there are times when I give way to despondency; but the moodsoon changes again. A bright evening after a rainy day, a bit of blue sky peeping out of the leaden clouds, a green leaf budding on a wintry tree, the first promising glimmer of the new moon—all these speak hope to my inward spirit."

Time was when I thought as my wife does. I was ever more sanguine than she. When despair was ready to overtake me, I have said, Courage and patience! courage and patience! and so buoyed myself up. But day succeeded day, week followed week, month replaced month, and year gives turn to year; and there is no change.

Friday.—I can no longer rest at night, for the harassing annoyances and disappointments that make up my day, are repeated with vivid intensity in my dreams. Towards morning especially, my mind is busy with the previous day's persecutions, the doubting dread of the one forthcoming. All is enacted and re-enacted with terrible distinctness, and I awake, weary and unrefreshed, from imaginary evils, to live over again the reality.

Wednesday.—Gibbons's house wants a clerk. I am going to apply for it. Salary 100*l.* a year. Margaret looked grave when I mentioned the amount, and heaved a deep sigh. "But it is better than nothing, Adam," she said. Better than nothing! Yes, it will keep body and soul together until we can turn ourselves round. "To-morrow morning," I said aloud, "I will go there." "Mind you go in time," answered my wife.

Thursday Night.—I did go. I was unsuccessful. It is ever so. The second partner, Snail, a man who was once proud to shake my hand, coldly said they should prefer engaging one who had been brought up to warehouse business. I passed by the Thames on my way home to-night, and thought how calmly one might lie there underneath the waters, *if one could but lie there undisturbed for ever.*

Monday Morning.—The commencement of another week of pain. This time yesterday I had at least some hours of peace before me. I was reading last night the book of Job. It deceived my mind into hope. Who was afflicted as he was? and yet "the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than the beginning."

But have I Job's spirit of resignation? Why deceive myself? No. Before these dark misfortunes fell upon me, had I lost my children at one fell swoop, as he did, rather than have bowed my head in submission, I should have cried out as did David for Absalom—Would God I had died for thee, my child, my child! Yet I feel now that I could bless the hand which removed them all; removed them from the storms of this world to shelter them in the bosom of a Father, willing and more able to protect them than I am. Alone, I should not care for my misfortunes. I would go out from all who knew me; roam the country in search of work; break stones upon the road—anything for a crust; and wait for better times.

Tuesday.—I must carry out the project I have so long had running in my head, and apply to Lewis. We played together in boyhood, we were inseparable in youth, in manhood friends. He has it amply in his power to assist me, and I cannot think that he would want the will. A hundred pounds, to him, would be nothing; to me, salvation. With such a sum in hand, I believe I could extricate myself. Part of it would pay what we owe in this neighbourhood, and the rest I could use to good account. As it is, my whole time is taken up in endeavouring to obtain that which will enable us to go on and live for another day. We must exist: but we could eat hard fare, and endure many privations, if we had but peace from without. Let us be enabled to surmount this wearing struggle, endure on in retirement a little longer, and perhaps in time—Oh this hope! how it comes stealing in!

"Our misfortunes have taught me one thing," observed Margaret, as we sat together last night, after the children were in bed.

"I should have thought they would have taught you many, Margaret. What is it?"

"That those we are apt to term 'the poor' are not the class who most need relief."

"Oh, that!"

"I was getting to think much about the poor," she resumed, "just as these dreadful troubles came on, and when any case of distress came under my notice, I was so pleased to relieve it. But, Adam, it never occurred to me to relieve the distress of those struggling in secret to live, and to keep up respectability, gentlepeople reduced by misfortunes, like ourselves. I never looked out for such cases: perhaps never thought there were such. Do you remember that poor Mrs. Smith, whose Algie first went to school?"

"No."

"Oh, you must: they lived nearly opposite. Her husband was a teacher of languages, and I believe got nothing to do."

"I remember now. A tall, thin fellow. She died."

"Well, listen. Sophy would often say, when she brought Algernon in from school——"

"Stop a bit, Margaret. Who's Sophy?"

"Adam, how you forget! She was the under-nurse; under Joanna. Sophy would often say Mrs. Smith was ill. But I never supposed she was seriously ill; I did not trouble myself to suppose about it, though I sometimes, more from habit than anything else, would ask after her: her head might ache from the noise of the children, her spirits might be dull, I thought no more. But one morning, upon Sophy's taking Algernon as usual, she brought him back, and said Mrs. Smith was dead."

"Ay, I remember hearing about it."

"Adam! I never can describe the shock it was to me. I believe it threw me back weeks. Dead! A young and tolerably healthy woman! What had she died of? I asked. Rapid consumption, accelerated, there was no doubt, by the want of comforts. How I reproached myself! I was then at death's door, and had been for some time, but every luxury surrounded me: delicacies that I could not eat, wine that I could not drink, skilful medical attendants, careful nurses, attentive servants. A tithe of this might have saved her life, and I had sent her nothing! Yet I knew, if I had given it a thought, that he was out of employ, and it would not have taken me much calculation to add up the gains of that weekly school—a dozen pupils at a shilling a week! Perhaps, poor lady, she longed, in her wasting health, to send and crave from our house the nourishment that would have comforted her, for she knew it was there in abundance; and she could sit at her own cheerless windows, and watch ours, gay with lights and fire. I shed many tears over my carelessness, but they could not bring her back to life."

"Which must have been highly foolish of you, Margaret."

"The bare facts of the case stood out so broad and hideous. The woman was lying dead, close at my door, had died in privation. She who had spent her sick and weary days instructing my child and his companions, had passed in cold neglect from life unto death. It will always be a reproach to me."

"Any more reproaches, Margaret?"

"Oh, plenty, if you like to hear them. You have not forgotten poor Mrs. Hall, who——"

Margaret's tale was suddenly cut short. Late as the hour was, a man came dunning me for money, and stopped to abuse me because I could not pay him.

Thursday Morning.—My dear little Algernon has just come to me—"Papa, look at my shoes! All the toes out. I can't go to school like this, for the boys made game of me yesterday, and asked why I wore such things."

"They must be mended, Algie."

"But they won't mend any more. The sides are worn away and the heels are off. Mamma says they will not. And I am ashamed of my clothes, all the fellows look at them so."

I cannot buy him any shoes to-day. Perhaps by night I may have some luck. I have told him to remain at home. Shabby, and shoeless, and made game of! My poor boy, who was destined for Eton!

There's a man advertised for in this morning's paper, to copy deeds at his own house, at so much per folio. I shall hasten to town and get after it.

Thursday Night.—Still no money. A shilling or two for the pressing wants of the hour, and that is all. Algernon must still remain at home. A knock at the door. Eugh! how I shiver to hear those knocks! Oh—the schoolmaster has sent his compliments and to know why Master Grainger was not at school. An excuse to be made there.

I went after the copying and had my usual luck. They had made arrangements, and did not require me.

Margaret says she has had a wretched day. One or two pressing creditors have called, and been loud and angry; Algernon, boy-like, has been worrying and troublesome; and Jemima, the old servant who has clung to us in our misfortunes, partly from affection, partly because we have not had it in our power to discharge her, has been in one of her evil tempers, finding fault with everything, and reproaching Margaret with the non-payment of her wages. Poor Jemima! she does work; washing and everything falls to her; and in her better moods she asks if I think she will leave her poor mistress to do it all; but when her temper breaks out, there is no bearing the house. No peace in-doors, no peace out. What a life is ours!

June, Monday.—Yesterday we had a good dinner, good and plentiful. How sincerely I thanked God in my heart when we sat down to it, He alone can tell. The paraded formal grace usually offered up, how much of lively thankfulness does that contain? Ah, we must undergo the pangs of hunger, continued, repeated, daily-recurring hunger, ere we can understand the gratitude due to Heaven for its bounteous supply of food. A considerable portion of the world (as I once said with regard to the Sabbath) go through their whole lives, and never form an idea of it. There is another thing many never give a thought to—the great amount of time we waste. People are apt to consider it "good time" if they get down to breakfast by nine. Suppose, instead, they rose at seven; no very untoward hour; they would add more than seven hundred hours to their lives yearly. How much would it add to a life of threescore years and

ten. Come, ye calculators. Shall we be called upon to account for this loss of time, when the day of remedy is gone by? I was once supine as the rest: latterly, I have been up earlier than most people. I assume no credit for it. I toss and turn on my uneasy bed, and am glad to leave it.

Thursday.—Algernon's master planned an excursion for his scholars, to spend to-day in the country; a treat, before they break up for the midsummer holidays. Each boy to contribute a shilling, the master finding the rest. They have just filed by the window, all but Algernon, with eager steps and faces of pleasure. The boys asked him yesterday if his friends could not *afford* the shilling. We could not afford it: small as the sum was, I had it not yesterday nor to-day to give. And his clothes! how could he join those well-dressed boys? He peeped at them from behind the curtain, and when they had passed sat down and burst into tears. I glanced at Margaret: her eyes were swimming; and I, a strong man, could have wept too. What insignificant trifles these would appear to the world! but they tell upon the already sorely-stricken heart.

My patient children! sharing no amusement that other children enjoy—living upon hard fare—exposed to witness the pains and degradations of poverty, the shifts of reduced gentility! But not a murmur at their privations crosses their young lips.

I sometimes catch myself envying the street beggars, for they at least have not an appearance to keep up. How is it that some people seem to bask away their lives in flowers and sunshine? From the cradle to the grave, their path never seems to be overshadowed by adversity. Yet, it may be, that they have also some secret sorrow: a great ugly skeleton in the closet: all the more consuming from the very concealment it has to observe to the world.

Friday.—I have been telling Margaret my project of applying to Lewis. She is over-sanguine: thinks he cannot refuse: wonders I never thought of it before. I will not delay.

Monday.—I begin the week in hope. How shall I end it? To-day I go to Lewis. Knock, knock, knock! I must put them off again. I trust for a day or two only.

Friday Night.—Thank Heaven for the hope this day has brought forth. I could not see Lewis till this morning: he was out of town. He received me cordially. I explained all my circumstances to him, and asked for the loan of 100*l*. He said cheerfully that he would consider of it, and see what he could do. Saturday, the next day, he should be very busy, but I might go in and see him on Monday morning. I feel sure of the money now: if it were not his intention to lend it, he would have declined at once. Thank God! thank God!

Saturday Night.—What an evening this has been! I have told them to come on Monday night or Tuesday morning, and they shall be paid.

Monday Night, 12 o'clock P.M.—The clocks are tolling the knell of the departed day: would they were tolling it for me! I cannot much longer support this wretched existence—despair and disappointment, disappointment and despair! I was at Lewis's by nine o'clock, and waited some minutes before he came in, minutes to me of unutterable agitation. A refusal I dared not contemplate: *yet, a refusal came.* He had con-

sulted his partner, he said, who was not willing to advance the loan: had I been able to propose a responsible security for its repayment, they might have entertained it. And I had told this man all my situation! this man who, independent of his large yearly gains, is worth thousands! To have given me hopes on Friday! To make my request to him a matter of business! Friendship such as ours has been!

And I have walked about this day foodless, and have come home penniless, and dead beat both in body and mind. To-morrow must come. I promised to pay them, and they will all be here thick and threefold.

I can no longer bear up against my fate. My children, my wife, look to me for succour, and I cannot give it. There is one thought always pressing itself upon my brain—that, if I were no more, friends would rally round my wife and children. I have asked myself how this thought dares to come to me, and I have hitherto thrust it away; but I will do so no longer. It is the only course open to me.—Margaret is calling to know what I am sitting up for.

Tuesday Evening.—The last of my existence.—Father! Thou withholdest Thy mercy from me in this world, but surely Thou wilt not in the next. Pardon, pardon if I come home to Thee before my time! I can no longer support this life, my persecutions are greater than I can bear. Surely sufferings such as mine never fell on man. My prayers have ascended in vain. I have implored for succour, and Thou answerest not. Not for wealth and luxury: a morsel of bread, a drink of water, a roof to cover us, *and peace*. And this not in idleness: I would work for it from the rising of the sun till its going down. Others can find means of subsistence, but I cannot. It is a curse that is upon me.

That Thou hast abandoned me is too sure, or in this, the last depths of my despair, there would steal to me a glimmering of hope. I have prayed for strength, for comfort, and it comes not to me. Oh! Thou who readest all hearts, Thou readest mine, and Thou seest how I am driven to Thee. Forgive me this last act! Christ, supplicate for me! I come, I come. Father, Father! reject me not for ever.

II.

ADAM GRAINGER was alone in his sitting-room. An ugly weapon of polished steel was at his elbow, which he had fetched from his bed-chamber. He was writing the last words when a knock at the house-door was heard, and then his wife entered the room, a couple of bottles in her hand. He had deemed himself secure from interruption, and he started like a detected criminal, as he threw his pocket-handkerchief over the razor.

"Adam," cried his wife, "here's a curious thing! The Claytons have sent us a present of some brandy."

"Claytons!" echoed Mr. Grainger, "who are the Claytons?"

"The people who live up above, at Lime Villa. I was talking to Mrs. Clayton over her garden-gate the other day about her plants."

"Very strange! What should people send brandy to us for?"

"It does seem strange, but there can be no mistake. Their man-servant brought it, with his master's compliments to Mr. and Mrs.

Grainger, and begged they would use these two bottles of French brandy. We heard he was a wine-merchant. We will open one to-night."

"I tell you there must be a mistake, Margaret. Strangers are not likely to send brandy to me."

"Oh, Adam, they are kind-looking people; who knows but they may have an idea that we are in want? I know it is all right."

"People are not so romantic."

Mrs. Grainger left the room, taking one of the bottles with her. He hoped she was gone for some time, and turned to his journal to write a word of farewell to her.

The clocks have just chimed nine: in ten minutes, Margaret, your husband will have ceased to exist. My love, my wife, forgive me! and you will, for you alone know how wretched has been my existence. Algernon! Isabel! Caseline! Walter! obey your mother in all things; and, when you grow up, cherish and support her better than I have been able to do. I would steal up-stairs, and kiss farewell to you in your unconscious slumbers, but that my heartstrings would break with the effort. Margaret, when they are of an age to hear it, pray to them for forgiveness for their father: tell them it was for them, for you, that his sufferings became unbearable. Alone in the world he could have borne and braved all. God bless you all! Margaret, my only love, farewell for ever!

At this moment Mrs. Grainger suddenly returned to the room, several things in her hands.

"Look here, Adam, I have broken in the cock. That's the fault of the fork. What a many things we shall want when we go into real housekeeping again! Had any one offered me a present of a corkscrew this morning, I should have declined it as having no use for it."

"Why, what are you going to do?" he asked. "What's that hot water for?"

"To make some brandy-and-water. I boiled it up on some of Jemima's wood. We shall relish our supper of dry bread now, but it was terribly dry before. We must dispense with sugar, Adam."

"I don't want any brandy-and-water," he returned, speaking irritably, for he was vexed at these interruptions. "I have some writing to do, and wish to be alone."

"Do your writing to-morrow. We will keep festival to-night. It is not often we have French brandy to keep it on. What a treat after our wretched day!"

Something called her again from the room. In his infatuation he determined not to lose a moment. He lifted the handkerchief, and grasped the razor. Still not in time, for her hand was heard too soon on the handle of the door. He dashed the dangerous weapon back again with a muttered word; it might have been a curse; and, taking up the brandy bottle, shook it about and pretended to be looking through it; anything to hide his confusion, coward that he was. She happened to glance at him, as she set down the glasses and some bread, and was startled.

"Adam! how strange you look! Quite wild. Are you ill?—feverish?"

"I think I am," he groaned, relinquishing the bottle, and pressing his hands upon his temples.

"Some brandy-and-water will do you good. Make it, please. It is all ready."

"Do you give brandy for fever, Margaret?"

"Yes, for such fever as yours; which arises from want of support. Make it at once, or the water will be getting cold."

He rose mechanically, and it is probable that his shaking hand may have poured more brandy than he intended into both glasses. Mrs. Grainger silently added additional water to hers, but he drank his—it seemed also mechanically. Suddenly she burst out laughing. He looked up reprovingly, her gay mood did so jar upon his nerves.

"Adam, I can't help it. I was thinking suppose the man should come for the brandy back again, how foolish we should look!"

"You are merry to-night!"

"I am so pleased at our delicious supper. I wish Jemima was not gone to bed, I would take her some; but she has had a hard day's work and was tired. And for it to come so unexpectedly! We never know what things may turn up."

"Or one hour what the next may bring forth."

She talked on, thankful to cast aside care for one brief moment, but he only chafed at her sitting there with him. The cordial had warmed him, had soothed his broken spirit, and he leaned back in his chair, almost in enjoyment, but his fatal resolution abated not one jot in its force. Hoping to drive her from the room, he kept silence, and at last shut his eyes and feigned sleep. It succeeded, for she left the room, and now the opportunity was come.

He rose upright in his chair, determined not again to lose it. Yet he did pause for an instant or two. His thoughts were turning to chaos: all things of his life seemed to be before his sight, and yet nothing. He stood on the confines of this life, on the threshold of Eternity: one minute more, and he would have entered on its mysteries for ever. *Eternity! . . . for ever! . . . his own act!*

He made an effort to rid himself of the thoughts that were crowding on him. He untied his neckcloth, and it fell to the ground. Even in that last moment he was conscious of this, and picked it up again.

He was sick at heart. Suspense, dread, fear, overwhelmed him, shaking him with agony, as one in a convulsion. Yet, with all this, there was no repenting, no turning from his self-willed doom. "Now or never!" he muttered; "if I hesitate I am lost." *Lost!*

He threw aside the handkerchief, and took up what was under it. He raised his hand. One convulsive shudder, and Adam Grainger's spirit was in the other world.

But to what had he hastened? oh, horror, horror! The pen cannot write it; words cannot utter it; living, waking beings cannot imagine it. Mercy, mercy, upon him and all such! Fellow-creatures, cease not, cease never, to supplicate for these mistaken outcasts. They were pilgrims like ourselves, known and dear to many of us, living in hope here, waiting for a hereafter: it was but a moment's rashness, a moment's despair, yet one that we are taught forfeits Heaven. Oh let us strive to atone for them! we, who still have the privilege of praying, let us pray for them unceasingly, unceasingly! The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.

To be dead, and yet alive; to be in the next world, yet awake to what

was passing in this; surrounded by woe unutterable, and hope gone for ever! Oh fool, fool! he had talked, in life, of "despair," of "hope deserting him;" the film had fallen from his eyes now. As a grain of sand to the desert, a drop of water to the ocean, was the duration of his mortal existence in comparison with Eternity. And he had refused to encounter its short-lived trials; he had shrunk from the insignificant frowns of the race around him, suffering, weak, finite beings like himself, and rushed into the presence of his outraged Creator. Did he think to gain Heaven by his mad exit? What *had* he gained? Oh short-sighted man! oh awful, awful!

Adam Grainger had passed by his own act from time to Eternity, and the wide flood-gates of retribution were thrown back, and the waters of repentance came rushing on to his soul. He writhed and struggled with the torrent, but on, on it came, and surrounded him. Repentance such as we can feel—what was it to his? He strove to tear himself in his anguish, to curse himself for his rash presumption, to howl aloud in his sharp torment; *but he dared not kneel and pray to God*; he had forfeited that privilege for ever. And alas! how short-sighted had been his wisdom! for, behold, there, at a little distance, was a bright cloud, no bigger than a speck, and he saw that it had been coming towards him, charged with relief and recompense. Now it was arrested on its way, and was vanishing into air, for he himself had rendered its mission futile.

He stood in the spirit, and watched them as they crowded to view the lump of clay which he had cast aside: their comments, though whispered but in the heart, were loud enough to him. When, the first shock of pity past, dastard! wicked! were the best names they gave him. To desert his wife and children! to abandon their helplessness to a world which he had found so stern! His sons, wanting the guiding hand of a father, might grow up degraded men; his daughters to—what in life he would not have dared to glance at. Woe, woe, unutterable woe! Woe and torture upon his soul, by day and by night, until the hour of doom!

They brought it in "*Insanity*," and the scanty funeral left the house for the church, bearing the remains to the place where they were to moulder. *He* followed in its wake. He saw, now, the utter mockery of the pomp and pride sometimes made to attend the dead. The *courriers en avant*, as we say of other shows, bearing their distinguishing bâtons; the decorated heads of the stately horses; the velvet trappings sweeping the ground; the majestic plumes rising over the death-carriage; the train of attendants, carriages and feathers and trappings, carriages and feathers and trappings still again, a long line of them; a coffin emblazoned with enough silver to tempt the cupidity of the living, whilst what it contains, that for which the show is made, is more loathsome than anything above the earth or below it. But where's the spirit? Following, as his was.

The curate read the service for the dead: little fear that any higher dignitary would attend to bury such as he. "*Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of His great mercy to take unto Himself the soul of our dear brother here departed, we therefore commit his body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection to eternal life—*"

He tore about the church in dire anguish—we cannot picture such; he

would have screamed aloud, but that sound was denied him; he would have dashed himself with frantic violence against the gravestones: all in vain. Until the Day of Judgment his punishment was confined to mental torture: afterwards—— In his convulsive throes he swept by Algenon, and the boy shuddered and sobbed: was he conscious that some blighting influence was close to him?

Oh that he could undo his work!—that he could undo his work! He had talked of “tasting the quiet of the grave.” There was no grave; the body he had cast off had the grave, not the spirit.

The space around was of awful immensity, beyond human comprehension; its colour a dull, gloomy lead. On its confines appeared a glimmering of shining light, telling of the realms he had lost, and of Him who made their brightness; and whenever his vision encountered that spot, a dreadful fear shattered him, such as we can only experience in a dream. The living God was there; the God whom he had rejected; and he knew that he must yet be brought before Him for judgment. But not yet; not, as it seemed, for ages; and, until then, he was doomed to whirl unceasingly about, his horrible remorse tearing at his heart-strings. But it appeared that some power was impelling him towards that bright spot now. He struggled to resist; to bear back; no! nearer and nearer it urged him. “It is not time,” he screamed; “it is not time!” And with a yell, as of madness, he—awoke.

He awoke. These horrors, which had visited Adam Grainger, were but a dream. When he had leaned his head back in his chair to feign sleep, hoping so to get rid of the presence of his wife, sleep had indeed mercifully overtaken him.

The large drops of agony stood upon his brow. He shook, as with an ague, from head to foot. He was still in uncertainty: was all *that* real, or had he indeed not lost Heaven? Mrs. Grainger, who had been watching him in his sleep, came forward.

“Margaret! Margaret!” he hoarsely gasped, “which is reality? Am I here by your side, a living man?”

“I don’t know what can have been the matter with you,” she answered. “You fell asleep just after drinking the brandy-and-water, and I think you must have had a troubled dream—a nightmare. You have been so much disturbed in it; and you awoke with a positive scream.”

He shook and shivered still, staring in affright. Not yet could he take in the mercy which had been vouchsafed him.

“Adam, look here. I took up your handkerchief to throw over your head, and there lay your razor. What did you bring it down for?”

“Margaret, that razor——” He looked at her, and stopped for utterance. The truth flashed on her mind, and she cried out with a wild cry, as she threw herself on her knees before him,

“Oh, Adam! what frightful project is this? We have borne much, we can bear more, we will bear all. I can, whilst you are left to me.”

He was now weeping tears of relieved agony, thankful for the dreadful vision which had saved him.

“You have destroyed my peace of mind,” she wailed. “With this fear hanging over me, I shall never know another moment’s rest.”

“I was about to destroy myself, Margaret; I avow it now. A God has saved me by a dream—nay, a vision. I thought I had done

and the horrors——” He stopped and shivered again. She clasped him tightly.

“Tell it me, Adam.”

“I cannot tell it you. No human words could convey an impression of its horrors. But it has saved my soul.”

“You will bear all in future, as you have done, without a thought of lifting your hand against yourself? You promise me?”

“Ay, Margaret; bear all and welcome all. No matter what it may be, it will be to me a heaven, after what I have escaped from. How long did I sleep?”

“Half an hour.”

“But half an hour!” he echoed. “All that dread horror in half an hour!”

“Adam,” she said, in a low voice, “this must have been a fearful dream.”

“Ay. Although it came from God.”

It was close upon ten, when there came a knock at the street door. Mrs. Grainger rose to open it. She came back, looking scared.

“Oh, Adam! the words I spoke in jest have come to pass. What-ever shall we do?”

“Words?” he repeated.

“The man has come for the brandy. It was brought here in a mistake. He says a family of the name of Grainger, friends of his master’s, have moved into a house to-day, lower down, and that’s where he ought to have taken the brandy. What shall we do?”

“Sit down, Margaret, and make your mind easy. I will speak to the man.”

“But how embarrassing for you?”

“My dear wife, nothing will ever appear embarrassing to me again. What I have gone through this night has rendered all things light to me here. I shall never more shrink from a fellow-creature.”

III.

SEVERAL years went by. On a sunny lawn, but seated under the shade of trees whose leaves cast a grateful shelter, was gathered a happy family group. A gentleman, his wife, and four children—merry-hearted, well-favoured children. It appeared they had just returned home from school for the Midsummer holidays, and were laughingly discussing their relative number of prizes.

“I consider that Walter has earned the most of you all,” observed the father. “Is it not so, Margaret?”

“Why, papa! He has only three, and I five.”

“Yes, Master Algernon, but remember you are six years older than he.”

“He is not half so much up in English and French, even for a junior, as I am in the classics,” returned Master Algernon, consequentially. “Look at Isabel’s, papa.”

“I have seen Isabel’s. She has done well. But what about Cary’s? Where are hers?”

“I think it may be as well for you not to inquire about Cary’s,” interposed mamma.

"Why, Cary? Do you mean to confess that you have earned none?"

"Oh, papa!—if they had given a prize for dancing, I should have gained that."

"She is always dancing," cried Isabel. "She cares for nothing else. Dancing and laughing."

"Well, well, they are appropriate to childhood. Care will come in time."

There now appeared two servants from the house, bearing refreshments, wine, fruit, cakes, &c., which they placed on the table before their master and mistress. It may be mentioned that the house, though not of extreme size, was compact and elegant, and appeared to be replete with every pleasant comfort. The garden was large, for the outskirts of London.

"Oh, what a nice treat!" exclaimed Caroline. "Is that to welcome us home from school?"

"Children, sit down and enjoy it," said their father. "This day is the anniversary of an eventful era in my life, and I would keep it as one of thanksgiving."

"What event was it?" asked the children.

"One by which I was in great peril."

"Peril of your life, papa?" inquired the eldest boy.

"Yes, Algernon, in peril of my life."

"And who saved you?"

"One that will save all who apply to Him."

"Ah, you mean God. Tell us about it, papa."

"It is not of a nature fitted for your years. You shall hear it when you are men and women."

"Did mamma know it?"

"Mamma did."

"And is it a year ago to-day?"

"It is several years ago."

"I know," cried the dancing Cary. "Papa was run over."

"No, Caroline, I was not run over. I think you stand most chance of encountering that calamity, if you fly about so heedlessly. You are dancing now."

"Papa, I expect it was during the time we were so poor. How very poor we were! *You* don't remember much about it," added Algernon, turning to his brother and sisters.

"I do," said Isabel.

"Ay, children, many's the morning I have got up, and did not know where to get you a bit of bread. Give me your hands, dear children, and listen to me. I am about to speak to you very seriously, and I must request you never to forget my words. You have spoken, Algernon, of the poverty we were in, but you cannot understand half its misery, half its embarrassment. It lasted so long that I rashly concluded I was forgotten by God: my heart, crushed with misery and wearied out, was almost broken, my spirit quite. I was tempted to abandon all, to—to"—here he placed his hands upon his temples—"to abandon you, my children, but a singular event showed me my error, and led me to better thoughts. I no longer imagined I *could not* bear any ill which might

be my lot, but resolved to *do so*, and I found that this resolution took away half its hardship. I recalled one of the Promises your mamma has often read to you, which I had chosen to forget—that, as our day is, so, if we will it, shall our strength be. From that time I no longer gave way to despair, but struggled on, doing my very best in reliant trust and hope. And—you see, my children, you know how we have been brought through—we have regained all we had lost, even former friends; content, plenty, and peace are ours, and those dark days are remembered but as a dream.”

That these words of Adam Grainger could be heard by all, who, like him, feel tempted to believe they are abandoned of Heaven! Oh! let the would-be suicide remember them to his comfort, and *stay his hand*. Though his spirit be faint and weary and his health shattered; though hope has flown far away, and he looks around him, and finds nowhere, under the four winds of heaven, to turn to for comfort or rest; and so despair has laid hold upon him, and he seizes, in his madness, the fatal weapon that will end his woes in this life; even at that last dread moment, LET HIM STAY HIS HAND: he knows not what an hour may bring forth, what God's compassion may have in store for him.

THE RENAISSANCE AT ALNWICK CASTLE.

THE present age is hardly less marked by its great utilitarian works of applied science and mechanical skill, than by a revived taste for architecture, and an outward homage, if not an advancing love, for art; and while legislators and Royal Commissioners of Fine Arts are still devising such adornments for their pile of profuse workmanship—the new palace at old regal Westminster—as may recal the splendour of the Plantagenets, the Duke of Northumberland is transforming the northern stronghold of his ancestors in the spirit in which Augustus transformed Rome, and is bringing to the adornment of Alnwick Castle such decorative arts of Italy as the martial Percys never knew.

Umbrian art is said to have been brought to England by the Romans, and to have once flourished in the territory that afterwards became the Anglo-Saxon kingdom of Northumbria; the arts again came from Italy to this remote region not long after its conversion to Christianity (or nearly twelve centuries ago), in the service of the Anglo-Saxon Church; and now Italy gives her Renaissance decoration to the chief edifice of Northumberland—a country where, perhaps, for twelve hundred years Italian artists have not been seen engaged on native works. As Leonardo da Vinci and subsequent great masters of Italy enriched the *château* of French kings with productions to which the development of native talent became attributable, so Italian artists of this day, at the instance of a great English nobleman, are adorning his castle with works which seem to revive the age of the tenth Leo before our eyes, and which, in

combination with the architectural works and restorations in progress there under the direction of Mr. Salvin (employing more than two hundred and fifty persons), can hardly fail to raise and keep alive a native school of art.

To those costly works an especial interest is given by their great prospective importance, their dignified character, and the historical celebrity of Alnwick Castle; and for these reasons, and because little is known about them save by a privileged few, we will endeavour to describe briefly what is now in progress on the remote yet not unsung eminences of the Aln. A recent discussion at the Institute of British Architects on the very debatable question of combining Italian decoration with an English castle of mediæval associations and aspect, has also directed much attention to the princely undertaking of the Duke of Northumberland.

Alnwick Castle—as doubtless our readers know—is situated in perhaps the finest part of the county, formerly commanding the great north-road, and within thirty miles of the Scottish border. It stands upon a plateau which slopes by steep declivities on the north side to the river Aln. Stretching from its walls for miles is a magnificent park, through which the Aln gently flows by wooded hills and green meadows—once the lands of Carmelites and of Austin canons—before its waters mirror Alnwick's castellated pride. The aspect and associations of these towers recal the days

When English lords and Scottish chiefs were foes;

and the name of Alnwick Castle is famous in Border story from the time of the Norman conquest. Often have its walls “delayed the baffled strength” of Scottish kings and all their hosts; often have its halls received the royal and the noble, the brave and the fair of English history. The visitor may at this day stand beneath an archway under which crusaders and the mightiest of our sovereigns passed, and which saw the gallant Hotspur whom Shakspeare celebrates, ride forth for his country and his king.

But even in Saxon days a stronghold of some kind existed here; and portions, besides the archway just referred to, remain of the Norman castle which was built by Ivo de Vesci, that bold companion of the Conqueror, who received with the Saxon heiress in marriage the lordly inheritance of Alnwick. At a later period—probably about five hundred years ago—when the castle and barony had come to the great family of Percy, the Norman fortress underwent considerable changes. The square Norman keep of the lords de Vesci yielded to a picturesque group of semicircular and angular towers, forming—as at Conway and Caernarvon—a central keep enclosing a large court-yard, and surrounded by an area defended by curtain-walls fortified at various distances, like those of the Tower of London, by square and circular towers, and entered only from a barbican or gateway on the west, which was defended by a drawbridge and all the stern appliances of that iron age. Each tower of the central keep seems to have had a distinct appropriation, and the whole of this Edwardian castle formed a fortress in which the lord might have held his own even if the outer towers should have fallen into the power of besiegers. The gate-tower and its barbican (by which entrance is given from the town) retain enough of their original character to form a very bold and striking feature. An outer gateway opens into a narrow passage

between two lofty walls, which was further defended by a portcullis and double gates. Within the ward or bailey to which the tower at the end of this passage gives access, some buildings stood which were removed in the latter half of the last century, so that a clear area extends round the central keep to the curtain-walls. This line of circumvallation resembles an isosceles triangle, the curtain-wall, in the centre of which the gate-tower rises, forming a base 416 feet in length, the walls on either side sweeping for the length of 680 feet to "the Record Tower," which forms what may be called the apex of the triangle at the eastern end. The area within the walls is divided into two wards by "the Middle-gate Tower," which connects the keep with the curtain-wall on the south side of the castle. The north side of the keep, from which there is a declivity towards the river, does not appear to have ever been encircled by the curtain-wall; and at the present day there is a modern embattled platform or terrace on that side, which commands an enchanting view over the park.

The seven round towers and original square Norman tower which were grouped together in the Edwardian keep, formed a polygon around an inner court, which is entered, as the inner court was in the days of Edward III., under the square Norman tower, and it is the inner face of this archway that is enriched with the noble Norman mouldings already referred to. A moat surrounded the keep; over it was of course a draw-bridge, and on either side of the square tower half-octagon towers were added by the second lord of the Percy line, when he executed the rest of the works of the Edwardian period. Below the porter's lodge in this tower is a deep dungeon-prison, with dome-shaped roof, into whose dreaded gloom prisoners were lowered through the floor—a grim feature which suggestively contrasts

— the antique age of bow and spear

And feudal rapine clothed in iron mail,

with our peaceful days, when none but friends can approach the noble lord of Alnwick Castle. Within the inner court is a draw-well in the thickness of the wall, the face of which, with its three pointed arches, still forms a picturesque feature. Several of the corner towers at the angles and on the curtain-walls form noble and commanding objects, and, with the ramparts and parapets that connect them, retain much of the mediæval character of which the keep itself has been deprived by the alterations made in the latter half of last century; and much of the curtain-wall is, moreover, of Norman work, consisting of parallel courses of small square stones. In some of these towers, warders, armourers, and other retainers of the castle anciently dwelt; others were used for stables and by domestics; while towers of the central keep were distinctly appropriated to the family, their guests, and chief officers. The well-known *Northumberland Household Book*, which in the reign of Henry the Seventh was ordained by Henry Algernon Percy, fifth Earl of Northumberland, for his Yorkshire castles, helps one to form an idea of the regulated splendour of the establishment which the lords of Alnwick here maintained when the castle was in its pride, which, however, it had ceased to be before the time of Henry VII.

Such was Alnwick Castle as completed shortly before the glorious age of William of Wykeham, by the second Henry de Percy of Alnwick, Earl of Northumberland, who is supposed to have added the stone figures which stood upon the battlements, and looked as if some former

garrison had been suddenly turned to stone, and fixed in their attitudes of defence. Nearly all the figures that now stand on the merlons were imitated from these sculptures — many of them uncouthly enough. These strange additions seem to have been placed on the battlements to break the horizontal lines of the castle, and give some variety of outline ; or, possibly, it was remembered that the multitude of stone figures before the temple of Delphi frightened the Gauls from attacking it, as they took the statues for gods ; yet the Scots and the Border robbers had little fear of gods of any kind, and must have soon found these stone warders very harmless. But to return to the Lords de Percy : it was the second lord, already mentioned, who defeated David of Scotland at the battle of Nevil's Cross. The great-grandson of the first Henry de Percy, of Alnwick, was created earl at the coronation of Richard II. His son was the gallant Hotspur of Shakspeare, who was slain at Shrewsbury, 21st of July, 1408 ; and his son succeeded to the grandfather's inheritance, and repaired the castle. He also fortified the town of Alnwick. Then came the Civil Wars, in which this nobleman fell, as did his son, who was slain at Towton Field ; and after these disastrous events came the losses and forfeitures which their successors underwent for their noble devotion to their faith. The castle became dilapidated ; but at length Thomas de Percy — who in 1557 was created Earl of Northumberland — executed considerable works of building and repair. It was this nobleman who suffered the death of a martyr at York, on the 22nd of August, 1572, under Queen Elizabeth. After the Civil Wars and the Great Rebellion, the castle fell into considerable decay. But in the time of Hugh, thirteenth Earl and first Duke of Northumberland, Adam, the well-known architect, executed very extensive works, which, while they saved Alnwick Castle from ruin, deplorably changed its aspect. During these works the moat round the keep was filled up, and the earth was piled high against the central towers and curtain-walls. The old chapel in the middle ward was removed, many domestic offices were erected, and within the keep itself such important changes were made, that its towers were almost entirely reconstructed. The isolated groups of chambers which they had hitherto contained were demolished, leaving little more than the shell of the walls on the outer side ; the inner walls were carried into the court, and a range of lofty, modernised reception-rooms, ornamented with plaster-work, of the " Strawberry-Hill Gothic " school, were formed on the first floor, to which a new staircase and entrance-hall gave access, but the drawing-room could be reached only through the saloon or the dining-room, and one room was traversed in order to gain access to another, or approached by a circuitous route ; while the kitchens were divided from the keep by the open archway under which company arrived, and there was no such facility of access to the bedchambers as to connect them with the other rooms of the castle. Then, externally, all the earlier character of the building was destroyed. The narrow apertures of former days were widened, and incongruous quatrefoils were inserted in an upper range. The style of these works of 1780 evinces a desire to achieve the decorative forms of mediæval art, but is of the true Georgian type, and so thoroughly bad in its character, architecturally, that it was found impossible to perpetuate such work. The transformations of that age, in short, deprived the castle of some of its most characteristic features ;

its feudal dignity was impaired, if not gone; its exterior had lost the imposing features and variety of outline characteristic of mediæval architecture, and had become tame and level; while, internally, it was sadly deficient in comfort, and none of its ancient grandeur remained.

The present duke, therefore, formed a very noble design. He determined to remodel the keep or central group of towers, so as to combine suitable apartments with the retention of its castellated features, and to build a new tower, for the purpose of accomplishing that object, and also of giving grandeur and due subordination of parts to the exterior aspect. We wish that we had seen the last of the pretentious adaptations of mediæval architecture to modern mansions, and that the attempts in the present century to restore existing mediæval castles in the style of their period had not been, for the most part, such miserable failures, from Windsor downwards; but the days have come when the restoration of a genuine mediæval castle is regarded as the preservation of an historical monument full of the noble thoughts and the skill of the artists of other days. At Alnwick Castle, it is, happily, no longer necessary to defend the borders or repel besiegers, and the princely hospitalities of the house of Percy need not be dispensed within a fortress; but the restoration of the castle, as far as practicable, to its original character, is with great good taste aimed at in the present works. Mr. Salvin's alterations have not caused the destruction of any ancient fabric, while the new tower he has built—appropriately called "The Prudhoe Tower"—is itself a feature which will give dignity and a culminating point to the grouping of the exterior, and restore to Alnwick Castle much of its original grandeur. Two towers were taken down: one to make room for the Prudhoe Tower, in which are the great staircase, vestibule, and library, and another to make room for a chapel and a staircase to the bedrooms; and by a corridor projected on arches and corbels, a separate access is given to the reception-rooms, while a covered drive below affords a suitable entrance. We could not make the structural arrangements intelligible without going into details which would be more fitted for an architectural society than for general readers, and we therefore pass at once to the decorative treatment of the new library, and the saloon, dining-room, and drawing-room, which are retained in their former position, but enlarged and improved in form.

The Duke of Northumberland determined to maintain the distinctive dignity inseparable from historic associations, and to adopt a lofty style of art, equally removed from the decorative caprices of the day, and the rigid, if not unrefined arrangements which anciently surrounded the lords of Alnwick in their castle. The question was, whether a mediæval style of decoration, in keeping with the external character of the castle, was to be adapted to the requirements of modern splendour, or whether that classical style of art, which is associated in Italy with the architecture of Bramante and the frescoes of Raffaele, was to be adopted in the decoration of these princely halls. On the one hand, very eminent authorities hold that the art of the reign of Edward III. is capable of being modified to modern requirements, the great principles of decoration being invariable; and a very grand opportunity for developing an English style and school of mediæval decoration was undoubtedly afforded by such great works. It was said (and very truly) that it does not follow from windows and ceilings being in mediæval style, that the walls are to be

hung with tapestry and the floors strewed with rushes. On the other hand, there was the absence of satisfactory specimens of revived mediæval decoration; there was the risk of failure; the adoption of the Renaissance style affected only the interior, and would not convert a mediæval fortress into an Italian palace; there was to be seen in Italy a system of decorative art prepared to the hand, full of dignity and beauty, and recommended by the sanction of three hundred years; and, accordingly, the noble duke and his accomplished consort visited the most famous palaces in Italy, built or decorated in the Renaissance style of art adopted by the great artists of the sixteenth century, and determined that the princely grandeur of the patrician residences of Rome should be the model for the interior decoration of Alnwick Castle. At Rome, his grace obtained the assistance of the Commendatore Canina—an artist and archaeologist distinguished for his enlightened investigation of ancient art, and his valuable publications, whose recent death is deplored no less in England than in Italy; and he availed himself of the graphic skill of Signor Montiroli and other artists, from whose drawings and specifications the ceilings, and portions of the walls, are being ornamented with carvings in wood of exquisite design and workmanship, refulgent in gilding and colour, and finished in the richest style of Italian art. The ceiling of the saloon (which is of rectangular and polygonal form, and occupies one of the circular towers) has been recently completed; and the fine relief and delicate design of the gilded carvings, and the richness and harmony of colours in the panels on which they are disposed, form a *tout ensemble* of unrivalled beauty. A painted frieze surrounds the room under the cornice; the walls are to be covered in yellow satin of Genoa tissue, the doors are to be in the same style as the ceiling, with the same colours, and rich carvings on the panels and mouldings. Decorations in similar style are designed for the drawing-room and the ceiling of the library; but the carved ceiling of the dining-room will be left of the natural tint of the wood, and on the carmine-red damask of the walls historical portraits of the line of Percy will be collected. This indication of the decorative works in progress at Alnwick Castle, imperfect as it must necessarily be, will, at all events, show the character of that exotic which is now being transplanted from the Tiber to be cherished on the Aln, and that they are works as far removed from the presumptuous abortions of ignorant wealth, as from that tradesmanly spirit of upholstery in decoration which has filled so many 'mansions with unartistic manufactures, that challenge admiration for what they seem to be, and not by what they are.

But more than this: the noble duke patriotically determined that these great decorative works should be executed upon the spot, and that native talent should be educated for the purpose. Artisans were accordingly collected; a school of art was formed; and it is gratifying to see that many of the carvers employed evince a feeling for art, and are not mere mechanical copyists. It is impossible to estimate too highly the important influences which such a school of native art so fostered may exert in England. In conclusion, we respectfully congratulate the Duke of Northumberland on what he is doing with so much taste and munificence to restore his castle—"the Windsor of the North"—to its proper position among the noble edifices of our country.

W. S. G.

NOTES ON NOTE-WORTHIES,
OF DIVERS ORDERS, EITHER SEX, AND EVERY AGE.

By SIR NATHANIEL.

... And make them men of note (do you note, man?)—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act III. Sc. 1.

D. Pedro. Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks,
Notes, notes, forsooth, and noting!

Much Ado About Nothing, Act II. Sc. 3.

And these to Notes are frittered quite away.—*Dunciad*, Book I.

Notes of exoeption, notes of admination,

Notes of assent, notes of interrogation.—*Amen Corner*, c. iii.

V.—SYLVAIN BAILLY.

BAILLY is well known amongst us by his Death, hardly at all in his Life and Works. A bad day's work it was that hurried him into political turmoil, to find *such* an end, in its wandering mazes lost. He was barely beginning to suspect as much when he wrote his Memoirs, which do not extend beyond the autumn of '89. Up to that time he had few occasions to mistrust his destiny; his was not the eye to see the end from the beginning. As for his own end,* with its attendant miseries, in that bloody whirlpool of

Distracting passions, maddening brawl,
And shame and terror over all,—

what eye, keenest of glance and divinest of ken, in all the length and breadth of France, could have foreseen *that*?

* That the price of "patriotism" is sometimes the price of blood is an old tale, and often told. The patriot Bailly paid that price, and was summoned to do so rather early in the list. One is reminded by his antecedents and their success (or what came of them), of certain lines by Robert Browning, in his last book of verses—lines headed *THE PATRIOT: An Old Story*—and not at all meant for Bailly, yet sufficiently applicable, in the spirit and moral of them, for present insertion, at least in part:

"It was roses, roses, all the way,
With myrtle mixed in my path like mad,"

(Here, even *in limine*, we are almost tempted to cancel our application to a distinguished Frenchman of what all Frenchmen would reject as utterly inapplicable—the use of any such monstrous phrase as "like mad," fit only for a Sir Peel at a very "free and easy" public lecture. But let us rush away "like mad" from that over-bold abstract simile, and continue without further break or drag, if possibly we can:)

"The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,
A year ago on this very day!

"The air broke into a mist with bells,
The old walls rocked with the crowds and cries.
Had I said, 'Good folks, mere noise repels—
But give me your sun from yonder skies!'
They had answered, 'And afterward, what else?'

"There is not a man in Paris," says Bailly in his Memoirs, complacently dwelling on his being one of those who have greatness thrust upon them, and who, *volentes volentes*, will they nill they, are exalted to the high places of the earth,—“there is not a man in Paris who can say that I directly or indirectly solicited his vote, or even that I have shown any desire for the places to which I have been appointed. I am a sure proof in my own person of the feasibility of attaining without intrigue to the highest honours. It is proper this should be said for the consolation of people of worth, and for the encouragement of youth to walk in the right way.” What sort of “consolation,” what degree of “encouragement” to honest worth and poverty depressed, does the next chapter in Bailly’s public life afford?

Talking with a friend one day, ere his “glory” had risen half-way up to its culminating point, “this eminent and good man,” as Alison* with justice calls him, thus expressed his personal feelings in regard to a career of fame: “Instead of rushing noisily along like an ephemeral torrent, my wish would be, if ever I come to be known, to enjoy such reputation as may be compared to a tranquil stream, always clear, always pure, shaded by the branches whose roots it nourishes: often useful, ever smiling, it is the charm and delight of the plains it waters. . . . At length it is lost. . . .” Ah, that *ensuite il se perd!* knowing as we do where and how Bailly’s life-stream was lost.

Bailly’s Memoirs, like so many others of his age and country, are deficient in interest from the absence of originality, and (so to speak) *propria persona* in the writer as a man and moving power; however valuable they may be as *mémoires pour servir* to Alison and Mignet. It is the presence of this original character, this living idiosyncrasy, which gives exceptional interest, therefore, to the Memoirs of Madame Roland. The same kind of interest, though far less in degree, has been attributed, on this principle, to the Memoirs of Madame Campan (for her portraiture of the Queen), and even to those of Louvet, who turns his misfortunes into a romance, and his personal hazards into dramatic scenes and situations, keeping alive the attention by the constant presence of a man, himself, upon the stage; while in the other Memoirs of the period, the man disappears behind the party. “Look,” says St. Marc Girardin, “at Bailly, Buzot, and ever so many others; they relate the struggles of the republic against the monarchy, of revolutionary dictatorship against

“Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun,
To give it my loving friends to keep.
Nought man could do, have I left undone,
And you see my harvest, what I reap
This very day, now a year is run.

“There’s nobody on the house-tops now—
Just a palsied few at the windows set—
For the best of the sight is, all allow,
At the Shambles’ Gate—or, better yet,
By the very scaffold’s foot, I trow.

“I go in the rain, and, more than needs,
A rope cuts both my wrists behind,
And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,
For they fling, whoever has a mind,
Stones at me for my year’s misdeeds.”

BROWNING’S *Men and Women*.

* History of Europe, ch. iv.

federalism ; but all these things are only the strife of opinions and ideas. What is wanted is men, passions. You talk of '89, I want to see Mirabeau; of '92, show me Danton; of '93, Marat and Robespierre."* The contrast is marked between such impersonal Memoirs and those of the sixteenth century—by Brantôme, L'Etoile, "a sort of cockney who jots down every night whatever he has seen during the day," Montluc, Sully, Mornay, &c., in whose journals men are ever on the scene to give relief and movement, while ideas seem effaced to afford room for passions. Impersonal, however, as in one sense the eighteenth century Memoirs may be, the writers can hardly be accused, or commended, as ignoring themselves, or as unwarrantably innocent of such a thing as self-consciousness.

Alison† says of Bailly's "History of Astronomy, Ancient and Modern," that it was "written in an elegant style," and was welcomed in Paris as coinciding with the irreligious principles then prevalent. Villemain‡ pronounces the style brilliant, animated, often affected, but with a *spirituelle* affectation. "It makes a beautifully methodical exposition," he says, "of general ideas, great systems, and mental progress. It depicts, more showily than accurately, the human authors or promoters of great discoveries. Above all, scientific zeal and enthusiasm in the cause of progress, are displayed on every page of the book, and sometimes shed over it a lively eloquence." As to Bailly's religious views,—he by no means belonged to the "philosophic" party, as an organised body with aggressive designs. He had once been hand-and-glove with D'Alembert; but when the latter found how much more plastic an agent he had in Condorcet, he, with characteristic coldness, threw over honest Sylvain Bailly, and took particular pains thenceforth to deride him and his pretensions—assailing him and Buffon in one breath, and with pretty equal hatred,—alluding to them, in one of his letters to Voltaire, as "certain charlatans who, unable to contribute a single clear and true idea to the mass of human knowledge, think to enrich it by their hollow conjectures," &c. Bailly's intimacy with Buffon was roughly broken, by his persisting in voting at an Academy election (1783) for his friend Sedaine, rather than for Buffon's nominee, the Abbé Maury. Buffon was in consternation at being refused, and abruptly cancelled an alliance of time and tastes,—for Bailly and he were of one mind in several physical, geological, and ethnological "crotchets," against which the philosophers were banded together,—taking French leave of his trusty ally with a waspish "Eh bien, Monsieur, nous ne nous verrons plus." Not Burke could have waved off Charles Fox more inexorably—though Burke could and did realise more feelingly than Buffon the poet's truth, that

To be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.

Bailly was in private a man of unpretending modest worth. He was fond of society, but could not be said to shine in it. Except with two or three familiar friends, he was usually considered too thoughtful and silent for social demands. He somewhere describes himself (but this with reference to public displays) as *sans facilité pour parler et timide à*

* St. Marc Girardin: *Mélanges d'Histoire politique*.

† History of Europe, ch. iv.

‡ Cours de Littérature française. Vingt et unième Leçon.

l'excess. With many a mercurial Frenchman he might have passed for a "sad-hearted Anglo-Saxon," credulous of the anti-Gallican saw, that speech is silvern, but silence golden. If silence is in some cases (*e.g.* that of Coleridge's apple-dumpling fellow-guest) the wisdom of fools, it is, says Sir Thomas Browne,* the honour of wise men, who have not the infirmity but the virtue of taciturnity, and speak not out of the abundance, but the well-weighed thoughts of their hearts. "Such silence may be eloquence, and speak thy worth above the power of words." But this is not at all French prose; nor is Fleckno's French poetry, when he breaks out with his

Still-born Silence! thou that art
Flood-gate of the deeper heart!
Offspring of a heavenly kind!
Frost o' the mouth, and thaw o' the mind!

There was little enough in Bailly's personal appearance to correspond to his *gentil* Christian name, smacking of the pastoral and woodlandish

—and everything [of that sort] that pretty is,—

Sylvain, to wit. Perhaps the name of Sylvain was given him by his father in fond remembrance of the stage pastorals in which the old gentleman had once indulged, and perhaps shone in his day. For Bailly *père* is described as having been both painter and dramatic author, man of wit and man about town, who wrote parodies, and composed comic operettas and trifles of all kinds for the Italian stage; so that in the mere course of nature (and art), many a *Sylvain*, it may be presumed, would be put in requisition, to play his part with Phillis, Galatée, and other Watteau-ish bucolics. Be the origin, however, of Sylvain Bailly's nomenclature what it may, there was nothing of the dainty pastoral in his outer man. He was tall and thin, with a long face, and tiny eyes, which he made tinier still by half-closing them, after the manner of short-sighted people, of whom he was amongst the very shortest-sighted. But to make up for the short-comings of this diminutive dual, he had an inordinate proportion of nose—what his friend MÉRARD de Saint Just describes as "*un nez d'une longueur presque démesurée*"—such as would better grace a comic mask at Carnival time than one of his father's Sylvains or Damons—such indeed as would suffice, if actually introduced on the scene, to

Hush the pretty warbling choir

of shepherds and shepherdesses aforesaid, and strike them dumb with wonderment at so gross a nasological transgression, it being doubtless obligatory on all of their vocation to have a nose moulded as near as might be after the pattern of "dame Fraunchise" in Chaucer's old romaunt, of whom we are told that

Hir nose was wrought at poynt devys,
For it was gentyl and tretys.†

Whereas our Sylvain's was the reverse of *gentyl*, and guilty of a longitudinal error too excessive to be tolerated on the mimic scene. Not that we are to suppose the culpable feature in M. Bailly's case, or face, was so objectionable as Mr. Godwin's nose appears to have been, to some spectators—for instance, Robert Southey, who writes to Joseph Cottle: "As for Godwin himself, he has large noble eyes [so far superior to our

* Christian Morals.

† Romaunt of the Rose.

Sylvain], and a *nose*—oh, most abominable nose! Language is not vituperative enough to describe the effect of its downward elongation :” and again, in a subsequent letter: “We dine with Mary Wollstonecroft* (now Godwin) to-morrow [1797]. Oh, he has a foul nose, and I never saw it without longing to cut it off.”†—But here is a digression which admits of no excuse, and for which, therefore, we can plead none. This comes of being personal. We lose our way by forgetting the homely direction “follow your nose,” and following instead another person’s.

To return. Bailly’s complexion was brown, and the expression of his face severe and (some would think) forbidding. His *tout ensemble*, in short, as his friend already quoted expresses it, “ne lui donnait pas une figure aimable.”‡ But the same authority assures us there was nothing austere or sombre in his aspect, nothing to belie what he actually possessed, a fund of wise and lasting enjoyment, the result of a refined reason and a tranquil conscience.

His benevolent disposition, as a practical philanthropist, was recognised in the highest quarters on the occasion of his drawing up a Report (in 1786) on the Hôtel-Dieu, and on the question of hospital reform. The queen, we are told, read this Report with marked emotion. She there traced out in detail a circumstantial *tableau* of the varieties of suffering humanity in the heart of the capital. With the Report in her hand, she could, if it (painfully) pleased her, study at leisure, on a rose-bank in Little Trianon, the straits and struggles of her bedridden subjects—how the sick folk lay two in a bed, four in a bed, nay six in a bed, at the hospitals in Paris.

Another Report from the same pen had previously excited considerable attention. In 1784, Bailly compiled a “Rapport” on Animal Magnetism or Mesmerism—wherein he spoke in the name of a Commission composed of Franklin, Lavoisier, and several leading members of the medical Faculty of Paris—and displayed his characteristic sagacity and moderation; proving, says M. Sainte Beuve, that from the moment he took up a question of actual and practical interest, hypotheses lost all hold upon his imagination: he neither denies certain extraordinary facts, nor changes himself with the explanation of them; but he repels and refutes that premature and interested explanation which there was nothing to justify in the eye of sound philosophy. These two Reports went far to extend the author’s repute. Madame, the wife of the Comte de Provence, wished to make him Secretary of her Cabinet. Pensioned by the Court, had in honour by Academies, consulted by ministers on topics of public interest, Bailly was in want of nothing that could satisfy the largest and most legitimate ambition of a respectable *savant*, when the Revolution of ’89 broke out. A little before that date he had (in 1787) provided for his domestic happiness by wedding a woman once possessed of great beauty, and still retaining something of it—a widow, and the intimate friend of his mother.§ He saw in her, a widow, and past the bloom of youth, what he had seen when, by his mother’s side, she was younger by many summers, in her own radiant spring. But 1787 was dangerously close to 1789. And Bailly the newly-married man was soon to exchange home joys for the National Assembly, and the Hôtel de Ville, and the Champ de Mars:

* *Sic in orig.*

† Méraud de Saint-Just.

‡ Southey’s Life and Correspondence. I. 306-7.

§ Sainte Beuve.

His fate is second to hardly any, among the victims of the Revolution they had hailed, in its dark and dreary character. Lingeringly dragged through the streets to the Champ de Mars, whither the guillotine had been transported, "for this occasion only," from the Place de la Concorde, that the bloodshed on that Campus Martius under Bailly's red flag might be now avenged by his own,—bare-headed, his hair cropped, his hands roughly corded behind his back, without screen or shelter from the cold rain that was falling, and snow mingled with the rain,—the mob so more than commonly brutal that the very executioners cried shame on them—some spitting in the ex-mayor's face, others dipping the red flag they had provided (bloody memento of that same Campus Martius) in the gutters, and whipping the drenched ensign across Bailly's eyes, others cheering such spirited performance from hour to hour (for the procession was a three hours' business) with all the manifestations peculiar to a "screaming farce"—their victim compelled to "describe the circle" of the Champ de Mars on foot, and ordered to lick its soil desecrated, or consecrated, *que voulez-vous ?* by insurrectionists' blood—the guillotine after all removed from this soil, as too holy a foundation, taken down bit by bit, and reconstructed by the river-side, on a dunghill collected from Lutetian sewers—the veteran made to carry some of the heaviest beams himself, urged on by thrusts and blows liberally and impartially administered, fainting under his burden, welcomed on "coming-to" again with a hurricane of laughter, and for another hour allowed to hold Death at arm's length, while the scaffold was re-erected, on its new inodorous site. Trembling with cold, he condescended to explain, with frost and snow to back him, that 'twas not from cowardice. Five hours' exposure of that kind might make an old man shake a little, and would hardly aggravate the dread of that swift minister, the axe, whose cruelty was tender mercy beside the doings of these men of steel. Few victims, says the most popular historian of these times, ever met with viler executioners, few executioners with so exalted a victim. His death, says Sainte Beuve, "reflects as much honour as shame on the human race." Lamartine had already expressed the same sentiment, in his own ampler style: "One blushed to be a man on beholding these people. One gloried in the title while contemplating this man." So much for Freedom in masquerade—both hands full—"in her right a civic wreath, in her left a human head," as that weird stranger in the Vision of Sin says; and with him we "think we know the hue of that cap upon her brows."

Let her go! her thirst she slakes
Where the bloody conduit runs:
Then her sweetest meal she makes
On the first-born of her sons.*

There are those who cast doubts on the details connected with Bailly's death-march. Mr. Croker,† for instance, wishes the anecdote about the trembling with cold "could be well authenticated," but puts the query, in such a tumult who could hear? and of such a mob who would repeat an expression of this nature? Sainte Beuve, in his monograph on Sylvain Bailly, dismisses scepticism with a taunt: "Il y a des gens qui lui disputent ce mot ['C'est de froid']. On dirait qu'ils ont intérêt vraiment à ce qu'il y ait un mot touchant et sublime de moins dans le monde."‡

* Tennyson.

† *Quarterly Review*, xxvi. 239.‡ *Causeries du Lundi*, t. x.

THE DANUBIAN PRINCIPALITIES.

It is very gratifying to find that those clouds which threatened Europe with a portentous crop of thunderbolts and shells have been dissipated by the practical common sense of the plenipotentiaries at the second congress. Bolgrad and the Isle of Serpents are no longer stereotyped words in our papers; and, in fact, all those questions which pessimists regarded as perilous to the security of Europe have been dissipated by the enchanter's wand. It is evident that the nations are fully impressed with the blessings of peace, and are striving their utmost to return to the paths of conciliation and amity. The Greek question has been settled without reference to a congress: the Montenegrin is in a fair way of adjustment: and even the Neufchâtel business, which promised a most fertile crop of laurels for one side or the other, has been shelved by the united good sense and humour of European nations. It is most gratifying to find such a temper existing, for it is one of the best guarantees of peace we could demand; and we fancy that the burst of mingled derision and sorrow with which King Clicquot's fiery appeal to his co-sovereigns was received, was the swan's song of those judgments by the sword which disgraced the last century, and have hardly been justified in our own.

With such flattering prospects for the maintenance of peace in Europe, we may approach the subject of the Danubian Principalities with an easy mind; for, although an apparent coldness may exist at the present time between Austria and France on this subject, we feel sure that it is not one which can cause an embroglio in Europe. As the matter stands at present, the Great Powers are arrayed against each other: England and Austria desire that the Principalities should remain separated, under the reasonable supposition that the internal weakness of such a united kingdom would form but a poor bulwark against Russian aggression in Turkey: while, on the other hand, France and Russia—and we suppose Prussia must be added, although no formal adhesion has been given by that power—prefer the amalgamation of the Principalities for reasons best known to themselves. The arguments on either side are founded on such good grounds, that we shall not attempt to decide when such learned pundits disagree: we will, therefore, merely confine ourselves to an examination of M. Ubicini's new volume, which may fairly be regarded as supplementary to his celebrated work on Turkey.*

Roumania has been for ages the battle-ground of the eastern nations of Europe. Among the ancients it was known by the generic name of Dacia. At the present time it is divided between Turkey, Russia, and Austria, but is inhabited by a compact and homogeneous population, whose features, languages, monuments, customs, and even name, denote a Latin origin. In fact, the name of Wallachs, given by geographers to the inhabitants of this country, does not exist in their national idiom. They call themselves Roumans (Roumoun) in remem-

* L'Univers : Provinces Danubiennes et Roumaines, Valachie, Moldavie, &c. Par M. Ubicini. Paris : Firmin Didot, frères.

brance of their ancestors, whom Trajan brought from Italy and other parts of the empire to repopulate Dacia, after the dispersion of the native race, and gave their country the name of the Roman Land (*Țara Romanesca*). The learned men called it Roumania. The name of Wallachs is borrowed from the Sclavic idiom, which by a process of assimilation common enough among these peoples, translated the word Roman (*ρῶμαῖος*, strong, or powerful), by *Vlak*, or *Vloky*, signifying the same thing in their language, just as they transformed theology into *begoslovie* (discourse on God), geography into *zembliopissania* (description of the earth), Lætitia or Euphrosyne into *Rada* (joy), and Theodore into *Bogdan* (present of God), &c. The Bulgarians, who were the first to arrive from the banks of the Volga, at that portion of the country some called Bulgaria, gave this title to the Roman farmers and shepherds with whom they came in contact. The same title, adopted by all the Sclavonic races, Russians, Poles, Croats, Bohemians, &c., who applied it indifferently to the old Romans and the modern Latin tribes, became the origin of the name of Vlachs or Wallachs, which has since been restricted to the most considerable portion of the inhabitants of Wallachia. But, if Roumania is uniform in language, religion, manners, and geography, it is politically divided into three portions, to only one of which we shall refer in our present paper—namely, Turkish Roumania, better known as the Danubian Principalities.

The total amount of land known as Moldo-Wallachia, comprising the isles of the Danube, is estimated at 5727 square leagues, of which 3820 belong to Wallachia, and 1907 to Moldavia. Wallachia is divided into two parts, which are separated by the course of the Olto: Great Wallachia to the east, Little Wallachia to the west. In the same way Moldavia is divided into the high and low country. The Moldavian territory extends within about 70 deg. of longitude and 35 deg. of latitude. The frontiers of Russia and Austria, on either side, run along the greater portion of its circumference, the Wallachian frontier occupying about thirty leagues. The Danubian frontier, on the side of Turkey, does not exceed four leagues. The climate of Moldo-Wallachia comprises the most opposite extremes. In winter you find the cold of Moscow, in summer the heat of Greece. Properly speaking, there are only two seasons, rapidly following each other. The winter lasts about five months, from November to the end of April. During the four first months the country is almost entirely covered with snow, and sledges are in general use. There are, however, few countries in Europe so well favoured by nature. After leaving the vast and fertile plains to which the Danube serves as a girdle, you enter on the Carpathian side—magnificent pasturages, forests admirably adapted for constructing purposes, and mountains of pure rock-salt, which have never yet been worked. The general scenery is of the most charming character. In this country, plains, woodlands, and forests are collected to form one enchanting landscape. All the productions of Europe may be found there: the olive and the orange are the only European trees which are not favoured by the soil and climate. The numerous vineyards supply an excellent sort of wine, which only requires care to become a worthy rival of the best French sorts. There are no sterile tracts of country to be found. The rivers bring down nuggets of gold torn from the sides of the mountains. These same mountains

contain, at the same time, unexplored mines of quicksilver, iron, copper, bitumen, sulphur, coal, &c. Wax, honey, tobacco, butter, cheese, leather, silk, cattle, game, &c. &c., add to the natural abundance of these countries. All descriptions of cereals abound there, and there is no need of artificial means to increase their productiveness. Corn, for instance, yields a crop of sixteen to twenty-five fold; barley, thirty; Indian corn, three hundred. You find in this country entire forests of fruit-trees, such as pears, apricots, and cherries. The greater portion of the mountains resembles the finest of our market-gardens in the variety and richness of the crops.

In the Principalities there are about 3,700,000 hectares cultivated, whose annual produce is estimated at 3500*l*. This is about one twenty-fourth the value of land in England. The greater proportion of the crops is in cereals. It has been estimated during the last few years at—

Corn	4,500,000	hectolitres
Maize	6,000,000	"
Barley, &c.	1,700,000	"

To this amount we must add 800,000 hectolitres of potatoes. The latter article of produce has been introduced only very recently into Moldavia, and is almost unknown in Wallachia. Out of this amount, the Principalities export annually nearly 4,000,000 hectolitres of grain, representing an approximative value of 1,250,000*l*. The other branches of export probably amount to two and a half millions, chiefly in the shape of cattle, horses, sheep, skins, wine, &c. The imports exceed two millions, one-third of which may be referred to Moldavia, and two-thirds to Wallachia. In 1832 the two Principalities contained a population of 3,299,362—as:

Wallachia.	2,032,362	souls
Moldavia.	1,267,000	"

In 1838 the Wallachian government ordered a fresh census, which furnished 418,000 families, which, at five persons a family, would produce a total of 2,065,000 inhabitants. But this census only took into account the tax-paying classes, omitting all those who were free, such as the boyards, the religious orders, serfs belonging to private persons, whose number could not be estimated at less than 170,000; so that the population at that period must have amounted to 2,235,000 souls. In the same year, Moldavia had 1,419,000 inhabitants, which gives about 3,660,000 for the united Principalities. At the present day this population, owing to the gradual increase since 1839, may be estimated at four millions, of whom 2,500,000 are Wallachian, and 1,500,000 Moldavian. The population of the Principalities is ethnographically divided into two great classes, the Rouman, or native race, and the immigrant races. The first, which originated with a mixture of the ancient Dacians, and the numerous Roman colonists whom Trajan settled in this country, form about nine-tenths of the whole population. The Roumans, who are tall, stout, handsome, and intelligent, with their quaint costume, which we might fancy was borrowed from Trajan's column, remind us irresistibly of the haughty warriors from whom they are descended. But the manly expression which distinguished them is exchanged, in the modern Dacian, for an air of sorrow and resignation, the results of the long career of suffering they have endured. According to Lavallée's "*History of the Ottoman*

Empire." "few countries, few nations, have been more maltreated, trodden under foot, and tortured. Their history is only one long martyrdom; and when we read the monstrous list of devastation and massacre, we feel astonished at finding any persons existing there, or any portion of the land cultivated." The other nations, which have gradually furnished their quota to the population of Moldo-Wallachia, are very numerous; but in the present sketch our purpose will be served by a mention of the more important elements.

The Greeks did not enter the Principalities for commercial purposes until the fifteenth century; eventually, the nomination of the Fanariotes to the dignity of hospodars attracted a great number from Constantinople and other parts of Turkey, who established themselves in the country, and formed alliances with the natives, among whom they were very speedily merged. As early as the seventh century, and even before their conversion to Christianity, the Bulgarians sent colonists into Dacia. At a later period, the wars between Russia and the Porte, and especially those that terminated in the treaties of Jassy and Adrianople, caused the emigration of a great number of families from Bulgaria into Moldo-Wallachia, while, at the same time, many Wallachian colonists, wearied of the cruelty and injustice of their rulers, sought shelter in the Ottoman territory. The Bulgarians established in the Principalities live by agriculture and sheep breeding. About the eleventh century the Persian invasion caused a great number of Armenians to fly to Poland and Moldavia. At a later period still larger emigrations took place. The Levant trade induced others to come up from Constantinople and settle here. The latter, who are settled in Lower Wallachia and Moldavia, only converse in Turkish, while the co-religionists, settled in the up-country, have preserved their native idiom.

The Jews met with in the Principalities have come either from Poland or Spain. The latter are a portion of those who emigrated and settled in Turkey when the cruelty of Ferdinand and Isabella expelled them from Spain and Portugal. The former, who swarm in Moldavia, and form one-third of the population of Jassy, came from Russia and Austrian Poland, flying from the recruiting nuisance. They speak a sort of broken German, mixed with some Russian and Polish.

The gipsies are supposed to have made their first appearance in the Principalities in the year 1417; and from the earliest period they have been kept in a servile condition. They formerly were divided into the Tsigans of the state, the monasteries, and of private persons, but in 1844, the government having enfranchised the two first classes, they were entered in the list of labourers, and compelled to pay taxes.

Regarded with reference to their occupation and mode of life, the Tsigans may be divided into three classes: 1. The *Lajaches*, a nomadic race, forming guilds, and engaged in various trades, such as the manufacture of speons and wooden implements, bear leaders, grooms, smiths, &c.; 2. The *Vatraches*, who are sedentary, cultivators of the soil, and domestic servants; 3. The *Notosi*, pagans, half savage and half naked, always wandering, living by plunder, or serving on board the barges, &c.

The two Principalities contain about 250,000 Tsigans—150,000 in Wallachia, 100,000 in Moldavia. The proportion the enfranchised bear to the serfs may be estimated at about two-fifths.

One of the worst features of the governmental system of the Principalities is the exemption from taxation accorded to the nobility and their immediate followers. How glaring this evil is will be seen at once, that they are estimated at 680,000 in the two Principalities, or more than a sixth of the entire population. At the same time, the nobility who enjoy these privileges have no claim to them from birth, for the old families have quite died out, while their place has been usurped by the Fanariotes and other Greek adventurers. In Wallachia, for instance, out of twenty great boyard families, there are only nineteen who date back more than twenty years. In Moldavia you can hardly meet with one family in ten going farther back than John Stourdza, whose family bears date 1828.

The Principalities enjoy an independent internal legislation and administration, known by the name of the "Organic Regulation," and promulgated in 1831 in accordance with a separate act of the treaty of Ackerman. Each principality is governed by a prince, or a hospodar, elected for life by the extraordinary general assembly. In case of death, abdication, or deposition, the ministers of home affairs and of justice, and the president of the supreme divan (in Moldavia), form, under the name of Caimacamate, a provisional administration until a new election has been made. The hospodar has an annual civil list of 24,000*l.*, and has the right to choose his ministers, who are five in number. The chief command of the forces is entrusted to a general, or *spathar*, who forms one of the council of ministers, or grand administrative council. We may mention here that the Princes Ghika and Stirbey, when they left the Principalities in 1853, handed over the authority to this council. There is also a second council, known as the ordinary council of administration.

The general extraordinary council, to which the election of the prince is entrusted, is composed in Wallachia: 1. of the metropolitan of Bucharest and the Bishops of Bouzés, Rimnik, and Argis; 2. of 50 Boyards of the first class; 3. of 73 Boyards of the second class; 4. of the noble deputies of the districts, in a proportion of 2 to each district; 5. of 27 deputies of corporations: forming a total of 190 members. The general extraordinary assembly in Moldavia is composed of 132 members, chosen in the same manner. The general ordinary assembly deliberates on all government propositions, and controls the expenses of the state. In Wallachia, it is composed of 44 members; in Moldavia, of 35.

The judicial administration of the Principalities is composed of 2 supreme judicial divans, sitting at Bucharest and Jassy; 3 divans of appeal (2 in Wallachia and 1 in Moldavia); 31 tribunals of the first instance (18 in Wallachia, and 13 in Moldavia), sitting at the chief town of each district; and 3 tribunals of commerce. There is also in each village a species of jury, whose functions resemble those of our magistrates; it is composed of three villagers, chosen annually by the commune, and who meet every Sunday, after church, in the house and under the presidency of the papas.

As regards religion, the Roumans in the Principalities profess the Eastern Greek faith. Each of the two provinces is under a metropolitan, depending on the patriarch at Constantinople. This supremacy, however, is only nominal, and is confined to a present, which the metro-

politans send to the patriarch upon their installation. An ecclesiastical tribunal, which meets under their direction, decides disputes between husbands and wives, and regulates the law of divorce. The clergy are divided into two orders: the calogers, or monks of St. Basil, who are forced to celibacy, and the secular priests, who are allowed to marry before taking holy orders. The former alone can attain high rank in the Church, and are subdivided into—

1. The metropolitan archbishop and the diocesan bishops.
2. The *archimandrites*, who preside over the monasteries, and are either Greeks or natives, with the capacity of priors.
3. The *ieromonastici*, or monks consecrated priests, who are empowered to read mass and administer the sacrament.
4. The simple brothers.

The secular priests, under the name of *papas*, are entrusted with the ordinary parochial duties, and, like the calogers, are exempt from taxation.

There are about 80,000 Catholics in the Principalities, who have 73 churches. All other religions are tolerated in Moldo-Wallachia, with the exception of the Mussulman, for, according to the terms of the capitulation, Turks can neither reside in the country, nor establish mosques for the purposes of their religion.

The military forces of the Principalities, composed of the guard of honour of the hospodars, the quarantine force, the customs officers, and the internal police, comprise the regular army, or the militia, and the frontier guard. The Wallachian regular army is composed of 2 regiments of infantry, 3 squadrons of cavalry, 2 light artillery batteries, and a company of sappers, forming an effective strength of 6000 men. Recruiting only falls on the tax-paying peasants; for the boyards, merchants, artisans, gipsies, Jews, and servants are exempted from service. Two men are drawn from every hundred families. Every individual in the service exempts his family from taxation during the period of his service. He obtains a life exemption if he serves three terms, or eighteen years.

The gendarmerie (*trabants* or *dorobantz*) was established in 1832 for the service of the administration, and divided for that purpose into corporals' squads, each of ten men. Three of these squads are attached to each prefecture, and one to each sub-prefecture. The whole corps is formed into 17 companies, forming 2 regiments, each commanded by a colonel. They are compelled to find their own horses, arms, and equipments, but their houses are exempted from capitation and recruiting.

The frontier guard (*cordonas*) was established in 1834. The duties of the villages to which the guard of one of the pickets is entrusted, are, to have always at the spot allotted to them four armed men and two boatmen, and to keep the boats and barracks required for their use in a proper state of efficiency. In return, they are exempted from recruiting and the gendarmerie. This corps is also formed into 2 regiments of 20 companies; 8 being stationed on the Austrian frontier, and 12 on the line of the Danube. Our readers can imagine few more ludicrous sights than is displayed at one of these picket-houses when the steamer bearing the Austrian flag goes past, and the guard turns out to salute it: it is very probable that some of the men may be bathing at the time; but, no

matter, the corporal is inexorable, they must present arms. In truth, these Wallachian militia are not remarkable for regularity of dress; winter or summer, they are generally wrapped in a dingy *bunda*, and as long as they have a musket in their hands, that fact appears quite sufficient to convert them into warriors. Wherever we have had an opportunity to form their acquaintance, they irresistibly reminded us of Falstaff's ragged regiment; but, after all, they are rather better than the Turks.

We may arrive at the following result from the data furnished above. In Wallachia, there are :

Regular army	6,000 men
Trabants	4,800 "
Frontier guards	6,644 "
	<hr/>
	17,444 "

In Moldavia :

Regular army	3,540 men
Trabants	1,800 "
Frontier guards	5,000 "
	<hr/>
	10,340 "

which gives a general total for the two Principalities of 27,784 men.

The Principalities have two descriptions of revenue, direct and indirect. The expenses are formed of the tribute to the Porte, fixed at 2 millions of Turkish piastres (18,500*l.*) for Wallachia, and 1 million for Moldavia; the civil list of the hospodars, amounting to one-ninth of the whole revenue; the salaries of officials, &c.

The commerce of the Principalities is in a most satisfactory condition, for it has doubled during the last fifteen years, in spite of the constant obstacles offered by Russia. Of these, the worst is the silting of the Sulina mouth, partly by the accidental effect of time, partly by the systematic negligence of the Russian government, which zealously tried to intercept the navigation and force trade to Odessa. During the whole period that the delta formed by the mouths of the river was in the hands of the Turks, there were always sixteen feet of water over the bar. But since Russia, by the terms of the treaty of Adrianople, gained possession of this territory, the depth has been reduced to eleven feet, and the passage has been rendered so narrow, in consequence of the number of wrecks which have been left there, that ships are frequently obliged to discharge a part of their cargo before crossing the bar, and take it on board again afterwards. In 1837, the imports and exports at Galatz did not exceed in value 300,000*l.*; in 1852, they amounted to nearly a million. But the greatest improvement has taken place in the trade with England: in 1846, England exported to the Principalities merchandise of the value of 200,000*l.*, while, in 1851, they exceeded 300,000*l.*

The history of the Principalities is the next point which M. Ubicini refers to, and it is extremely interesting: so much so, that we regret the inexorable necessity of passing it over through the want of space. In turning over the pages, we find here and there some choice gems; we meet, for instance, with such interesting names as Vlad the Impaler, who, we may be sure, acted fully up to his name—thus, being once troubled with the number of beggars who infested his country, he invited them to

a festival, and, at the height of the fun, burnt them alive. Some Tartars came to ask mercy for one of their tribe, accused of theft: he ordered them to perform the execution themselves, and on their refusal, he caused the culprit to be boiled, and forced them to devour him. Then, again, when he took any Turks prisoners, his favourite practice was to skin their feet, and after rubbing salt into them, have it licked off by goats. Still, he was highly impartial in his barbarity, for when he was walking with a boyard on a hot summer's day among the reeking corpses of his victims, and the latter felt choked by the stench, "What!" said the tyrant, "you do not like the smell?" "I cannot say I do!" was the reply. Vlad, to take the offensive smell out of his nostrils, had him impaled upon a very lofty pole.

As may be supposed, the Principalities were the battle-field of all the turbulent Orientals who felt a desire to have a little of their hot blood let. Hungarians, Germans, Turks, all joined in one opinion, however much they might disagree on others, that the Principalities offered a fine field for plunder, which it would be criminal for them to neglect working. But, turning from these scenes of butchering and blood, and passing over the sickening period when the Moldo-Wallachians were engaged in cutting each other's throats, we will proceed to a new era in their history, commencing with the rule of the Fanariotes.

There is in Constantinople a quarter called that of the Fanar or Fanal, situated along the Golden Horn, near a gate called, even during the reign of the Latin emperors, *Pili tou Phanariou*. This quarter is still almost exclusively inhabited by Greeks. About the middle of the seventeenth century it contained some twenty families, forming a species of aristocracy, distinguished from the rest of the nation by their skill and riches, but of a rather doubtful origin, half European, half Asiatic, composed originally of fragments of the notable families who provided the lay clergy at Constantinople, but mingled afterwards with Italian blood, as is seen by the names of Giuliani, Mourousi, and Rosetti figuring by the side of the Mavrocordatos, Callimachis, and Hyspiliantis. Some of these families affected, it is true, a still more illustrious origin, and in virtue of their names, Cantacuzene and Palæologus, bore themselves like true descendants of the imperial houses of Constantinople and Trebizond, dispersed but not destroyed by the conquest.

These nobles have received from history the name of Fanariotes, from the name of the quarter they inhabited. Although fallen from their high estate, they maintained great authority over the rest of the nation. They managed its spiritual and temporal affairs, and the members of the synod, as well as the principal members of the secular clergy, were drawn from among them. But beyond this privilege Fanariotes possessed no authority, and only appeared anxious to sink into forgetfulness when an unexpected event suddenly brought them forward and gave them a political power in the state.

The relations of Turkey with the Western courts became daily more important, and yet the Turks, either through indolence or prejudice, continued to disdain the study of European languages, just as they refused to accredit to foreign courts. They employed, in their communication with Franks, Jews or renegades, generally Italians or Poles, who performed the duties of interpreters and translators. At a later date, the Porte found it advantageous to employ its own subjects in lieu of having

recourse to strangers, and it employed the Greeks, whose crafty mind was admirably adapted for employment of this nature. Still their functions, which they possessed the art of rendering lucrative, were not at the outset endowed with any consideration. They were simply styled writers, or *grammatiki*. They remained in the ante-room preceding the divan, *pêle-mêle* with the other servants, and awaiting a summons to read or translate some document. The favour they enjoyed was quite personal, and depended entirely on their skill, or the caprice of the minister to whom they were specially attached. Among the persons holding positions of this nature during the reign of Muhammad IV., at the time of the siege of Candia, was a certain Chian Greek, one of those islanders whom the Turks insulted by calling *tauchans*, or hares. His name was Panafoti, and, though a native of Chio, he was believed to be descended from an old family at Trebizond. He was a very clever man, and the Greeks had given him the name of the Green Horse, from the old proverb, that it is as difficult to find a green horse in Chio as a wise man. The Turks took him for a magician, and pronounced his name with a certain degree of terror. He was appointed the first grand dragoman, and received a salary amounting to more than 30,000*l.* a year. On his death, he was succeeded by Alexander Mavrocordato, and the importance of the Greeks in the Turkish government became so excessive, that they were appointed hospodars of the Principalities. No feeling of love for country inspired them. They had to pay a heavy sum for installation, and their only object was to recover it from the unfortunate country. The Porte, naturally finding this a capital method of raising money, soon hit on the plan of deposing the hospodars in favour of gentlemen with longer purses, and thus the unfortunate countries were squeezed quite dry. This is generally supposed to have been the first mark of civilisation among the Turks, and rendered them worthy of being enrolled in the European family. At any rate, the Porte has kept up the same system to the present day, and it is one of the great grievances of which the Moldo-Wallachians complain. Hence it is evident that any proposed reform in the Principalities will have to grapple with this difficulty; and it cannot be supposed that the Turks, who have such an intense reverence for money, will be induced to give up so easy a means of drawing revenue, unless a powerful argument be employed by the allies.

The character of the Moldo-Wallachians suggests long ages of misery and brutality. They display a degree of apathy, according to Wilkinson, which a free Briton can scarcely realise. With them resignation has destroyed energy. In seeing themselves so constantly oppressed, they have been forced to believe that misfortune is their destiny, and hence they never make any attempts to rise. Victims to the foreigners who invaded their territory—victims to the boyards who appropriated the fruits of their labours, they hate both equally; but this hatred does not go so far as to cover the country with armed bands of guerillas, or where oppression had reached its utmost limits, to burn down the castles of their lords. But if they have lost that martial impulse which formerly characterised the race—if the love of country has assumed the place of that for war—they have not yet given up any of those qualities which form good soldiers and trustworthy armies—sobriety, discipline, and courage.

We regret that space will not permit us to make many other interest-

ing excerpts from M. Ubicini's book, which we can confidently recommend to the careful consideration of all those who desire information relative to the Principalities. We are bound, however, to give our readers some appreciation of the result we have arrived at from a serious perusal of this work; and it may, fortunately, be summed up in a very few words. Any attempt to prop up the iniquitous system of government now obtaining in the Principalities, would be merely to perpetuate injustice; and were the Principalities united, such a step would be of no service, unless a powerful protectorate were appointed at the same time. It may be urged that, as a general rule, protectorates have not been successful; but in this instance one broad rule can be safely followed—it is of vital consequence to the Principalities that both Turkish and Russian predominance should be put down. To the former a very effectual check has been applied; and it strikes us that no great difficulty would be found in ending the Turkish system of extortion so prevalent in the Principalities. There is no finer country in the world than the Principalities generally for agricultural purposes; the soil is rich and virgin; and it might be converted into the granary of nations at a very small outlay. But for this a large immigration of skilled labour is required, and this will not be procured until there is some guarantee of good government. We know an instance of an English gentleman who settled in Bulgaria, and procured his land at an absurdly cheap rate; but what was the consequence? He expended his capital in getting land into good working order, and at the end of three years he experienced a Turkish *avaniâh*, and had a regiment of Turks quartered on him until he agreed to pay sixfold his original rent. There was, of course, an appeal from the delinquent pacha to the Porte, but that was of slight avail: the land was worth the sum demanded, and so it was paid under protest. Still, as none of us like losing the reward of our industry, or even running a risk of that nature, it cannot be expected that the Principalities will be colonized by English money and enterprise until there is a certainty of a fair return for both.

And this matter could be very easily settled. Whether the Principalities be united or not, is of very slight importance, compared with the fact of a magnificent country being allowed to lie fallow. The assurance of security once afforded by the allies, English capital would be sent in, as it is always, when a profitable market can be found. As for any considerations of Turkish interests, they can no longer be regarded after the experience we have had of the Mussulmans; for we know now that ingratitude is all we have to expect from them. But when a Christian nation is suffering from the worst government which a narrow-minded Muhammadan could devise for his own interest, we think that England should interfere in behalf of the unfortunate Principalities. And even if the Manchester gentlemen might fancy it improper for government to interpose in matters where humanity is merely concerned, still they can console themselves with the reflection that a development of agriculture in the Principalities must infallibly tend to a reduction in the price of bread, which would at the same time allow a reduction of factory wages. Only let these gentlemen think of the profit they have derived from the fallacy of 1847, and we feel sure they could not venture to vote against any independent member who proposed the active interference of England in the matter of the Principalities.

INFORMATION RELATIVE TO MR. JOSHUA TUBBS AND CERTAIN MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY.

CAREFULLY COMPILED FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

By E. P. ROWSELL.

XVII.

BARCLAY VANRUEN.

IMAGINE yourself heavy in the head through drinking, and weak in the legs through fatigue—partly blind through a black eye—pale and thin through gradual starvation. Carry your fancy further. See your garments in the last degree seedy and soiled (your hat, especially, broken and battered), and observe that you are soaked with the rain which is coming down in torrents. Presenting this cheerful aspect, and under these exhilarating circumstances, mark yourself slowly journeying along the Strand.

Journeying! Stumbling, rolling, pitching, shoving and being shoved—pitied by a few, cursed by some, and utterly left to your fate by all—a miserable outcast, a wretched blot, a foul thing of which the earth were well rid, and which ought to sink into some dark place by the river-side, and shut its eyes for ever upon this pure and happy existence.

You will now be able, reader, if you have complied with my somewhat unpleasant suggestions, to get a glimpse of Barclay VanRuen as he appeared one December evening several years ago.

He was coming into the City from Charing-cross, and had been two hours on the road already. In reply to the inquiries of sundry policemen, he had intimated that he had an appointment of great importance with a legal firm eastward, but such statement had not been implicitly believed. Notwithstanding the pouring rain, Mr. VanRuen had stood some time opposite to Somerset House, admiring its architecture, and had subsequently read every word of the different playbills which had come before him in his route. Once, after lengthened meditation, he opened the door of a public-house, and appeared about to speak; but having felt in his pockets, his resolution seemed to change, for, with a sigh, he slowly turned and withdrew.

An idea apparently stole by degrees into the mind of Barclay VanRuen that he was in evil plight—that he was drunk—that he was wet through—that he was shivering with cold. He moaned dismally, and, staggering into a by-street, he sat down on a step to consider the position of affairs.

A pious man passed that way, and kindly handed him a tract on the subject of intemperance, accompanying his gift with many affecting observations.

A parish officer passed that way, and fearing that the man was in a dying condition, and that the parish might be put to the expense of his burial, offered to convey him in a cab to some broader and easier doorstep in the City, where he could end his days more comfortably; but the suggestion was declined.

A policeman desired him "to move on," and spoke concerning the station-house.

Finally, the tenant of the house, on the step of which VanRuen was reclining, ran briskly out, and kicked him into the road.

Verily do we, in love and charity among ourselves, take away from him that hath little even that which he hath. So the door-step was now denied to Barclay VanRuen.

Rousing himself from the insensibility which for the moment crept over him after he had experienced the humane treatment just recorded, VanRuen shuffled out of the street, and was again in the busy Strand. Which way was he going now? He began to be oblivious of the object with which he had set out. He forgot the goal he had desired to reach. Yet he stumbled on, not shoving now, but being perpetually shoved, thrust aside, turned into the road by foot-passengers, bawled at and threatened by coachmen, jeered at and despised—yes, he still stumbled on—his last journey.

Down came the rain in torrents—no matter, Barclay VanRuen had been wet through for hours; more fiercely blew the wind—no matter, Barclay VanRuen felt it not: he was too numbed, he was almost past feeling. A vague, hazy notion that he ought to be somewhere else still kept him moving; but while the legs continued, though in wretched fashion, to perform their office, the mind was making holiday, and had ceased to direct them.

It was not many years ago that Barclay VanRuen had owned a mansion and ridden in a carriage—not many years ago that about this time in the evening he had been accustomed to sit down to an ample repast shared by a beautiful and loving wife—not many years ago that he had a multitude of friends admiring, caressing, and cheating him—not many years ago that, intoxicated with happiness and bursting with pride, he first set foot in a career which quickly brought him to misery and degradation awful and profound.

Shadows of the past flitted before him as VanRuen still contrived to journey onwards. How far he was enabled to persevere is of no consequence. It was some distance. He was stimulated by a delusion which had seized him that he was sauntering home to dinner as of old, and that his dear wife (long since in her grave) was waiting to receive him. Presently, however, he came upon a building whence issued a woman carrying a loaf of bread.

The charm was broken. The actual sight of food recalled the wandering mind. He saw himself as he was—the starving, dying beggar. He entered the office and humbly asked aid.

And received it. Never mind in what shape. It wasn't food. Mayhap it was a ticket for the workhouse some miles off. Barclay VanRuen issued forth and recommenced his journey—to the workhouse? No—to his long home.

A crowd gathered round a prostrate object—whether anything human could scarcely be discerned. Somebody poked it with a stick, and then a cry arose that it was a dead man. And so it was. It was all that remained of Barclay VanRuen. They placed his poor miserable corpse on a shutter, and conveyed it to some receptacle hard by. I know not where. Small consequence, for the spirit of Barclay VanRuen was in the unseen world.

Now, if the dreadful alternative had been put to me, Look at this battered corpse; you must die as did this wretched outcast, with every accompaniment of horror, or you must cease to be the man you are, and must take the nature and stand in the shoes of a strong, jolly, well-to-do worthy, by name Gabriel Butcher, Esq., attorney (of the firm of Butcher and Mangle)—on my honour, reader, I would cry aloud for the suffering and the death of Barclay VanRuen, rather than accept the continued life and enjoyment, but also the dark, cold-blooded villany of Gabriel Butcher.

Hard words, hard words, say ye? Stand forth, thou man of law; stand forth, thou slow executioner, thou cruel underminer of happiness; thou bold villain and secret scoundrel by turns; thou wretched worker of iniquity, chuckling over thy execrable skill in applying every species of torture, the sharp and decisive, the wearing and wasting, the open and terrifying, the treacherous and unseen. Take *thy* place! No, no; Barclay VanRuen's starvation and death on the door-step for me, rather than thy luxury and life, with thy death *to come*.

Come with me, reader, into a large, well-lighted apartment. Admire with me this deliciously soft carpet, these elegant curtains, that superb mirror, those brilliant pictures. See that mighty fire, what an intense sensation of comfort it imparts; how exquisitely agreeable an object to the eye, while the ear catches the sound of rain pattering against the windows! Now turn your gaze upon a table loaded with choice dessert, and decanters well filled with rare wine. And, lastly, let me introduce you to two gentlemen (named respectively Gabriel Butcher and Malachi Mangle), each lolling in a gloriously easy-chair, and basking in the flood of heat emitted by the glowing fuel.

"Well, Butcher, my boy," said Mangle, with the slightest suspicion of huskiness in his voice (they had nearly finished their four bottles), "things are not so bad, if even they might be better. This affair of the National Ironing and Mangling—(Mangling, eh, Butcher?—Mangling, haw! haw!)—Mangling Company will be a little fortune. Eighteen writs issued to-day in respect of that man Brimble's debt of 52*l*. 13*s*. 4*d*. There'll be a lot more to-morrow."

"Ah," replied Butcher, "what I say is this, Mangle. They may talk about law going down and business falling off. It's all gammon. Law *isn't* going down, Mangle, and never *will* be going down. There's a fine old spirit in John Bull, I say to you, Malachi Mangle, which will always keep law alive—and lawyers, too, eh, Mangle—eh?"

"No doubt, friend Butcher; what need an honest lawyer fear? By the way, just while I think of it, what did you do with old VanRuen the other day?"

"Told him to go and hang himself."

"Ah, ah! that is so like you; you are so facetious, Butcher; you are so good-tempered, you——"

"There, that'll do," rather snappishly interposed Butcher; "you do look so uncommonly like a hyæna, Mangle, when you speak in that fashion, that it really isn't pleasant."

"You are too modest to receive a compliment, Butcher. You are still quite a shy youth—he! he! But about VanRuen; it's to be hoped he didn't follow your advice. Don't you think he has a title to that property?"

"Yes; I haven't much doubt about it. But the time hadn't come. The old fellow isn't low enough yet."

"Well, on my honour!" exclaimed Mangle, in some surprise. "Never before, I do believe, did I set eyes upon such a deplorable wretch as he looked that day."

"He did appear a little seedy, I must confess. He said something about his daughter not having tasted food for twelve hours, and wanted to borrow a shilling to get her some. He didn't wish anything for himself, he said, but for her."

"Oh, trash! that is so like these fellows," cried Mangle, the blush of virtuous indignation aiding the crimson of incipient intoxication already appearing on his cheek. "They really do expect such monstrous things of us. I be bound you answered him, Butcher."

"I fancy I touched him with the spur," answered Butcher, with a grin. "He went out fast enough."

"Then isn't he coming back again?"

"Well, I wrote to tell him to come last night, but he didn't arrive, which I'm surprised at."

"If he should go off, the claim upon that property would fall to the ground, wouldn't it?"

"Just so; but never fear, the old chap will turn up soon enough. Halloo! what's that row?"

Sounds of high dispute in the hall caused both gentlemen to start in wonderment. Shrill cries of a woman in distress were mingled with gruff remonstrances in a man's voice.

"What in the world!" cried Butcher, rising—But he was interrupted by the sudden and violent entry of a young woman, who, having apparently overpowered the footman who had sought to restrain her, flung herself into the room.

She was about five-and-twenty, of dark complexion, with full and brilliant black eyes, and her hair hung in huge disordered masses over her shoulders.

"Where is he?" she shrieked, while Butcher and Mangle stood aghast; "what have you done with him?"

"Done with whom, woman?" asked Butcher.

"My father; I am Rosa VanRuen," was the reply. "What have you done with him, I ask? You dare not tell me you don't know. Villains, you have murdered him!"

"Richard," cried Butcher, recovering himself, and calling to his servant, "put this woman out."

"Let any one touch me!" screamed the woman, snatching a knife from the table (a proceeding which sent the lawyers flying to the remotest corner of the room). "I come here, ye wretches, to demand my father—my father! Oh! my dear father—my only relative!" she added, her voice sinking and her eyes filling with tears.

"We haven't got your father, young woman," said Mangle, in a conciliatory tone. "What brings you here to look for him?"

"He started from our wretched home last night," she replied, "to journey to your new office in the City, and I have not seen him since. You had told him some false tale about property which might come to him, and make him again a rich man as in happy days of old; and, weak

and ill as he was, he slipped out when I was away, to journey here. If he had fallen by the way, I must have heard of it; for ever since I missed him I have been inquiring at the houses, and of the people on the road by which he must have come, whether they had seen a poor, aged, almost dying man anywhere about last evening; and had anything happened to him, I must have gathered some tidings. No, no; he came here, and you have murdered—murdered—murdered him!" she shrieked, waving her arms above her head in fury.

"Mercy on us! Butcher," whispered Mangle, who had changed from crimson to very pale, "this is exceedingly unpleasant. She is out of her senses. I don't like it, you know. She might do mischief with that knife."

"It is awkward," muttered Butcher; "but——"

"Give me my father!" screamed the poor lunatic again—"give him me, or——"

Here she ceased speaking, and made a decided rush at Mangle. That morally brave but physically fearful gentleman gave a dreadful yell and dodged round the table. Disappointed, the infuriated woman dashed at Butcher, who, equally alarmed, sprang to the door, and, despite the imploring cries of his terrified partner, fled from the room, fastening the door behind him. Rosa VanRuen tried in vain to follow him. Mangle shouted lustily for the door to be unlocked, and presently it flew open, the person who had turned the key prudently vanishing. Throwing the knife upon the ground, the unfortunate young woman flew to the street door, and in a moment was gone.

"Oh! don't interfere with her—leave her alone," cried Butcher to the servants, who, recovering their courage, were preparing to follow her; "we don't want her back again. She's given us dose enough for to-night. But what's this?" he exclaimed, examining a letter marked "Immediate," which had just been handed him as having been brought from the office. "I say, Mangle, here's an explanation of that mad woman's uproar. Just listen." And he read the letter, which was from the overseer of some parish a short distance from town, stating that in the pocket of a man, found dead in that neighbourhood last evening, had been discovered a letter, signed "Gabriel Butcher." That as the letter bore no direction save that of Mr. VanRuen, he (the overseer) had taken the liberty of writing to learn whether Mr. Butcher felt any interest in the fate of the person alluded to, and would wish to interfere in the disposal of the body.

Not one spark of sympathy or regret was elicited from either Butcher or Mangle on hearing this miserable end of a man who had been their client five-and-twenty years—who had paid them thousands of pounds—who had feasted and fattened them in his prosperity, and been crushed and ruined by them directly the tide seemed turning and a dark hour threatened him.

Butcher uttered a tremendous oath. "If the old fool had but lived a year or two longer, it would have been much better for him and for us too."

"Yes," replied Mangle—"a precious idiot. However, there's something on the other side."

"You mean that policy for 5000*l.* on his life in the Aldgate Pump and General Life Assurance Company?"

"Precisely."

"It will knock up the company, I take it. However, we can't help that. It will settle the business of that high and mighty old brute whom you persuaded to go into the concern, Mangle. What's his name?"

"Old Joshua Tubbs, the chairman, you mean, whom I introduced to 'a good thing.' Ha, ha!"

"True, he's a client," mused Butcher; "but we shan't get much more out of him, I fancy."

"Oh no," replied Mangle. "He's a sly old fellow in some things. He hates lawyers, he says. But we shall see. He may have more reason to hate them before he dies."

"Well, come, sit down again comfortably," said Butcher, reseating himself, and filling his glass. "It's a wicked world, Mangle."

"It *is*—a *very* wicked world, Butcher," answered Mangle, with mock solemnity. "How thankful we should be we are not polluted by it."

"We can but do our best, Mangle. Here's a health to those who love law and litigation. May they live as long as they have money to spend in lawsuits, and die as soon as it is gone. You remember old Swangster, Mangle—what he said as he was just getting rid of his last little bit of breath?"

"I forget it for the moment, at all events."

"Why, the doctors and nurses had seen the old fellow was going for some hours, and the young people who were to come in for the property were naturally irritated at the slow pace at which he toddled off the stage. He couldn't speak, but was dreadfully restless, and moaned frightfully, and they couldn't think what was the matter with him. Just at the last—in fact, as they were shutting the coach-door, as I may say—old Swangster opened his eyes, and beckoned to his son Tom, who dutifully came to him directly.

"'T-o-o-m,' murmured the old man, gasping, 'that new doctor—undertook—to—to cure me——'

"'Yes, father—the cheat; and I paid him twenty guineas on his word to that effect.'

"'Just—just so—Tom—and I'm—dy—dying. Bring an—an—an action—against him, Tom.'

"The old fellow was quite happy after this, and the coach carried him off as jolly as possible. But come, Mangle, you're not keeping pace. Halloa, man! are you ill?"

He was not keeping pace, and he was more than ill. His chin had dropped, and his eyes were glassy—he was dead. One part of the ribald story he had not heard, and it was the part which now applied to himself. That great coach, which never travels empty, which never breaks down, in which so many have already ridden, and by which so many more (you and I, reader, amongst them) have yet to journey, had called thus unexpectedly for Malachi Mangle, and in a moment—he was gone.

XVIII.

ROSA VANRUEN.

THROUGH streets flooded with light and filled with wickedness, hot and barefaced—through dark lanes and alleys, where poverty groaned and beckoned to death, and vice stood near, smiling and whispering life and pleasure, happiness and plenty—treading hurriedly by mansions at whose gates waited lordly carriages, wherein sat great men and lovely women—deaf alike to sweet music sometimes stealing through slightly-opened windows, and to harsh street-cries discordantly clashing—insensible to cold, for her very heart was numbed—careless of wet, for illness and death were no evils in her sight—onward hastened Rosa VanRuen.

Fever had seized her brain, and she knew not what she did nor whither she went. She and her father had been all in all to one another. In former days—days when Barclay VanRuen had been rich and influential, and men had fawned upon and impoverished him in all the ways by which the rich and thoughtless may be robbed and brought to want—Rosa VanRuen had been the star of ball-rooms and the beauty of every assembly. She had entered with her whole heart into all her fond father's schemes of display and ostentation; she loved them, confessedly for their own sake, but she loved them more because they made *him* cheerful and happy; and he was her father—her only relative—her only friend and guardian.

For a short space, indeed, it seemed as though another would acquire a title to protect her, with the position and privileges of a husband; but that dream soon faded. It arose sweetly a little while before the storm broke over her father, and was rudely dispelled the first moment the sunshine waned. The Honourable Adolphus Markrimmery went the way which most Honourable Adolphuses travel, when some poor vulgar girl whom they have been about to marry (in consideration of so many thousands Consols which have been expected to be married with them) has been deprived of her charms (the said Consols), which unexpectedly have taken to themselves wings and flown. The Honourable Adolphus Markrimmery vowed and protested his extreme regret, his indescribable sorrow, cursed the fate which made money indispensable to him, and then sauntered with Captain Slashing to Farrance's to eat ices, it being sultry weather, while Rosa VanRuen retired to her chamber to contemplate death in life, and the sudden arrival of night when but now it was early morning.

Down—down—down—drink the cup of bitterness, of humiliation, of absolute privation and misery to the dregs. When the tide has once turned with those who have been prosperous, how swiftly it flows the other way! Deeper and deeper still they fell; the sharp sorrow was followed by acute anguish, and acute anguish by black despair. Sheer poverty—poverty of which you and I, reader, can form but small conception—hung around them, that devoted father and daughter, like a fiend—pierced them in a thousand ways—maddened him, made him a drunkard, a despairing wretch, and broke her heart and crushed her.

On through the cruel streets—on through the crowd, the strange

jostling of the rich and starving, the great and mean, the virtuous and degraded. In this house the mighty mystery of the unseen world is being cleared to a fleeting spirit, and the veil which hides the last great secret is slowly gliding from before the awful truth which it conceals. The very next door there is high festival; joy and merriment are audible even without, and in the banquet-chamber the richest luxuries delight the eye and tempt the palate.

On past the jewelled duchess, just alighting from her carriage, and bringing with her the belle of the season, whose appearance in the crowded ball-room will create a sensation and an interest which the owner of vast intellect (unless of a high title and large estate also) would utterly fail to excite. On past starving children moaning in dark archways, but thankful if left untouched, for they were happier there than in their foul home, with its horrors of harsh treatment, and its combination of sickening miseries. On through the crowd of those who, even in the dawn of life, have fallen to the very depths of degradation—some inducted to that awful pass through a chain of circumstances which might make us shed tears of blood if they could be revealed to us; others, born and bred in sin and vice, treading from earliest days in the path of unutterable wretchedness, with the sole alleviating feature that it is very short, and quickly brings the wanderer to her resting-place—the grave.

As she lived, she saw him. Delirious as she was, she recognised him. She saw Adolphus Markrimmetry handing a fair and graceful girl from a carriage as so often he had handed her, Rosa VanRuen, in days of old. Her discordant laugh drew his eye upon her, but he knew her not. She darted forward, was pushed back, and he was gone.

Gradually she drew away from the streets, and came upon roads between fields; pleasant houses, with large gardens filled with flowers, smelling sweetly after the rain, appearing here and there. The poor jaded mind seemed in measure to return, now that the hideous uproar of town had been followed by the stillness of country. The heavens were clear, and the stars shone brightly. The moonbeams softly stole over the quiet scene. It was night now. All labour out of town (and she had come some distance) had ceased. Peace and rest reigned supreme, and Rosa VanRuen, though pure and innocent, felt a guilty and fallen creature, and shuddered in mortal terror as she thought of the contrast she presented to the spirit breathed by all around her.

Slowly and solemnly the clock of the old village church near at hand tolled the hour of midnight. The very tombstones in the huge churchyard, revealed by the moonbeams, looked reproachfully at the wanderer at that unseemly time. Urged by a strange impulse, Rosa clambered over the railing and sauntered among them. Oh, for the quiet which enwrapped those who lay underneath the green sward! Sweet flowers, scenting the air, covered some of the mounds, the weeping willow guarded and mourned over others. Here was the grave of the rich, which art had so nobly distinguished; here the resting-place of the poor, in a corner, and not even a stone attached to it. But they were both graves, and their occupants slept with equal soundness till the Great Day.

And here Rosa VanRuen passed the night. Nature was exhausted, and she fell asleep, to wake again at times, and repeat that sorrowful cry of "Father, father!" and sink back again in wretched impotence when she found he came not.

The morning—the morning fresh and clear ; all things revived by the recent rain. The birds singing in the old trees about, the grass brightly green, the flowers gently opening, the water of yonder stream glistening in the rising sun. But still clouded was the mind of Rosa VanRuen ; day dawned not on her, no more than it did upon those who slept their last sleep around her.

Again filled with that strange notion that there was a journey to be performed and she must be afoot, she started afresh, though very feebly, for her powers were fleeting. She came to a rustic inn, and there, with a few pence, obtained some food. The hostess looked at her with surprise, but let her pass on. And the whole of that day Rosa still journeyed in a straight line. Racked and torn with pain, yet she persevered. The same feeling of persistence was in her which two nights back had urged her father in his dreary wandering to the hard couch where he lay down and died.

Rustic villages were passed ; sturdy labourers, with their comely wives and children, brimful of health and happiness ; a bustling town was traversed, hurriedly and in fear ; the day waned, evening came, then night.

A dark, gloomy night. It did not rain, but huge clouds rolled threateningly, and there were signs of storm. Rosa did not heed them, but pursued the same rapid pace at which she had set out. Some ruffians tried to stop her, but shrunk back in terror when she looked upon them, and vented that dreadful scaring laugh. She was stronger than before. In the last village she had stopped a while, and with some remaining pence had purchased a meal much better and more substantial than she was entitled to ; but the host, a kind man, had a daughter who had left him, and well-nigh broken his heart ; and as he looked on this poor wanderer he remembered his lost child, that she might at the very time be in the same way an outcast, and be similarly wretched and forlorn. And as he thought how he should bless anybody who would help her, his heart melted at the sorrow of poor Rosa VanRuen.

That seemingly endless journey ! That weary, weary plodding onwards with no object in view, no goal to reach, no purpose to achieve ! Darkness without and within ; gloom around and about her ; pain and fatigue growing gradually overwhelming. Mercy for Rosa VanRuen !

What was that sound, low and murmuring, which came upon her ear ? Could she have travelled so far ? Yes, she was approaching the broad ocean. Presently she beheld it, and at the moment the storm broke forth with terrific fury.

She was on the sand. She walked down close to the waves and allowed them to wash her feet. A wild delight came over her. The vivid lightning and rolling thunder but added to that delight. A sense of freedom ecstatic in its character filled her bosom. Starvation, fatigue, and misery seemed to fall from off her as she thus stood before the vast sea, and she sung snatches of joyous songs as higher came the waves and louder raged the storm.

Hush, hush—there came a calm. The moon escaping from a cloud cast her rays beautifully over the vast waters. The wind was stilled. Peace reigned profound.

And Rosa VanRuen lay down on the sand and wept. Poor, desolate

object! Scarce five-and-twenty, handsome still, fragile and delicate, to be lying on the cold sand, worn out and dying, with no witness of her last throb, and not a heart in all the world to sadden at her fate.

In what mysterious way it came to pass who shall tell, but reason returned to Rosa VanRuen in these mournful moments. As the heart's play grew weaker the mind became stronger, and memory started into activity. Scenes of early and happy days fitted before the perishing girl. The mother's warm caress was felt again—the father's joyous speech was in her ears—the crowded hall-room was before her—the glittering throng—the sweet words of flattery again insinuated themselves—and even the music of love, which while it lasted had been so intoxicating and entrancing, again roused the bruised heart, and filled it with deep rapture.

And thus she fell asleep. The first faint streaks of morning appeared in the east, and the world was about to wake again to bustle and activity, but Rosa VanRuen's rest on the cold sea-shore remained unbroken.

A SWEDISH VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD IN THE YEARS 1851, 1852, 1853.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. BUSHBY.

San Francisco, July, 1852.

OAHU, or Woahu, the island in which the principal town is situated, is divided by a high range of hills, with many lofty peaks of beautiful forms. Towards the north this mountain ridge descends abruptly into a fertile plain, but on the south it is intersected by valleys sloping gradually towards the shore. Here the heat is great, the grass looks burnt up, and vegetation is less luxuriant.

The Europeans and Americans here are not so numerous as to have extirpated all that was peculiar about the aborigines, yet they form so important a part of the population as to have very much changed their customs. Many things we did not see which had been noted by previous voyagers. The frigate was *not* surrounded by swimming nymphs bringing pigs for sale—the canoes did *not* keep at a respectful distance, as if afraid to approach us—nor did we meet with many things that we had not been accustomed to see at the other exotic ports where we had stopped; and yet there was novelty in the scene around. On the bowsprits of the ships near stood naked boys, shouting in the exuberance of their mirth, and springing joyfully into the sea to join the men and women who were bathing there, and who did not seem at all abashed by each other's proximity, or by their absence of all costume.

On landing, we found ourselves in the midst of numerous athletic figures, with dark complexions, but most of them dressed pretty much as we are accustomed to dress in the North. A man is seldom seen without pantaloons, and some covering for his head. The women, on the con-

trary, are clad in a fashion peculiar to themselves. Some of them carry enormous parasols, but most of them have no protection for their heads from the burning sun. Their coal-black hair, sometimes crisp and woolly, sometimes almost smooth, and flowing in pretty locks, but always very thick, is encircled with chaplets of fresh leaves or flowers, and occasionally with wreaths of red or yellow artificial flowers. Their faces are broad, with broad noses, protruding lips, and very short chins—certainly not at all in accordance with the received rules of beauty. But their eyes are so expressive of mildness and goodness that they, in a great measure, redeem the plainness of their other features. The men have a grave and somewhat sullen expression of countenance; there is generally a disagreeable redness in their eyes, their noses are broad, and they have by no means the smiling physiognomy of the women. The females wear a loose, wide garment, something like a blouse, generally of yellow or some other gaudy colour, and they have their feet and legs bare. Fatness is esteemed as a great beauty among them.

Mingling among these native islanders are to be seen Chinese, with their high-heeled shoes, their short, wide trousers, and long jackets; policemen equipped in green and blue; military chiefs, ridiculous in their fancied dignity; horsemen of all kinds, half-naked children, and a variety of Europeans. All these form a motley crowd, and the sounds of the many-toned voices fall like a shrill whistling on the ear. If one casts a glance into the interior of the houses, one finds the same mingling of people, the same jumble of sounds; the only difference is, that within-doors there is greater emancipation from the encumbrance of dress, and less attention to appearances.

People passing along or loitering about are constantly to be met on the roads outside of the town. Kanaks are sauntering lazily on, carrying calabashes with various viands; others on horseback galloping at full speed, both males and females, the latter riding like men, with sandals of yellow, red, blue, or green on their feet, and little velvet hats crowned with gay flowers, and worn above the wreaths which are intermingled with the hair. The natives pass most of their time out of doors, which their charming climate tempts them and enables them to do.

I made one or two excursions into the interior, and lodged for three or four days in the hut of a native. The sum I paid for this accommodation would have procured me all the comforts of life in any of our best hotels. However, the people here do not seem to have any just idea of the value of money, but always demand some extravagant sum. Willingness to render assistance without remuneration does not seem to be among the catalogue of their virtues. A Frenchman, who was sent out by his government to make researches in botany, told me that on one occasion the ass he had been riding got into a deep pool, in which it was on the point of sinking, and that none of the numerous bystanders would take the trouble of making the smallest effort to save it until they heard the chink of his piastres in his pocket. It is a known fact that these islanders have swum around a drowning person, and made a bargain as to what amount he could give before they would agree to save him. They would offer to guide me to distant places, they would pluck flowers for me, remove any obstacle that was in my path, and perform various trifling services which I neither wished nor required; but suddenly they

would stop, stretch out two fingers, and cry, "Two dollars!" And much astonished they would be if I refused their demand.

My host seemed to be better off than most of his neighbours, though his prosperous circumstances did not appear to be the result of labour, for I never beheld beings more lazy than this family were. They lay almost the whole day, stretched at full length in their hut, half naked, by turns eating and sleeping, and it was evidently an awful exertion for them to move. This indolence is characteristic of them all. The person with whom I lodged owned three huts, which were prettily situated in a wood at the foot of a hill. One of these huts was used as a sitting and sleeping-room, another as a kitchen and eating-room, and the third for various other purposes. On a shelf against the wall, in the first mentioned of these huts, were ranged some calabashes, which served as water-jars; others were used as spit-boxes, or spittoons. Though many of the customs and superstitions of the olden time are wearing out, these receptacles for saliva are still considered indispensable, and are much valued on account of the old belief that, if their contents fall into the hands of an enemy, they will acquire the power of averting sickness and other evils from the producer.

On awaking in the morning, their first act was to smoke one or two long pipes, which were handed about to the women as well as to the men. They were fond of telling long stories to each other, which seemed to amuse them all very much, to judge by the laughter these narrations occasioned. Sometimes they amused themselves by singing; but their music was most monotonous, and seemed confined to two or three notes. In the evening, when their lamp was lighted, they generally played some round game at cards, which kept them awake for an hour or two.

These islanders were often tattooed all over, some even upon the tongue, but most of them on the legs, arms, and chest. I fell in unexpectedly in this part of the island with a countryman from Gothenburg, who had resided here nineteen years with his Kanak wife and his half-caste children. He had almost forgotten his own language, though not his native land; of which the surrounding hills, he said, often put him in mind.

I met with a pleasant surprise in the course of my next excursion. While I was filling my cases with plants on one of the higher hills at a considerable distance from the town, I suddenly heard the well-remembered tones of one of Strauss's waltzes. The music came from a villa near the foot of the hill. On descending to it, after I had finished my botanical errand in the higher altitudes, I found myself in the midst of a distinguished circle. The villa, which belonged to the governor of the surrounding rich district, was a large building, with a roof projecting so far beyond the wall as to preserve a cool space close to the house. It was situated near a majestic waterfall, and in the midst of the most bewitching scenery. A number of persons were gathered round the house listening by turns to a royal band playing modern European music, and to their own national airs, sung by eight islanders, among whom were two women. These performers—the females with flowers in their dark hair—were seated on a mat before the principal door, and held in their right hands calabashes, so arranged that they looked not unlike *tambours de basque*, on which they struck with their left hands, while

they chanted a melancholy ditty, the words of which, I was told, were historical recollections of their own country.

We found at this villa the Crown-Prince Alexander, his brother, and several ladies and gentlemen of rank. His royal highness was a tall, slender youth, very dark in complexion, but not otherwise ill-looking, and with lively, pleasant manners. He received us kindly, notwithstanding the very unceremonious manner in which we had presented ourselves. Dancing was going on in the shade, and though there was not the same attention to etiquette that prevails in our ball-rooms, especially in a circle graced by the presence of royalty—and the mirth was rather exuberant for our ideas of decorum—it was evident that they all enjoyed themselves exceedingly. The crown-prince, who, having visited London and Paris, had learned English and French, and who had previously been educated at Mr. Crook's academy in the island, presided with us in the garden, where we had a tolerably large allowance of champagne and cigars. Dinner was at length announced; and we found the viands spread out on the green sward, under the shade of some fine trees, while mats were placed for the guests to sit on—a primitive arrangement, which was rather trying to our stiff bones. The entertainment consisted of fish and fowl, stews and ragouts, in partaking of which *fingers* did ample service. Bread, plates, knives, and forks, were provided for our use; the rest of the party, even the court ladies, dispensing with these articles of luxury. During the banquet the heights around became covered with spectators, who threw wreaths of fern-leaves to the guests, who again crowned themselves with them amidst copious libations, like the ancient Greeks and Romans. When the repast was ended, the party amused themselves by swinging, and we left them thus occupied.

We met his royal highness repeatedly afterwards, and found that he knew how to assume a more dignified deportment than he had evinced at the gay meeting in the vale of Nuuanu.

I shall mention three other entertainments of a more official nature, to give you a better idea of this place as it now is. The first was at the American consul's; here we met the prince and everybody of distinction, the merchants, missionaries, and other foreigners, even the master of our hotel, who was not a Kanak. The consul's garden was brilliantly illuminated, a splendid supper was served, and later in the evening there was dancing; but *that* could not be commenced until the missionaries had gone, for they considered a polka, a galop, or a waltz, as sinful in the extreme, and all artifices of his Satanic Majesty to mislead and corrupt the hearts of weak mankind. But when *they* had departed, the musicians struck up the favourite dances, and the fashionables of Honolulu indulged their wicked propensities.

The next grand occasion was our presentation to his Majesty King Kamehameha III., which was conducted with all due ceremony. On the outside of the palace stood the king's life guards, in red uniforms, who presented arms the moment a general of infantry, who came to meet us, appeared on the stairs. After passing through a suite of lofty, well-furnished apartments, we were ushered into the audience-chamber, where the king, surrounded by the princes, ministers, palace officials, and several governors and chieftains, received us. Among the notabilities present

I remarked the master of ceremonies, Paki, a warrior of such an extraordinary height and size, that the other chiefs, none of whom were at all insignificant in stature, looked like children by his side. The minister of education, Armstrong, was a sharp-looking little man with a pleasant countenance.

His majesty had the usual dark complexion and inert expression of countenance. His face and his languid manner during the ceremony seemed to say, "Would that you would take your departure, and leave me in peace!" He wore a handsome uniform of white pantaloons embroidered with gold, and a blue coat covered with gold and orders. The ministers and chiefs were likewise stiff with gold from top to toe, and sported ribbons and orders. Over the throne on which the king sat, suffering from the effects of an accident, were to be seen the arms of the country. The walls were adorned with portraits of the king and queen, of Louis Philippe, and other potentates; the room was tastefully furnished, and on the tables lay handsomely bound books and good engravings. After one or two queries addressed by his majesty to our captain had been interpreted by Armstrong, we commenced filing past him with the usual obeisances; and we were then taken to another apartment, filled also with royal portraits, and where there were some vases of Thorwaldsen's, and a large book, in which we were requested to enter our names. This finished the affair, and the king and ourselves were liberated from all further ceremonies.

The day on which we were to sail we were honoured by a visit from royalty on board. The queen, who was attended by numerous maids of honour, was a rather stout but good-looking woman. She was dressed in white, and her principal lady in waiting, Madame Paki, in bright yellow. We had a concert on deck for them, and afterwards they partook of a *déjeuner* in the captain's cabin. And now that I have given you a summary of what I myself saw in this group of islands, I shall add a short account of their history, social and political.

The kingdom consists of eight inhabited islands. Oahu is the seat of government, but Hawaji, or Owhyhee, is the largest island, and is well known from its two volcanoes. All the islands are volcanic; they are covered with luxuriant vegetation, but are poor in native animals. I never remember having anywhere seen so few birds or insects. The climate is very fine. A north-east wind prevails for about nine months in the year, and during that time the temperature is almost always the same. During the three winter months the south and west winds are prevalent, and these are accompanied by a good deal of rain.

We remarked, that in the native language of the Sandwich Islanders almost every syllable ended in a vowel, and also that the letters K and T, L and R, are often confounded. For instance, Kamehameha is often called Tamehameha, and Honolulu, Honoruru, which makes it difficult to spell their proper names correctly. Their language and many old traditions give evidence that the earliest inhabitants of these islands, as well as of the other Polynesian islands, are of the Malay race, and it is probable that some of these people originally landed in the Sandwich Islands after having struggled over the ocean in their frail canoes. It is extraordinary that a number of their traditions also betray a Hebrew origin. The belief in the Deluge is preserved here, and the ark is said to have

stranded on MAUNA REA. They believe that no one existed in the beginning except the gods. Hawaji was produced from an enormous egg, which a bird that could speak laid upon the sea. There is a story in their Sagus very much resembling the history of Joseph and his brethren, and another of a person who was swallowed by a fish and afterwards cast up.

Their religion was full of terrors, punishments in this world and dark threats for that which is to come. Their belief in a future state consisted in this : that the souls of common men passed to Po—the abode of night—where they were either at once annihilated or were consumed by the gods ; while the souls of the chiefs, on the contrary, were carried by the god *Kaomohilekale—the pupil of the sun's eye—to a place in heaven, where they were to live to all eternity.* Physical power only was worshipped, and every one had his own favourite god, in whom he put his faith both during peace and war. Gods were to be found for everything ; gods of the sharks, the volcanoes, the different seasons of the year. The most celebrated among their gods were Pōpa, Kiha, and Lono, together with the goddess Pele, the most terrible of all, whose dwelling was in the volcano Kilanea, and whose movements occasioned earthquakes, thunder, and lightning ; the locks of whose hair flared like flames in the wind, and whose favour was courted with valuable offerings. The images of the evil deities were the most honoured. Many ceremonies attended the choice of the tree from which these gods were to be hewn, and when they were felled either human beings or swine were offered as sacrifices.

Human sacrifices were generally made on great occasions, and it is said that UMI, after a victory, offered up eighty of his bravest warriors. The victims were generally selected beforehand by the priests, but kept in entire ignorance of their doom until the blow was suddenly struck. The priesthood was hereditary, and the priests were as numerous as they were powerful. Every chief had his family priest, and the leading priests were those who had the custody of the national gods. Their persons were sacred, their aid purchased with rich bribes, and they alone had the privilege of practising magic. They had invented a way of strengthening their power, namely, declaring anything *Tabu*. *Tabu* signified holy, and was applied to the thing which was set aside for the use of the gods or the priests. Sandal wood, of which a large quantity is exported, was declared *tabu* when they began to become thin, and then no one, under pain of death, dared touch them. Even the property of the king and the highest chiefs could be declared *tabu*, and was thenceforth protected from every pillage but that of the priests. A more crafty mode of bringing every one under the yoke of the priesthood could not have been devised. At a later period, lay members of the community also began to make use of *tabu*, principally with a view of preserving their property, and the system became at length so oppressive, that fear and silence reigned throughout the country.

Polygamy, in its most extended scale, existed in the Sandwich Islands, and no other marriage ceremony was required than that the bridegroom should throw a handkerchief over the bride, and thus espouse her. Morality was at a low ebb among them, therefore have the laws recently promulgated by the Christian rulers principally been applicable to the

state of their morals, and, with the exception of the craving for strong drink, perhaps nothing has caused so much trouble to reform as the utter want of morality and propriety among the women. To exchange names was a great proof of friendship; and when a person of high rank—for instance a king—bestowed a portion of his clothing on an inferior, that was a sign that the great man took the other under his protection. It is certain that cannibalism prevailed formerly among the aborigines. An intoxicating drink, called *Ava*, was much used, the frightful effects of which was sometimes a disease resembling the leprosy. Parents were at liberty to destroy their children if they chose; infanticide was, therefore, not unfrequent; and while their dogs and swine were well taken care of, and well fed, their children were often neglected and starved. The position of the woman in the lower classes was exceedingly abject. She dared not eat in the presence of her husband, her food was of the scantiest, and her labour of the hardest. When a chief died there was a general wailing over the island—which rang from dale to dale and hill to hill; beacon-fires were lighted, hair was torn out, pieces of flesh were cut from the body—some even put out their eyes in testimony of their grief. A sort of despair seemed to overwhelm the people, and throw all things into confusion; disorder prevailed everywhere, and drunkenness and all manner of vice had unchecked sway. The skull and legs of the deceased were often preserved, the rest of the body was either buried or burned.

Their social condition was as miserable as their moral and religious state was savage and shocking. The inhabitants were divided into two distinct classes—the one the idle or consuming, the other the working members of the community. The king had power over the lives, the freedom, and the property of his subjects. He was the judge in all causes, the disposer of everything. Among the landholders, the stronger often expelled the weaker from his possessions. There was no security for life and property, therefore indolence and apathy became the characteristics of the people. Rank was inherited from the female side, for this reason: that “one’s mother was always known, but it was impossible to be sure of one’s father.” The lower classes were held in the most abject subjection by the higher class; they dared not approach them unbidden, or pass near their house. Servants, and other inferiors, had to fall on their knees on meeting a chief, and if a *Kanak’s* canoe happened to come in the way of one belonging to a great man, the former was run down and sunk without the least pity. Everything aimed at impressing the bulk of the people with the idea that the monarch and his chiefs were of a higher order of beings than themselves.

This was the state of the islands when discovered by Cook in 1778, and named by him the Sandwich Islands, after Lord Sandwich. There is reason to believe, however, that the islands had been visited by Europeans at a much earlier period. When Cook made his appearance he was at first believed to be a messenger from their god *Lono*; they received him with all manner of ceremonies as a celestial being, and loaded his ship with provisions. But when quarrels afterwards ensued between his crew and the natives, the visit ended, as is well known, by the murder of Cook in 1779. The unfavourable idea of the inhabitants to which this unfortunate occurrence gave rise, prevented for a long time any Europeans or Americans from visiting these islands.

King Kalaniopuu, in the mean time, had died, and the young Kamehameha I., his nephew, had possessed himself of the island. With him commenced a new dynasty, the introduction of some kind of civilisation, and the foundation of order in society. Endowed with an iron will, and inspired by an ardent desire to improve his people, he subdued all the islands, compelled the chiefs to acknowledge his power, and applied himself diligently to study what could be done for the advantage of his country. In 1789, two American ships came to the island. A person called Young, who landed from one of the ships, was detained by the king; the crew of the other ship dispersed themselves among the natives, and were eventually all murdered, with the exception of one man, named Davis. These two men, Young and Davis, remained with Kamehameha, who made friends and counsellors of them. They taught him the customs of their own country, and their practical knowledge was afterwards very useful to him in developing the mercantile resources of the islands.

In the year 1792 arrived Vancouver. His visit was a godsend to the king, whose zeal in the cause of reform he directed into proper channels. Vancouver brought with him the first horses and horned cattle ever seen in the islands, and it is wonderful how these animals have multiplied. The fields are covered with cattle—and horses are now so common that not a Kanak is too poor to own one. Kotzebue visited these islands in 1816, and has given a true account of Kamehameha's undeniable greatness.

After having conquered all his enemies, made good laws for his subjects, established some social order among them, and awakened a desire for the improvements introduced by the whites, Kamehameha, the father and regenerator of his country, died in 1819.

Kamehameha had two lawful wives. The first was of high birth, and the mother of three children; she was his *state wife*; she was treated with the utmost respect, and his visits to her were conducted with regal pomp. The other was his favourite wife, although she had another husband. She is said to have been a clever and handsome woman. The king had, besides, three secondary wives, one of whom had two daughters, both married to their half-brother, Liholiho, who again was the lover of his stepmother. That such vice was tolerated, shows how low was the standard of morality even among the highest and most cultivated of the islanders.

Liholiho adopted his father's mode of government, and under him commenced a struggle between the Pagan worship and the Christian faith, which ended, for a time, in the overthrow of both, so that the natives were left without any semblance of religion at all. At length some young Sandwich Islanders repaired to North America for education, and through their agency the first missionaries were sent to the island in the year 1820. These men did a great deal of good, but the king was afraid that the English would be offended at his admission of North Americans, which they might construe into a preference for the United States, and he wrote a letter to King William, placing the Sandwich Islands under the protection of Great Britain. In 1823 he and Kamehameha made a voyage to London, attended by some of the principal islanders. They were well received by the aristocracy; but both died soon after of the measles. The frigate *Blonde* conveyed their remains back to their native islands.

The advent to the throne of the present king, Kamehameha III., was speedily followed by religious warfare among the professors of different creeds, and the different sects who wished to make proselytes on the island; and some of the greatest maritime powers of Europe sought at the same time to frighten by their cannon this small, weak, and half-savage nation into measures which might serve their various interests. The struggles for supremacy between the Roman Catholic priests and the Protestant missionaries who had congregated there, were, to say the least of them, unchristian, and also impolitic, among a people who were just emerging from heathenism and entering on the career of civilisation, and had well-nigh replunged them into paganism and barbarism. However, the Protestant clergy triumphed, for every post under the government was soon occupied by them, and they took almost the whole administration of affairs into their own hands. The French, who had endeavoured to gain a permanent footing in the Sandwich Islands, found themselves obliged to relinquish the scheme; and they indemnified themselves by their success at Otaheite, or Tahiti. The English subsequently made some demonstration against the king; but at length these dramas ended, and since then the native ruler has lived in peace with the European powers, and has been steadily carrying out his plans of constitutional and national reform.

Thus, in the course of thirty years, has a state arisen under our eyes, as it were. Thirty years ago, heathen darkness obscured all truth and knowledge, and fettered every resource; idols were worshipped, human sacrifices were offered up to them, and despotism paralysed every one. By the civilised world the Sandwich Islands were looked upon merely as some bare rocks, whose dangerous bays brought death to the shipwrecked mariner—the fire from the volcano of Mauna Loa alone indicating the situation of these inhospitable islands. Now, there exists *there* a well-regulated state, where freedom and the rights of mankind are recognised. It has been often asserted, that notwithstanding the much boasted civilisation of the inhabitants, these islands have but changed masters; that the natives have become slaves of foreign intruders; that the ancient barbarism is not extinct; and that religion is merely on the lips. But there is no truth in these assertions; and the missionaries have *not* laboured in vain. That the projected improvements have not yet been fully carried out, should not surprise those who recollect how slow is the progress of reform in their own superior native lands. There is now scarcely an individual in these islands who cannot read, write, and count; what rapid strides has not agriculture made. The islands produce a quantity of sugar of excellent quality, coffee that can bear comparison with that of Mocha, tobacco as good as that which grows in the West Indies, rice, maize, and various fruits. And when it is remembered how short a time has elapsed since these islands lay almost uncultivated, it may be asked, what may they not become—situated as they are half-way between New Holland, China, and America—when foreign capital and foreign speculation shall have developed those resources which the indolence of the natives have hitherto left unemployed?

THE ADMINISTRATION AND OPPOSITION.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

MARKED by the usual premonitory symptoms on the part of the satisfied and dissatisfied divisions of the public, or, as some call them, of the "masses," the season of parliamentary action recommenced. The party writers out of place treated the world, for some time antecedently to the royal speech, with luminous expositions of the sins of omission and commission by the minister and his friends; and the same kind of censures were echoed from the other side of the Channel, though from different motives. Here the motive cause was the desire of place; on the other side of the Channel, jealousy of England, and a hatred of free institutions. The attacks of the Conservative party at home were supposed to be moderated by the apprehension that they might be led into a track tending to their disadvantage, should a freak of fortune "pitchfork" them into office again. They appeared not to have forgotten their indiscretion in handing over Peel to all the malignities of party rage for supporting free trade, and the ill-effect of following the example they denounced before their anathemas had cooled. They foolishly dreamed that they should thus succeed in clinching the rotten nail they had driven to fix themselves in place. They had no qualms of conscience upon their shameless tergiversation. It was an unlucky affair for them, too, that they blundered about the short-sightedness of the people. The wisdom acquired from this morsel of experience made them careful. Until the session opened, they confined their hostility to the discreet choice and use of common-place. Mr. Disraeli's old clothes-bag, emptied and replenished over and over to support his latest change, and the demand for antique fashions in trade and creed, however ragged and timeworn, came to be accompanied with a cry so subdued, that the honourable gentleman's portion of his party had to sustain the rebuke of Major Beresford, the unflinching denizen of the anti-ministerial Monmouth-street, for laxity in his calling. The contracted monosyllable came too faintly upon the ear of that chieftain, before whom even the illustrious Earl of Derby trembled as the rebellious lieutenant played the cat in the dove-house. The living head of the Stanleys must have more than once wished, from his talk, that the contumacious major had been troubled with a sore throat, sooner than have thrown division into a party once so united in inconsistency. The reconciliation which has since crusted over the difference is, we suspect, only chagrin baptised with the name of friendship. Even where the desire of mischief may be common, real cordiality may not always exist. The contumacy of which we speak was a folly without a temptation; as frail an affair as the major's old disciple of that name was as a man. With these considerations we do not anticipate a hundredth part of the injury to the ministry from the Opposition that its intentions warrant. There must be something of the popular element in the shaft that is to prostrate an administration in England. The two Conservative factions glued together anew and varnished up, after celebrating their re-alliance, before parliament met, over turtle, until it might be imagined

they had been transmigrated into a cooing flock of the feathered tribe of the same name, hob-nobbed each other, and no doubt crowned the glass with the sentiment of "Speedy place and soon," as old Sir William Curtis would have phrased it. Nor is this all. The people of England are become as of one mind in regard to the political stolidity of the Opposition party—a stolidity not alone a fault, but a crime where pretension to something better once obtained confidence.

Dismissing the "regular" Opposition, so called to distinguish it from that wavering line of policy which gives or withholds support by fits and starts to obtain a reputation for disinterestedness, we come to the popular feeling: how were matters as to that? There were the customary premonitory symptoms, but not a united opposition to any important measures, except to the income-tax. As usual, before the recess closed, there were certain anti-ministerial exhibitions among those who really believe every grievance can be redressed by a government, and those who, neither believing nor caring about it, must say something to make themselves notorious among their kind. In the first of these categories must be placed a numerous body of builders' workmen out of employ, partly in consequence of the season, and partly generated by the enormous overbuilding continually going forward, as if the metropolis is to extend itself for ever. This, of course, is laid at the door of the government in place of the inclement season, and the continual outlay of capital in building-speculations. Then meetings were got up to consider the position of the poor needlewomen—badly enough off, Heaven knows! Of this evil, "bad government" is declared the cause, since, were it not for being ill-governed, England would become a scene of perfect happiness, from John O'Groats to Cape Cornwall. Then some demagogue declares that it is treason towards the people to deny the six points of the charter, and thus keep the nation in its present misery, as no good will accrue until the poorer classes legislate for the rest. Here an orator, who makes a trade of his addresses wherever he can ferret out a discontent, calls for universal suffrage; and there some pardoned felon mounts the rostrum to declare how shamefully the government behaves towards disinterested lovers of their country like himself. Provisions carry a high price—this is the government again, which prevents our sharing as usual in the trivial luxury of apple-dumplings—no matter that the Devon and Hereford orchards failed last year. Ministers combine with the landed interest to keep up the present high prices of provisions—this, while the ports are open, and the duties are no longer existent. If there be monopoly in Mark-lane, or middlemen stand between the slopseller and shirt-making woman—if the carcass monopolist interpose between the grazier and butcher, it is the fault of the authorities—why does not parliament make laws to set all this right? Is not this a proof of bad government? "Let us get into parliament," cries the Chartist, "we will set all right; put down political economy, and prevent there being a beggar in the land."

Now all these complainings are the result of an ignorance which it is the custom to flatter, and of the use of the word "people" without defining the term. This increase of complaints is always observable just before parliament assembles. No well-informed persons of any political colour support them until they take an aspect of truthfulness. Abettors echo such complaints, false or true, make a profit by them, and run mis-

taken persons deeper into error as to their foundation. The session once commenced, the mistaken ascriptions die off, or become absorbed in topics resting on a better foundation, or originating in parliament itself. For many of the evils of which complaint is thus made, our rapid increase in numbers is the cause, combined with our insular position, which prevents the exit of a superfluous population, without the condition of possessing sufficient wealth to transport themselves to vacant lands. Could the labourer put his foot at once from England upon the shores of Canada or Australia, we should hear less of the sufferings of the poorer classes. We want elbow-room for our population; but this is a different question from that before us, too voluminous for further comment.

The House met at the period fixed, and the union of the Opposition as lately divided was tested. In the House of Lords, the Earl of Derby spoke with that reckless eloquence which for many years he has exhibited; at one time in support, at another in opposition to almost every sentiment and every political party; to-day a Whig, to-morrow a Tory, or one knows not what—a singular example of political inconsistency. It might be supposed that, from his lordship's small reputation in the public view as a politician, he would be more careful in husbanding it. To do all the mischief possible in damaging an opponent may be a principle in a time like our own, when Christianity is so much improved; but it argues a forgetfulness inexcusable not to recollect that mischief is too precious a thing to throw away. His lordship's censures were confined to declamatory assertions, and to giving advice to his brother peers to demand a pledge for the repeal of the income-tax in 1860; a point not at all relevant to the debate before the House. The royal speech was declared "meagre;" as if royal speeches were intended to be much otherwise. "Pity 'tis, 'tis so;" but it is a separate question about changing such speeches into manifestoes or statements *de omnibus rebus*. His lordship alluded to the King of Siam as one monarch with whom we were at peace, as if he were the only sovereign amiable towards us. He declared we were to blame for the part we had acted in the cases of Neuchâtel and Naples, in regard to Italian liberty, and the bombardment of Canton; in fact, for everything. Our foreign affairs were all sources of mingiving to his lordship. It is unfortunate that some statesmen proceed to such lengths in their assaults of an opponent, that, like certain historians, they will deliberately deviate from the correct line to satisfy their antipathies, and to serve their own purposes even justify Satan's first rebellion. The royal speech has, from long custom, become little more than a form, of which it is competent, we imagine, for any peer to propose an alteration into a document long enough to fill a blue-book. To lay open the prospective objects of the cabinet would be exceedingly inconvenient to any administration, if it were only for the premature questionings which it would occasion from members at all times and seasons. Lord Derby must have known this; and if his lordship did not all the world did, and that if he himself were in Rome he would do as Rome does. Of what value, then, were his lordship's arguments? Could they hold water even before the senators of Gotham? The effort of Earl Grey, by moving an amendment, did not help the Opposition, the non-contents in number being nearly three-the contents.

Mr. Disraeli, in the Lower House, evidently took his clue from the noble lord at the head of the Opposition. No doubt they had talked the matter over beforehand—all was concocted for the occasion, so far, at least, as to secure getting both on the back of the same hobby. Not in his wonderful plotless stories did Mr. Disraeli, in playing his part, draw more largely on imagination, as he was happily told by Lord Palmerston, in answering charges heard of by the House that evening for the first time. What was it but "imagination" that made England—thank Heaven! it was a flight of fancy—the "instigator" of a permanent guarantee of Austria's Italian dominions, or of a secret treaty made at her "instance" to that effect, covering her rulers with disgrace. This was the gist of the charge made to stigmatise the government. A military convention between two powers, known to a third, never acted upon, from the contingency on which it was based never occurring—that of a war between Austria and Russia—a thing gone by. What was the motive of the revival but to darken the conduct of Mr. Disraeli's political opponents? It would have been little short of infamy for the ministers of England to have secretly instigated a treaty giving up Italy to Austria, with the avowal of an opposite feeling to the British people. The instigation of such a treaty by the ministry, and England's guarantee to it, were equally a romance. In the support of such an act,

His reasons were fancies,
His facts were romances,
Which nobody can deny,

might well be applied to Mr. Disraeli's speech, so happily put together, "so clever," as the ladies always say of the last novel published. Deeply imbued with the speaker's energy of manner, it was further enlivened at the reflection of his friends having become one and indivisible again. It was undoubtedly one of his loftiest essays, well argued in the absence of foundation. Nothing, indeed, could be more in character, more attractive, and more ostensibly earnest. Nothing indicated the bygone disciple of O'Connell, or of Lord George Bentinck, the last of the "heroes." The honourable gentleman's talent, happiness of allusion, and eloquence, wanted nothing but the unimportant auxiliary of fact, some scintillation of truthfulness to win all sorts of praises. The premier was only home secretary when so heavily charged. Was this little fact forgotten in the fire of the orator?

It was of no moment whether the convention was signed or not by the two Powers, because it was never operative. Lord Palmerston's mistake as to the signature he himself rectified. Why pertinaciously seek to impart life to a *caput mortuum*? What construction can be put on such an act by people who have not Mr. Disraeli's bitterness of place-disappointment "to prick the sides of their intent?" In concocting a charge against a minister in power, it is well to be consistent, to master every phase of a case, and not to imagine that a public servant, who fills so high a position, is placed there only to be baited from spleen or for party amusement. The attacks of the Tory leader in the Commons wanted substance; they were niggling and petty; they dropped through the sifter, and the fire died out, for want of honest fuel, after a flare-up that portended a mighty conflagration.

We want to see the business of the country proceed, and the Houses of Parliament scenes of debate for the general good, not arenas for the declamation of party errors. From whence could Mr. Disraeli have obtained the matters to which he gave the colouring of facts, calculated to wound his antagonists? Had the honourable gentleman considered, as the *on dit* of the crowd, the source from whence he inferred that there had been conferences between Lord Clarendon and Count Cavour regarding Italy, and that while those conferences were in progress, the Italian dominions of Austria had been guaranteed to her by a secret treaty with France, fully approved by England, he had acted wisely. Nothing could be more improbable, to an intellect uninflamed with an overdose of party zeal, than such a story. Those who make reckless assertions, if sincere, show that they have so little judgment that they place it at the mercy of an easy credulity. What minister in this country would dare the hazard, at least since the death of Lord Londonderry, of venturing such an act? Yet Mr. Disraeli averred it as a fact. It was used in the same way in the House of Lords, by the leader of the Opposition there. Time was that in the British senate assertions were considered unimpeachable truths; and there was little chance of a debate upon mere rumours, the absurdity of which at once spoke their worthlessness. On the wars in Persia and China the changes were rung against the minister, while the papers regarding both were not before the House. It is allowable, perhaps, that wrong motives should be attributed to the party in power, when truth is so much out of sight. It is the price to be paid for a high position; but it is not just that the country should be imbued with false ideas upon measures that are of importance to its welfare, because the feeling of political enmity must be gratified, before grounds either for praise or censure can be correctly known. Mr. Disraeli must have some weight attached to his name, talents, and position. He must hold them all cheap—a most injurious thing. Perhaps the friends of the honourable gentleman think nothing of a name in public life. They have a precedent. There was a Bishop of Cagliari, whose name was Lucifer, in the fourth century.

The late war was not begun by the ministers who brought it so triumphantly to a conclusion. Lord Palmerston came into power under singular circumstances. His lordship had to conduct the government at a moment when the utmost confusion reigned in more than one department connected with the military service. Gradually measures were amended, the previous deficiencies made up, the demands for reparation supplied, complaints, except as regarded the ill-direction of their duties by some of the military leaders, were no longer heard. All proceeded in a smooth and noiseless manner, and but for the expenses we should have scarcely felt that hostilities existed. A slight difference between the belligerents was treated of by a conference, which, for want of other matter, was tortured into an accusation; the mere existence of the conference being made a charge for want of something of a more serious character with which to taunt the government.

When Lord Palmerston came into office he was borne in upon the shoulders of the people. The court had little relish for a minister whose popularity was an offence to some foreign powers, and whose notions were too English for monarchs who rule with absolute sway. He was,

also, too apt, in place of expressing himself ambiguously for the convenience of double constructions in diplomacy, to deliver himself in unmisgivable language. The premier's statements have not been marked in parliament by that want of openness and candour we have too often observed in high posts. We take it that Lord Palmerston directs his own cabinet on all important points, and is not inclined to suffer his coadjutors to play at cross-purposes. In examining the details of his administration, except in not making a greater stand in the Chelsea Inquiry affair, we are at a loss to discover a single instance in which his lordship has not acted up to the public expectation during a crisis of very considerable difficulty. It may be said, in his defence, that the duties of the minister for war and the commander-in-chief were not at the commencement sufficiently defined. We imagine the public will think with us, that there could be no doubt about the matter in a constitutional sense. In that sense we do not recognise a commander-in-chief and staff belonging to a force that only exists through tolerance, to whom we pay no obedience, and who are only second-rate servants of the public. Every executive minister is recognised by the constitution, and Lord Panmure, or any of his successors, should such results occur again as took place in relation to the Chelsea Inquiry, by seven military men who were never at the scene of action, and knew no more about it than ourselves; who, with no slight impolicy as regards their calling, set reason and fact so grossly at defiance—should such results occur again, we shall know how to deal with the case. The jealousy of our fathers regarding the army was not unfounded; and what is more remarkable in the recent exhibition of incapacity on the part of too many of the leaders, the inferior officers and men displayed unparalleled skill, courage, and constancy, while they became blameless sacrifices to ignorance of duty in superiors. The circumstances, it is true, were novel, and the premier and minister for war manfully asserted the virtue of the commissioners' report; its truth was corroborated on all sides, and yet that truth remains unsealed. Is there again, in later days, a power behind the throne greater than the throne itself? The present Administration has carried on the business of the country with firmness and equanimity: the machine has worked smoothly. The enemies of the ministry have not been able to attack more than a few petty salient points, although the desire of mischief was never stronger; and in those attacks they have been defeated.

Careless and corrupt in the use of the franchise, some call for a pure government, crying for reform, who do not, or will not, perceive that there can be no corrupt government without a corrupt people. Advance we must; let us, then, go onward upright on our legs like men, rather than on all-fours like debased animals. Let us ripen into electoral integrity before we add to the evil which the Reform Act has not yet cleared away. It would be invidious now, when the existence of the House of Commons is so near its final term, to analyse its component parts, to class its members according to their presumed efficiency, or dissect the motives and modes of their election. We can only express, in considering some cases, a little of that passion which involuntarily affects us when we see a fly in amber, and this totally irrespective of any political attachments. It is this and similar failures in the results of the Reform

Act, evading its plainest intentions, that make the public so deaf to the further calls for reform; it is the hopelessness of electoral purity by the sound part of the people. It is no small proof of the premier's ability that he was able to carry on the public business with such heterogeneous materials as existed within the walls of parliament during the last session. It is true, he was aided by the divisions in the anti-ministerial party, which rendered it of late less formidable, but more by his own equanimity. Still there was a want of fixed principles of action too often displayed, which rendered the ministers' position hazardous, and stamped some of their friends with inconsistency.

There never existed an Administration in which, if evidence go for anything, the public were more confiding. The proofs of this are sufficiently obvious in the peaceful state of the country. It is due to that same Administration to assert that it has won its way fairly. Little has been heard of any internal differences in its composition; and if rumour be correct, the premier has kept a smart hand over the working men in the government departments. No one possesses more active habits; and his experience being great, the art of managing his cabinet without playing the dictator too broadly, seems to have originated that equable temperament throughout, which is as agreeable in political labour as in that of any other species of toil. The foreign transactions of the cabinet, as far as we know them, have been marked with the desire to restore and render permanent public tranquillity throughout Europe, factions notwithstanding. The discontented with peace, who even now make the peace a charge against the government, are dangerous counsellors. We could see no fault throughout the negotiations with Russia, as some ill-judging people declare there was. If there was a difference of any moment it was speedily healed; and the firmness of Lord Palmerston's cabinet was placed beyond question by the non-withdrawal of our fleet from the Black Sea until every point was settled.

There have been none of those disturbances in the metropolis or the provinces which marked the rule of many former administrations. Gentleness, and not severity, have been the weapons used upon all occasions; and this of itself has told how much better it is to rule by calmness and right reason than by straining laws to meet particular cases, or the system of perjured spies for auxiliaries, amidst a glaring deficiency of moral courage. To those who assert that there are none of the old causes existing for public disturbance, it may be replied that the deficiency of such causes arises from more equable government, from greater regard for popular feeling, and an essential change in the habits and feelings of the aristocracy. The change cannot be denied; and if the aristocracy play the right game it may retain the leadership, and take a stronger hold of the popular regard than it ever had before, since it is only for it to abandon certain absurd notions, grounded upon unworthy traditions and assumptions, and to act with sincerity as the leaders of the people, and it will make up for the ground it lost at the commencement of the present century not yet recovered. The middle class is not mentally improving; it seeks wealth with toil, obtains it at death's door, and dies crying still, like the horse-leech, "Give! give!" The excessive competition in business, and the insatiable lust of gain,

absorb all its faculties. Men die senseless at anything worthy of men. The poorer classes are fast imbibing knowledge. Those born to family and wealth have seen the necessity of accommodating themselves more to the dictates of reason, and to the fact that the last traces of feudal pretension must soon disappear altogether as unworthy of the age. We believe that the middle classes are retrograding; that the "froth" and the "dregs" of our population, to speak after Voltaire, are both amending. The middle class has no time to advance further its mental culture. All who can recel the social party, or the evening conversation, for example, of the past, so as to compare them with those of the present day, must perceive the great falling-off in every topic the knowledge of which cannot be acquired from the columns of a newspaper, often neither the best nor the most truth-telling of its order. We never remember when the enjoyment arising from intellectual conversation was less effective among the middle classes than at present.

The policy of the government has been seconded by public feeling, to which it owes a good deal of its success. To find no holes to pick in the best cabinet would be extraordinary. A patient and faultless administration cannot be expected; as Geoffrey Gambado tells us about dealing in horse-flesh, we cannot have a horse without a fault, the object is to get a better horse than our neighbour. With all due respect for Lord Palmerston, we do not vouch for the superior excellence of his lordship's cabinet to one which imagination might picture, we only think it the best at present attainable, and his lordship the only individual that can fill so well the distinguished post which he occupies. If this is doubted, let those whom the Crown would call upon in his place be tested by a parallel. But the present ministry has been put to a novel trial in parliament. Allegations made against it have been sustained by presumptions in relation to the future. Heretofore it was thought time enough to punish an offence when it had been committed. To hang a man upon a criminal prognostication is worse than making giants to slay them. Yet we have seen a specimen of this novel system of politico-judicial action, marking the animus that prompted it, under the golden rule of *Lidford law*, so favoured of assailants conscious of a bad cause :

First hang and draw,
They try the cause by *Lidford law*.

A series of cross-questions, calculated to extract the perspective views of the government, inferences for evidence, and then a verdict of "guilty" by implication. Such is a portion of the customary proceedings in similar cases. Mr. Gladstone exhibited some little tendency to this line of practice in his speech, which we regretted to observe, because he seems never to forget that free-trade principles are as yet but partially carried out. He once censured the financiers of Lord Derby's party; can he now feel brotherhood for them? He belongs to the vigorous youth of finance; will he marry that youth to its toothless age, to a worn-out hag in the sciences? A trial for prognosticated guilt, exemplified in Mr. Disraeli's bag of indictments, will hardly suit Mr. Gladstone's advanced position. Mr. Disraeli might see utility in dealing with that which had no recognised existence, because nothing cannot be answered. Who can expect

substance in moonshine exhibited by a magician touting his show most eloquently with every rhetorical figure that can set it off? It was an absurd mode of proceeding, it is true, and absurdity is only a folly, unless when it declares itself wisdom. The aim was too transparent. Little John and Robin Hood over-acted their farce, and Mr. Gladstone ought to perceive that even a tendency to the alliance would be injurious to himself. There is no part of our foreign policy that was not assailed. Earl Grey moved an amendment, which might have had some weight had we entered upon a war with a European power. It was in effect a censure upon the ministry for not calling parliament together upon the announcement of Persian hostilities. The House saw no reason for this, since such a step could not have changed the circumstances of the war or removed the cause. Promptness of action was necessary. A similar amendment should have been added in regard to China, to give the proceeding a consistent character. The speech of the noble earl was feeble in the main argument. The government was charged with invading Persia, after Persia had invaded and captured a city or territory which she engaged by treaty not to attack or capture. On remonstrance, no redress was given. In such a case, whether we sent an army to Herat itself or to Bushire, or anywhere else in the Persian territory, it would be immaterial. But this was not an Indian but a British war; parliament should have been consulted on the matter, and time lost—time, so precious a thing in the misfortune of any war. There seemed something captious in a complaint thus grounded. An Indian war is, to all intents and purposes, a British war. Herat was a main route to India for an enemy. Lord Derby stated that he did not sanction the Persian war. Nobody did the noble lord the injustice to suppose so. That war, right or wrong, was the act of the existing ministry, and we need not seek further for a reason. It was, therefore, superfluous to announce his lordship's non-approval. Thus all through the proceedings at the opening of the session we trace the motives of the actors, and regret to find them by no means of a more elevated character than usual. The attacks on the ministry had no breadth. They were petty, little, soaked to saturation in the spirit that indicates less of the love of country than of the vulgar desire of place. Then there were hypothetical attacks on the government; for what can cool friends or declared foes do in the way of saying something but take the easiest road in fault-finding? It is a resource always at hand, and then it is so much more easy to pull to pieces than direct how to construct or amend in sober earnest.

If we were to credit the Opposition, England was never so ill-governed before; yet the charges made against the government are in effect the old stories urged against cabinets of all shades of colour. If there had been any originality in the Opposition, something new would have been struck out. "*Toujours perdrix, M. l'Evêque,*" as the French monarch said, "must we have no fare but partridges?" While reform is at a stand-still, and, as we trust they are, the people begin to purify themselves by recollecting their duties, removing electoral carelessness and corruption, it would not be amiss to draw a comparison between the government of this great country down to the termination of the first score years of the present century and at present. Influence will at all times have its weight, but there is nothing in the government that ap-

proaches the corruption among public men which existed a little time ago; while we are afraid that if we went into a borough, purse in hand, we should find as much readiness among electors, provided secrecy could be secured, to touch the bribe, as was ever found of old. It is the fear of penalty, not of faithlessness to trust, that restrains and overpowers the enemies of integrity. Electoral virtue, like other virtue, will dwell with the few. To remove this aptitude of preferring self to the public benefit, we believe there is no security but engrafting a due sense of the weight of his public duty on an elector's mind,—a task in a money-gripping community much more difficult than is commonly imagined. For if we are tired of the mode in which parliament draws along; if it will neither actively carry forward the proposals of the administration nor originate any of itself, we must ascribe it to the inefficiency of our representatives in their duties. There is much to do, it is admitted on all sides, but those who should act with vigour think of their private concerns, and make their public trusts a stepping-stone to their interests. No government can resist the popular impulse in this country. That must be an impolitic administration which will, in the face of popular lukewarmness, attempt to carry measures of moment, and risk defeat, not from the nature of the measures themselves, but from the popular indifference to the interests of the nation at large; in fact, to everything beyond their own threshold. It is a much more difficult thing for a minister to overcome a popular apathy arising out of overwhelming interests in private affairs, a lethargic state of feeling in relation to the general good, than it is to face a powerful parliamentary opposition. We do not doubt that we attribute the state of public measures to the right cause, if we trace back to the popular neglect in the choice of representatives the real impediment to sober advance and to the improvement of our institutions. When Mr. Roebuck, in the north, the other day, alluded to meanness of mind in a representative, through which a minister occasionally gained the support of a member in parliament, in which there was much truth, the honourable gentleman did not, as he might have done, point out the utter disregard of the electors to the abilities and character of those whom they send into parliament, who are thus easily cozened by ministerial notice. How often do we find wonder expressed by people of no very profound judgment at selections made to fulfil the very important duty of popular representatives—men destitute of high-mindedness. Whatever some persons may think of it, this has become, too, a frequent subject of remark as to the uncertainty and difficulty it creates in a house which, not being exposed to the accident of hereditary incompetency, should be imagined the more capable of taking care of the public interests.

We have no idea of a change of ministers in the event of a general election, which must be soon expected. Let any one versed in the state of parties endeavour to huddle together a cabinet adapted to the common necessities of the country, and see what can be made of the materials in hand. We have a plenty of the "Forcible feeblies," it is true—forcible in words but feeble in works, without the ability to be otherwise. In the House of Lords we have the Earls of Aberdeen and Derby. The first, though experienced, would hardly be called again to power, though he was as a minister more the victim of the faults of others than of his own.

Then there is Lord Derby, under whose petulance we could never think ourselves safe, however willing the noble lord might be "to be all things to all men" once more. Mr. Gladstone or Lord John Russell could hardly be nominated, the first because we might fear his political as well as religious faith, and the second because he has fearfully fallen in the general estimation. Both these public men exhibit at present a don't-careing sort of front in parliament, which may mean something or not as the wind blows, but they can hardly expect to succeed each with his own piece of marquetry in securing the general confidence. Besides, an ocean of contradictions, averments, and apostasies from principle must be mingled in a stirabout, and gulped down to achieve an end deficient in moral influence. As to professions and promises, the game has been too long played off with them to answer again, by deceiving the public as to the disinterestedness of an opposition.

The sins of the ministry, on the contrary, are pretty well declared by their opponents. They amount to nothing, placed in the balance against their successes. In all events, if we proceed slowly we proceed on sound principles. Our country is not compromised, while it maintains its high station. The charges, therefore, may be summed up in the mountain brought to bed. We do not pretend to grope in the entrails of the future for what may some day happen, although we are certain we know the events of to-morrow to the full as well as any of our neighbours, except Mr. Disraeli. That gentleman, the Opposition soothsayer, might write a book of prophecies. He has one advantage over all prophets, from Balaam to Brothers, in being able to discern and describe bygone things which only came to pass in his own cranium, and to promulgate revelations of events of which he is himself the father. It is said by some persons that when Mr. Disraeli, interrupting, declared he had seen the treaty between England, Austria, and France, guaranteeing Italy to Austria, Lord Palmerston stopped in his speech as if taken aback, and then proceeded. This, not reported in all the statements given of the debate, certain writers made use of against the premier as if he had been caught in his attempt to mask an important fact. The truth is, his lordship was startled at the assertion of England's "instigation"—astounded. How could he be otherwise, when he found imagination take the place of fact? That which was natural to other men was natural in a minister. Fiction alone tells in our present literature; we have quite enough of it in law, why not make it a rule in politics, and, in place of Pitt and Puffendorff, study Gay's Fables? Finally, as matters stand, and the Derby and Beresford wound is skinned over, we must prepare for a state of determined party hostility throughout the session, in order that the Opposition may be enabled to console itself as Moloch did, in the sentiment that its action "if not victory is yet revenge."

Such seems to be the irresistible conclusion from the Opposition attempt to make England the instigator of a convention between France and Austria to enslave Italy, in place of a just and necessary convention of a military nature, originating in a contingency that never occurred. The action to which it related had ceased—indeed, was nearly forgotten—when Mr. Disraeli played the resurrection-man, and exhumed to pervert it. To what ends—there's the rub! To what ends but to make the Queen's ministers appear hypocrites, double-dealers, destitute of honour

or patriotism. Thus to damage them, and clear the way for those who have twisted, tumbled, and turned head over heels again and again before every political idol whose worship would serve their turn, and failing at last to serve their turn have become the iconoclasts of their own gods.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, at the earliest practicable moment, detailed the budget in great part, and gave general satisfaction by the reduction of the income-tax, which was pretty well understood as coming to pass before. Complaints were silenced, and another weapon abstracted from the stores of the Opposition. A number of bills and measures were proposed, relating to the bank charter, tickets of leave, statute law, wills, marriages, divorces, and others which, it is to be hoped, will not meet the fate of the many measures proposed during the last session, owing to the laxity of our representatives in their duties, from their non-attendance in numbers sufficient to overcome the compact phalanxes always interested in the abuses by which they profit, such as the ecclesiastical courts, and the like. In regard to those intolerable nuisances, and all that touches ecclesiastical matters, not relating to "the cure of souls," there is as much resistance to worthy improvement as if the "souls" in place of the fees of those interested in the existing state of things were really at stake.

THE BATHS OF LUCCA.

BY FLORENTIA.

III.

The Prato Florito.

ALL the rest of the party were in advance, as we emerged into the pretty avenued road leading from the Ponte to the Villa, under the shade of the beautiful flowering trees casting down blossoms at our feet. The morning was hot, and the sound of the river, as it rushed over the rocks, was very refreshing. We passed the Piazza with its usual groups of idlers, and, ascending a zig-zag road, plunged into the deep grove of acacias that clothe the heights on which stand the Bagni Caldi. On the other side the fine chestnut forest extends, overarching with its deep shadow the houses on that side. Nowhere are the trees finer than skirting this road, which follows the windings of a broad and lofty valley, along a river that flows at the bottom.

"This," said the doctor, "is the grand-duchess's favourite walk; and here, almost every morning, she may be seen either alone with one of her ladies, or accompanied by her children. She is the best of mothers, and never is so happy as in their society. Her apartments are always in a litter, strewn with playthings, and filled with birds, gold fish, and all sorts of pets for their amusement. When I have the honour of seeing

sua altezza in the morning, before she has risen, which is often the case—if she feels indispensed it is the same thing—all the toys and the pets, with the children, are transferred to the bed.”

The road now descended to the banks of the river Cumaione, dashing over the rocks in its rapid course to join the Lima below. On our right a high mountain rose abruptly, broken into romantic dells and glens, each with its tributary stream. Beautiful flowers spring up in the crevices of the rocks—large Canterbury bells, pinks, southernwood, and box, with masses of delicate heaths. Before us appeared a precipitous ascent, which shut in the valley, and seemed to preclude further progress.

Just at the foot of this hill the road crosses a bridge over the river, and another valley, narrower and more winding, opens up suddenly to the right, along which our road lay. Cascades and tiny waterfalls course down the hill-sides under the deep shade of the high banks, whilst in front a mass of white calcined-looking mountains marked the direction of our route. After a short distance the road ends abruptly, and a narrow mountain track, scaling the almost perpendicular side of a rock, is all that presents itself.

“Surely,” said I, “we are not to go up that dangerous place; is there no other road?”

“Avanti—avanti, oh, signora,” replied the doctor; “that is nothing; pray do not be alarmed at this, or you will never reach the Prato. The ponies are accustomed to these paths, and are quite safe.”

Abandoning myself to my fate, I mounted the narrow path scooped out in the rocks, now widening out into a badly paved road, now again plunging among fine old scathed-looking trees—the solitude broken here and there by small clusters of houses, with verandahs of trellised vines overspreading the road—the rich fruit hanging down in tempting bunches. Nothing can exceed the luxuriant richness of these mountain districts, sheltered from the wind and the cold; at the base of lofty mountains, the little villages and cottages really seem like so many gardens of Eden, and realise every fabled idea one has formed of Italy from the paintings of Claude, Poussin, and Zuccarelli.

Now and then we mounted ascents so perpendicular that it really seemed impossible for the ponies to keep their footing, but a slash of the whip sent them trotting up without any difficulty, and brought us to some charmingly shady spot, where the overarching vines tempted us to linger, and give the poor animals a little breath.

On we rode through the uninterrupted silence of a great primeval forest, passing under the overhanging branches of magnificent old trees, that terraced both sides of the valley. The houses and villages were now left far below, and not a sound broke the silence. In these hot climates nature, animate and inanimate, appears to fall into profound slumber about noon; all is tranquil, and the very leaves wave lazily as the hot breeze fans the branches. The butterflies danced about among the flowers bordering our paths, not brilliant and rich in colouring, as we admire in England, but brown, sombre little insects, very much resembling large moths. They and the pretty little lizards, who rushed through the leaves and over the rocks, terrified at the noise of our approach, were the only things that seemed awake, so profound was the repose. C. had fallen into a contemplative mood; perhaps he was thinking of his

Venetian countess ; at all events, I did not attempt to disturb his lucubrations, and rather rejoiced in having a silent companion.

At length we reached the summit of the particular range of hills that we had for the last two hours been ascending, and arrived on a sort of natural platform, from whence both sides of the height, and the distant prospect, was visible through a break in the chestnut woods. And a most lovely view it was, lit up by the brilliant colouring of an Italian sun, so gaudy and glaring that one's eyes smarted as one gazed. A deep and richly wooded valley sank precipitately below to a great depth, along whose bottom a mountain river rushed under the arches of a fine old bridge, the white eddies just visible in the golden mist that filled the valley. On the other side, on a precipitate mountain, appeared the town of Terellia. Extending from the town, in a semicircular direction, the road to Modena was visible for a considerable distance, lost at last among a mass of wild and rugged mountains ; while above all the sister summits of the mountains of La Pagna towered. Before us, and as it were near at hand, rose the two mountains of the Coronata and Prato Fiorito, almost equal in height, and of a rounded shape ; the former encircled with natural waving lines of rock, giving it the appearance of being crowned : hence the name "Coronata." They both bear strong indications of volcanic origin, which can alone account for the luxuriance of vegetation on the Prato, amid such a wilderness of barren calcareous heights. The lower portions of both mountains are belted with luxuriant forests, forming a fine contrast to the desolate barrenness of the summits. Altogether, this station was so beautiful that I wished to linger under the shade of the trees had my companion permitted it ; but he insisted that we had still too far to go to allow of loitering, especially as the road was to become more difficult and less interesting. The wood still continued, our road now lying along a comparatively level track on the summit of the heights.

To our left rose the Borgo of Milaggio, entirely covering a small hill with its red-tiled, white-walled houses and green jalousies, thoroughly southern in character, with sloping roofs and open galleries, the church, situated on the highest point, commanding the whole town. It is strange to come thus suddenly on towns and villages in the midst of rugged, inhospitable mountains, or in the depths of an impenetrable forest. These suddenly appearing towns are a great feature in Italian scenery ; the houses, gathered together on the summit of some rock or hill, without a single cottage straggling away from the rest, lead back the thoughts to other ages, when feudal tyranny, republican struggles, and the attacks of banditti desolated the land, and the only safety for the inhabitants was to be found in unity and numbers. These valleys have beheld the struggles of the Bianchi and the Neri ; and the great family of the Panciatichi was as often the curse as the blessing of these districts that owned their power.

Under the shadow of a rock rose a little chapel, where service was being performed by the parish priest from Milaggio. Groups of peasants, poor, poverty-stricken looking creatures, knelt round the gaudily-dressed altar, where gold paper and faded artificial flowers abounded. Old women, with wild uncovered heads of rough white hair, and brown and wrinkled faces, looking more like animals than human beings ; pretty young girls,

wearing crosses and earrings, with clean white veils on their heads and wooden shoes on their feet; peasants with their jackets picturesquely thrown over one shoulder, were, with great devotion and marvellous rapidity, telling over their *corona*. The low chanting of the priest sounded musical as we approached, and the whole scene was quite Italian.

From this point all forest scenery ceased, and the path traversed a barren and bleak tract of land. It was difficult to proceed, as the loose, rolling stones made the horses' footing most insecure, the narrow path often passing the bare edge of a precipice, over loose damp soil that threatened to give way under our weight. Streams and springs broke the land in all directions, and fertilised the patches of corn growing around the miserable huts of the peasants, who, sunburnt and half naked, laboured in these little fields, redeemed from the surrounding desolation. Half-starved flocks of sheep wandered among the deep gullies in the rocks, seeking a little shade; for the sun beat down, unmercifully, and although we had reached so great an altitude not a breath of air could be felt. The rushing streams, as they trickled from the rocks or danced over the pebbly bottom, was the only sound that broke the solitude of this dreary region, where not a tree, not a shrub even, was visible—all nature seemed wrapped in mid-day slumber.

After ascending for several miles through this barren wilderness, we reached at length a point of extreme altitude, and a splendid scene of mountain grandeur burst upon us. The Prato Fiorito presented itself suddenly to our view, in its entire height and breadth: an immense mountain, somewhat flat at the summit, its rounded sides entirely covered by the greenest and most delicate turf imaginable, more like a mantle of the richest velvet than any grass human foot had ever pressed. Neither valleys nor glens indented the rounded sides, and its appearance was the more singular from the contrast it presented to the wild mass of whitened mountains among which it stands. The scene was grand and solemn. A deep valley sank down precipitately from the narrow ledge on which we stood. Opposite, arose a range of distant mountains piled above each other until lost in the clouds, the topmost ridge just tipped with snow. To our left, a range of rocky heights, chaotic and broken in form, extended their summits, crowned with straggling plantations of wild holly; the lower portions belted with tempest-torn trees bathed in purple shadows. Huge patches of deep shadows hung over the valley, in a richness of colouring quite incomprehensible to those not acquainted with Italian scenery glowing under an ardent sun, that lights up all nature like a burning furnace.

C. and I, having dismounted, tethered our horses to the rocks, far trees there are none, and seriously addressed ourselves to the ascent, which is too steep and dangerous to be attempted otherwise. It was most difficult to proceed, the beautiful herbage being as slippery as glass; no rock, no stone breaks the emerald turf, which in spring is enamelled with every flower that Flora in her uncultivated state can boast, so that the surrounding air is for a considerable distance literally scented with the perfumed odour they exhale.

Anxious as I was to reach the summit, I certainly should never have accomplished it without the assistance of the doctor, not so much from

fatigue as from the tingling pain I experienced in my ears, which felt as if they would burst, and a sensation of sickness and nausea that obliged me to stop several times, in fear lest I should be forced to descend. At last we reached the broad platform at the top, and I could look around on the grand scene stretched out before me. At first sight it forcibly struck me as being the appearance of a mighty ocean convulsed with a heavy swell, as range after range of vast mountain ridges succeeded each other in varied undulatory lines, resembling the heaving of the heavy, murky waves of our unquiet Channel after a storm, each ridge of succeeding heights, every valley and mountain pass, all carpeted with the delicate green of the interminable chesnut forests, save where alone La Pagna and the range of Carrara mountains, whose white flanks display in broken gorges the marble treasures they contain, rise bare and bold in pointed summits to the clouds. No part of the Apennines is more graceful and romantic in shape and colouring than these Carrara mountains, and wherever they are visible the distant scenery is certain to be singularly picturesque. Beyond the valleys and mountains that shut in the distance a narrow belt of land marked the level plains along the sea-coast. There lay Pisa, "a town on fair Etruria's shore," skirting the Arno, its domes and spires visible through a glass; further on Leghorn might be distinguished, and its busy harbour filled with ships from every quarter of the globe. Beyond, the sea—bright, glittering, and beautiful—like a magic cestus encircling this fair land of poetry, suggesting dreams of Rome, and Naples, and Sicily, and Palermo—orange-groves, golden suns, burning mountains, and classical rivers of other centuries—all that art and nature, riches and abundance, can conceive in most prodigal mood, to be reached by that great highway lying through those azure waves! That ocean, too, has an interest all its own: on the waves of the Tyrrhenian sea, unbroken by the ebb and flow of common tides, rode the ships that bore the fugitives from conquered Troy; on this Etrurian coast they disembarked, and spread a classical and immortal renown on the land that received them.

But splendid as was the panorama, I was glad to descend, for the rarity of the air really made me feel quite ill. We had soon reached the foot of the grassy mountain, and the doctor and I sat down in a sheltered cleft among the rocks to eat our homely fare of grapes and bread, which was all we had cared to bring from the pic-nic below. The descent was difficult and dangerous; the rolling stones on the rocky track would have thrown down any but these mountain pomes, who are accustomed to such inconveniences. Readily to look at the places we trotted down was terrific: it seemed as if we were tempting our fate. But no accident occurred, and we reached the outskirts of the forest in safety. All had departed, but the remains of the feast were visible in the shape of a huge pile of empty bottles, and the garlands with which the signora had decorated the surrounding trees. The heat had now moderated, and we had a delightful ride through the woods; the doctor was, as he ever is, most agreeable, and we parted at the Ponte equally pleased with each other and with our excursion, and most happy to have escaped the tormenting nuisance of the literary countess.

IV.

Our Villa—Autumn in Italy.

AFTER I have described the rival villages of the Baths, and sketched the manners and customs of the ephemeral inhabitants giving "virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure," I must be allowed the pleasure of a chapter entirely dedicated to the charms of our own beautiful mountain residence—that enchanting villa where we passed four such happy months.

Situated on the summit of a steep, rounded hill, rising abruptly from the Lima nearly two hundred feet, the house stands on a kind of platform, made, as it appears, expressly for it, mountains towering behind, before, and on either side. The Titans must surely have been here, and, in the days of chaos, enjoyed many a game of bowls in these wild and fantastic valleys. The hill sloping, or rather falling from below the terrace, before our door is terraced with vineyards, row above row, as thick as they can stand, and the road by which our nest is reached, in a series of windings, and zigzags, and extraordinary curves that cause one to traverse the same space over and over again, as it appears, is bordered with the same beautiful vines festooned from tree to tree, terracing to the road below that follows the course of the river Lima, rushing along between feathering banks. The vine-gardens continue until the road plunges into the deep chesnut forest, by which we are entirely enclosed—all, save the sunny slope in front, dedicated to the juicy grapes—a forest wild and romantic and interminable as ever fringed the Arcadian hills, where satyrs might pursue the coy and flying nymphs from morn till dewy eve, and yet, when Aurora again appeared, still pursue under the constant shade of the ancient weather-beaten trees, scathed with the storms of ages, gnarled, fantastic-looking, like hoary-bearded giants.

Such is the situation of the villa which, standing on an outlying hill, commands the whole valley of the Lima, and is visible for miles. In the distance it looks like a fortification, from the various walls by which it is encircled, the chapel at the end of the garden passing for the keep from its round shape and elevated position. A warm, comfortable, roomy house, too, perfect in spring, summer, and autumn, as my readers will allow when I introduce them to the interior. Before the entrance is a platform of grass, bordered by a balustrade, along which are planted acacia-trees, rounded into large green mops, and kept small and trim; the centre filled with large lemon-trees in stone vases, and tall rose-trees. The view is sublime, but of that more anon. In some rooms formed along the walls by which the villa is approached live a whole horde of peasants, or *contadini*—good, worthy souls, whose primitive manners and national habits amuse us not a little. Ever ready for to go, for to fetch, for to carry, they are the most useful people in the world—always in good humour, and ready to face the rain, the wind, or the burning sun in our service.

When we first arrived in the month of July, the heat was tremendous; indeed, it was impossible to face it before four or five o'clock, unless

one particularly wished to have a *coup de soleil*, or a fever; and even then, after the sun's rays were no longer vertical, the air was oppressive until delicious evening came to cool the burning earth. Every door and window during the day set open, shaded, indeed, with the green persiennes or blinds, often failed to give one a breath of air, and the sultry hours were passed dreamily away in reading, or fanning oneself, or sleeping, as the chance might be; but anything more active than reading would have put one into a fever even to think of. However, we managed to exist very luxuriously in our charming saloon, which, according to the orthodox arrangement of an Italian villa, occupied the centre of the first floor.

I wish I could describe this saloon in which I am now sitting, for I am under the firm impression there is not such another room in the world; but how is it possible to convince others of this? Let me try and endeavour to leave some memorial of these walls within which I have passed such delightful hours—where I first tasted the enchantment of Italian life and climate—where I sat rapt whole days in delicious musings—where I read and studied the history of the land of poetry I inhabit—where kind friends, with hearty greetings, sought me out, and made these distant mountains seem a second home. After I am gone, how shall I recal that room, and paint it even more charming than it really was, if that were possible?—the low murmur of the splashing fountains—the lovely flowers peeping through the open windows—the cool breeze that fanned one even at noon—the view from the balustrade before the window. Ah! never shall I forget it, and all the peace I enjoyed there.

But pardon my raptures. I will be reasonable, and describe, in the hope that then every one will be enthusiastic too, and forgive me, and sympathise in my feelings. To begin, then, systematically. The lower floor of our house is in accordance with the general habit in Italy—almost uninhabited—as rooms on the ground are not considered healthy. It consists of a large room, where we dine, furnished with a small library of enticingly wicked French novels, belonging to Conte Trebiliani, of which we have the key; but as to whether or not it is made use of, I will not say. The kitchens and servants' apartments occupy the remainder of the space, with the staircase, which, as well as conducting to the sitting-rooms, leads also to the garden on the second floor; for, by reason of the rise of the hill behind the house, the saloon is on a level with the ground.

Now let us open the door of this same saloon and look around. Are you not pleased? I never met with any creature yet who was not. It is a large room, rather low, the walls painted pale blue, with a stone-coloured Etruscan border. Down one side, opposite the door, is a large divan, with no end of cushions and comforts, inviting to repose and sleep those who are lazily inclined. Then there are oceans of books strewn about on the various tables—the best Italian histories, and travels, and guide-books, and maps, and poems, and all and everything calculated to enlighten the mind about Italy—amid flowers in vases, and bouquets in crystal cups, and statues on marble tables, and the thousand little elegances that fill a room with cosy-looking litter. Then there is a heterogeneous collection of all kinds of arm-chairs, from gaunt mahogany, scarlet lined, magisterial seats, to easy, comfortable, modern bergères and duchesses. I am really afraid the Trebiliani must be very lazy people ever to have devised such a lounging saloon, where it is absolutely impossible to sit

bolt upright. The floor is of stone, painted in various patterns, with strips of carpet along the divans. There are various doors in the room, because all the best bedrooms open into it; and when we are walking in and out of our rooms, I am always reminded of the termination of some funny little piece at the Haymarket, such as Buckstone loves, where the different characters are continually walking in and out of the side-doors, and committing the most unheard-of blunders.

But, about the windows, of which there are four—with white curtains, and the glass doors at either end, one opening to the garden, and the other to the front of the house, where there is a large verandah—I have a great deal to say. First, let me inform the reader that no one can be in this room five minutes without hearing the delicious rushing and splashing of water, continually flowing—the most refreshing of all sounds in a hot day. Opposite the garden door there is a fountain, where the water, shooting up in a silvery pillar to a considerable height, falls back into a marble basin in a thousand glittering stars, each sparkling in the sun, while, on the opposite side of the house, the river below keeps up a constant roar. Now, I put it to any reasonable creature, is not that charming? Round the edge of the marble basin in the garden, within which shoals of gold fish live in a very calm and happy state of mind, without a care to annoy them, are placed beautiful plants that blossom luxuriantly under the constant spray and moisture of the fountain—Cape jessamines, smelling far sweeter than under a cloudy English atmosphere, tuberoses, fuschias, lilies, and geraniums—their various blossoms forming a variegated garland round the basin. The ground is laid out in a broad terrace, or rather platform, terminating in a low wall, from whence the other terraces rise abruptly. This wall is covered with roses, and jessamines, and myrtle, worthy of decking the altars of Venus, or to be twined into garlands to decorate her couch by the attendant Graces. Two other fountains pour out their limpid streams from grotesque old heads of carved stone, fixed in the wall among the flowers, into basins beneath, and add their gurgling to the murmurs of the basin in the centre. There is a sofa placed most temptingly in the saloon facing this terrace, where to sit and be lulled by the sound of the water, with a favourite book in one's hand, approaches nearer to the fabled pleasures of Elysium than anything else I can conceive. Two large parterres of flowering shrubs occupy the space right and left of the central basin, the branches bowing with the weight of the blossoms forcing themselves through the windows into the very room, and overhanging the seats placed on the gravel and perfuming the air with delicious odours. Some are trees, some shrubs, but all are bright with variegated colours. Here is the yellow jessamine, sprinkling the ground with golden stars as the breezes sweep by; and magnolias, whose creamy-leaved flowers rise out of the waxy foliage, white as snow; and rose-trees, grown so tall one cannot pluck them; arbutus, covered with small white bells and scarlet fruit; and others, of whose names I am ignorant. On one side to the right is an arbour, terminating the terrace on that side, covered with trellised vines, the purple fruit hanging in large bunches among the leaves most temptingly; and on the further side there is a low wall, and such a view! it would puzzle a painter to delineate, much

more a poor scribbler like me, with nothing but an old pen and the humblest powers of description. Near at hand there are the mountains on which we are placed, covered with forests, now tinged with the autumnal tints; woods such as Diana loved, where, with her fair train, the daughters of Oceanus, and her attendant nymphs bearing her silver crescent, she chased the bristly boar in solitude, as safely as on the heights of Calydon, or drawn her golden bow unerringly, concealed beneath the deep shade of the overhanging chestnuts, as the swift stag shot by. No Actæon here to fright the chaste sister of Apollo, the only sound breaking the solitude the ripe chestnut fruit falling from the bursting pod on the dry leaves that strew the ground. Beyond the woods opens up the valley of the Serchio, far below where, meeting with the Lima, the united rivers rush through the parting mountains. This meeting of the waters, and the union of the two valleys at a sharp angle, overgrown by aspens and willows, is a grand feature in the landscape. The Lima, rushing impetuously over rocks, to be presently engulfed by the majestic stream of the larger river, whose sands, like the river Pactolus of old, might be of gold, did its waters bear the impress of the immense suns which have been lavished on it. Beyond are mountains indented by valleys and undulations, and rocks piled in magnificent confusion, coeval with creation; one in particular, of broken basaltic aspect, over which the storms always gather, when it assumes deep purple shades, almost unnatural, as the dark clouds lower over it and the thunder rends its massive sides. Here the shepherd Endymion may have lived, and held mysterious meetings with the moon, before she rose from behind the dark masses to illumine the valley. It is impossible to gaze day after day on the solemn-looking pile in this land of poetry, and not people it with classical visions of satyrs, dryads, and wood-nymphs, haunting the caves and grottos, or watching from behind the trees. Here, embosomed in the Apennines, the valleys are always green and verdant, the skies ever blue, and that view on which I now gaze, far over the low wall, one of the sweetest prospects, "in this land of many hues," that my mental eye ever feasted on. But we must return to the garden, and leave the mountain background looming in the distance. Opposite the glass door opening from the saloon—that dear room!—the walls supporting the terraces divide, and a walk, formed by easy steps, conducts to the summit of the topmost terrace, where stands a circular chapel, embosomed in wood, dedicated to the Penates of the Truhitiani, the entrance carefully shrouded from eyes profane. I longed exceedingly to dedicate this chapel to books and writing, as never could a more quiet and delicious studio have been conceived; but I dared not, fearful lest the shades painted around the walls might revenge themselves on me in some terrible torments, should I, a heretic, venture to obtrude within the awful space around their altar. The garden, viewed from this spot, descending in six distinct terraces to the fountains and house below, is graceful in the extreme. The low walls of the terraces are covered with creepers, and flowers border the walk, and peach and fig-trees, and vines covered with fruit, are all jumbled together on the cultivated spaces between, in luxuriant confusion. Large vases of stone are ranged along the walls bordering the central walk, filled with geraniums and jes-

samines, breaking the lines with their classical forms. Even up at the chapel, or temple, or whatever the Conte calls it, there is still the same cool gurgling of water from two other antique heads, placed midway among the flowers, and another stream, making the eighth fountain, into a basin under a network of honeysuckles, beneath the chapel, flanked by two of the largest hydrangias I ever saw, now one mass of pink and lilac blossoms. This garden is surely dedicated to the water-nymphs. There is no getting away from the soft murmuring of the water, inviting one to sleep among the flowers, whose rich perfume makes the air quite heavy, until, opening a gate at the end of the garden, I emerge on a wild scene of mountainous beauty, where little paths along the sloping hills lead into the wood, extending all around. Below, there is a valley, so shrouded by alders, aspens, willows, and underwood, as to be invisible from above, where a mountain stream pours down over a rocky bottom in a series of small cascades. Hard by, a spring flows out of the rock over a glassy slope, and trickles down through the herbs and flowers that spring up in the shade to the little torrent that dashes below. This valley is always cool; the mossy nooks among the rocks, and grassy knolls under the trees, form luxuriant seats, and here we often came to dine *al fresco*, and to enjoy the icy water from the spring, and the delicious shade, when the heat in the house was unbearably oppressive. It was a romantic glen, fit for the Nereides to have loved, their grassy hair glistening with weeds and coral, and as I sat beside the brook, lost in musing, I loved to fancy them peeping from out the deep grottos in the rocks, or hid among the long flags and reeds that skirt the stream, wreathing fresh garlands of pearl and glistening shells to deck the car of Amphitrite, when, heralded by Triton, with his silver-sounding shell, attended by old Neptune, stemming the blue waters of the Tyrrhenian sea hard by, she

Rises on the wing of the freshen'd breeze,
Flutters with the wind o'er the rolling seas.

The Dryads, too, who dwell among the woods, and love to bathe their white feet in the bubbling waters of the mountain brooks, among the water lilies—not more snowy than their fair skin—did they not, too, haunt that valley, and repose on the soft grass that bordered the stream? To be sure they did. Have I not heard low, soft voices whispering among the leaves in inarticulate melodies as the breeze swept by? or was it old Pan, perhaps, tuning his reedy pipes? for he delights in solitude and silence like the nymphs. There is an enchantment in that valley, and in the shade of those overhanging banks, which must be felt by any one who descended in a believing spirit.

Where thousand melting sounds the breezes bear,
In silken dalliance to the dreamy eye.

The little green lizards run over the rock, timid and terrified as when Ceres, searching for her daughter Proserpine, cursed the unhappy son of Baubo, who, flying from her presence into the furthest woods, endeavoured to escape her fury.

Butterflies there are, but brown and ill-favoured, not worthy of the

gaudy colours around. Snakes, too, are sometimes seen about the spring, when they come to drink the water, and then coil themselves up in the long grass; but they are small and harmless, and, like the lizards, vanish at the slightest sound. Above, through the glimpses of the trees, a glorious sky of azure spreads over all, and the golden sun (scorching the vine-crowned hills, and all around save this glen and the adjacent forest) comes slanting down, forming a chequered shade.

But we must now return to the house, and to a certain dear little boudoir, appropriated especially to literature. A divan runs along one side, and this is strewn with manuscripts, all waiting the fiat of the "great man of New Burlington-street." All speaks of hard quill-driving—old pens, a dirty inkstand that has seen some service, open books, long strips of notes, and piles of half-finished sheets.

From this room there is another lovely prospect, quite enticing enough to make one idle, only I am prudent, and avoid temptation by turning my back on it. Below is the whole village of the Ponte, bordering the river, the casino, and knots of dwelling-houses around it, peeping out irregularly from among the trees. A little to the left, over the Ponte a Serraglio, lies the Bagni Caldi, suspended on the side of the green hill. The villa is so extremely primitive, that not a single grate is to be found in all the house; we are, therefore, sincere worshippers of Phœbus, and salute his rays with quite as great enthusiasm as his ancient adorers the Greeks, seeing that on his caprices depends all the warmth we enjoy. Remembering that

In early times the gods were cheaply pleased,
A little meal with salt their wrath appeased,

I am contemplating offering the uncertain god certain orthodox libations of honey and milk on the rocks, as latterly he had treated us very ill, and been all but invisible, sending in his place Æolus, with his bag so well filled with wind and storms we have almost been swept away.

Any one who really wants to see Italy in glory must spend the autumn, as we have done, between a forest and a vineyard. Nothing could be more beautiful than the terraced hills, covered with vines loaded with fruit. It is a sight you may read of and fancy for ever, but the reality exceeds all possible description. There is something so luxuriant and abundant in the white and purple grapes peeping out of the reddish leaves, weighing down the vines almost to the ground, or suspended in a perfect network from the more lofty *pergole* or arbours forming long passages along the hills, or festooned from tree to tree, in graceful, wild luxuriance, such being the three modes of cultivating the grape in Italy; and it would be difficult to say which is the most picturesque.

We are now in the midst of the vintage, the peasants, busy as bees, bearing up to the house heavy loads of grapes in wooden measures, which they carry on their shoulders; the donkeys are in requisition and laden with wooden panniers crammed with fruit, all which is deposited in large tubs. Angelo, the handsome son of the old peasants, is to dance on these tubs with his naked feet until the juice is extracted, and then it is put away to ferment until ready for the flasks, covered with wicker-work, in which it is kept. I must confess I should like to have seen.

instead of the antics of the good-natured peasants, the festive season celebrated by some of the ancient pomp of the *Bramalia*. Bacchantes would have looked most picturesque, running wild over the mountains, crowned with vine-leaves, and singing hymns and songs in honour of the rosy god. But the quiet and the silence around was unbroken by any sound of revelry; no one appeared in masks, or daubed with the purple grape—no songs were sung, and the chariot of Bacchus, drawn by tigers, lions, and panthers, containing the jolly god, wreathed with grapes, and quaffing the fresh-pressed wine, surrounded by riotous and rejoicing satyrs, demons, and half-tipsy nymphs, has given place to modern barrocinos, drawn by mules, assisted by the patient and much-enduring donkey. Truly a melancholy change! Here is the same suggestive scene—the sun—the skies—the rich vintage; but where is the classic fancy that once animated it? Where are the legends and the poetry? The gods of Greece have forsaken their adopted land—their altars have vanished—their votaries are gone—their very names are forgotten, except in the favourite Italian oath (*per Bacco!*), the only word recalling the former empire of the all-powerful god. I do not believe our worthy peasants or the smiling Angelo are aware that he ever existed. They complain the vintage is bad, and the grapes injured. Can one be surprised that such is the case, when no statue of the god was suspended among the vineyards—no wooden images hung up in the loftiest trees to look down in constant watch, and guard the vines from injury? Such a slight is of course revenged by the offended deity, who, in anger, denies the luxuriant crop, and has commissioned his attendant satyrs to injure the vineyards of the recreant peasants. In the old days of Greece such accidents never happened; wine-presses yearly overflowed with the abundant grapes, and all the village youths were not enough to stamp out the juicy fruit. Then, in jolly hymns, they praised the god of wine,—

Whose earthen images adorn the pine,
And these are hung on high in honour of the vine.

At all events, Bacchus has not influenced Pomona to deny us a plentiful crop of figs; for all the trees on the mountains are covered with fine fruit, brought to us in great basketfuls, in such quantities we were at a loss what to do with it. The peaches, too, were very plentiful, and the apples so splendid that Pomona herself might have deigned to have borne one of the loaded branches in her hand that have been offered for our acceptance. The olives, too, that grow on the sunny side of the hill as we descend to the Ponte along our zigzag road, are healthy, and covered with the small green fruit which ere the coming spring will ripen into berries black as ink. But the ungrateful peasants rear no altar to Minerva for all her favours, and have forgotten that it was she who first produced the olive and received the prize from all the assembled gods on high Olympus for her invaluable gift, the emblem of peace, and the richest of all the trees that grow in the fat valley or along the sloping hills. She who loved to crown her helmet with its pale leaves is remembered no more, and, like the ruins of the Parthenon, where her worship once triumphed, has passed away and is forgotten. Ungrateful Italians! not even to preserve a legend of your benefactress! Alas! for the nineteenth century. The school-master has penetrated even here into the bosom of the Apennines!

Between the rows of vines grows the Indian corn, so universally cultivated on the Tuscan plains. The rich yellow pod, breaking from its shroud of hempen leaves, is the very emblem of abundance. When ripe, it is gathered, tied into bunches, and suspended all over the fronts of the houses in long yellow garlands, giving the meanest hovel a rich and classical façade. Thus it is left to dry, then bruised, and collected in sacks for winter use. Our peasants have ornamented their walls with these golden chains, which I flatter myself must be intended in some way as an offering to Ceres, although they themselves would be all aghast at the pagan allusion. The flax, too, put out to dry in the sun, after being buried in water until it is quite decayed, lines the roadside, until they take it in and break it on a carding-machine, when it is arranged in large flakes, and either sold for exportation or fastened to a distaff to be twisted into thread. This is the favourite occupation of our old peasant woman, ugly enough, in good sooth, to represent Clotho herself, although, instead of her chaplet of wool interwoven with the flowers of the narcissus, and robes of ermine lined with purple, which clothed the daughter of Nex, poor old Felicità only wears a dirty-coloured handkerchief, gathered in folds over her head, and a cotton gown, which evidently has seen much service. But I fear I shall fatigue the reader with our mountain interests and occupations, which to me convey an inexpressible charm; all is so novel, and classical, and un-English, that I really do fancy myself returning into far-gone centuries, and gone back to the days of Grecian mythology, while living in these mysterious woods, amid such suggestive scenes. I admire everything; for even the commonest occupations of life are performed with an unconscious elegance quite delightful. The very dry chestnut leaves, threaded on strings, to line the beds in the coming winter, are garlanded along the acacias that border the road with a grace quite Italian; nought under these radiant skies is common or unclean, but all betrays the Grecian origin and association inherent throughout the land.

I have now described our villa, our woods, our valleys, and our habits. Can the reader wonder I am enthusiastic, or that I end as I began, by declaring that I shall never forget the happy months dreamed away at our town in the mountains?

EUTRAPELIA :

AN OMNIUMGATHERUM LITTEARIUM, CHIEFLY ILLUSTRATIVE OF
BARROW ON 'WIT.'

IV.

WIT AND HUMOUR.

Alfieri. The English display an equal share of facetiousness and of *humour* (as they call it) in their comedies.

Salomon. I do not understand the distinction.

Alfieri. Nor indeed is it well understood by many of their best authors. It is no uncommon thing to hear, "He has more humour than wit." Here the expression can only mean "pleasantry:" for whoever has humour has wit, although it does not follow that whoever has wit has humour. Humour is wit appertaining to character, and indulges in breadth of drollery rather than in play and brilliancy of point. Wit vibrates and spirts; humour springs up exuberantly as from a fountain, and runs on. In Congreve you wonder what he will say next: in Addison you repose on what is said, listening with assured expectation of something congenial and pertinent. The French have little humour because they have little character: they excel all nations in wit because of their levity and sharpness. The personages on their theatre are generic.

LANDOR's *Imaginary Conversations*.

It was remarked with justice by a critic of Leigh Hunt's agreeable volume entitled "Wit and Humour," that, after all, the best accounts of those qualities are only approximations to the truth: nothing being more difficult to grasp than the fancy and imagination of laughter, which the most vigorous arms have not been able to keep still, long enough to paint them. Dryden is referred to as having had the "courage to explain Wit to be a propriety of thoughts and words; in other terms, thoughts and words elegantly adapted to the subject; which was only giving a general character of all good writing. Congreve, who had so intimate an acquaintance with each quality, said the truest and modestest thing when he confessed, 'We cannot certainly tell what Wit and Humour are.'"

Nevertheless, our critical literature is not barren of essays towards discriminating the twain.

Humour, says one expositor, is felt to be a higher, finer, and more genial thing than Wit, or the mere ludicrous; but the exact definition of it has occasioned some difficulty. It is the combination, he suggests, of the laughable with an element of tenderness, sympathy, warm-heartedness, or affection. "Wit, sweetened by a kind, loving expression, becomes Humour. Men who have little tenderness in their nature, or whose language and manner are destitute of soft, warm, and affectionate feeling, cannot be humorists, however witty they may be. There is no humour," as this writer understands the term, and the men, "in Butler, Pope, Swift, Dryden, Ben Jonson, or Voltaire."

Wit was originally, as an American essayist observes, a general name for all the intellectual powers, meaning the faculty which kens, perceives, knows, understands; and was gradually narrowed in its signification to express merely the resemblance between ideas; and lastly, to note that resemblance when it occasioned ludicrous surprise—marrying ideas, which

lie wide apart, by a sudden jerk of the understanding :—while Humour originally meant moisture, a signification it metaphorically retains, being the very juice of the mind, oozing from the brain, and enriching and fertilising wherever it falls. "Wit exists by antipathy; Humour by sympathy. Wit laughs *at* things; Humour laughs *with* them. Wit lashes external appearances, or cunningly exaggerates single foibles into character; Humour glides into the heart of its object, looks lovingly on the infirmities it detects, and represents the whole man. Wit is abrupt, darting, scornful, and tosses its analogies in your face; Humour is slow and shy, insinuating its fun into your heart. Wit is negative, analytical, destructive; Humour is creative. The couplets of Pope are witty, but Sancho Panza is a humorous creation." The same analyst cites old Fuller's remark, that a negro is "an image of God cut in ebony," as humorous; Horace Smith's inversion of it, that the taskmaster is "the image of the devil cut in ivory," as witty.

The interlocutors in Sir Bulwer Lytton's "New Phædo," thus ventilate *inter se* the old vexed question: "Speaking of wit," says one of them, L—, "I met at dinner, a few months ago, M— and W— I— [whom we 'guess' to be Moore and Washington Irving—let the guess *quantum valeat*], and two or three other persons, eminent, and deservedly, both for wit and humour. One of them, I think M—, said, somebody or other had wit but no humour; it was asserted, on the other hand, that the person spoken of had humour but no wit. I asked the disputants to define the difference between wit and humour, and of course they were struck dumb.

"A. No rare instance of the essence of dispute, which consists in making every one allow what nobody understands.

"L. Perhaps so; but really, to understand a thing thoroughly, is less necessary than you or I think for. Each of the disputants knew very well what he meant, but he could not explain; the difference was clear enough to serve his own mind as a guide, but not being analysed, it was not clear enough to be of use to others. Wit is the philosopher's quality, by the way—Humour the poet's; the nature of Wit relates to things, Humour to persons. Wit utters brilliant truths, Humour delicate deductions from the knowledge of *individual* character: Rochefoucault is witty, the Vicar of Wakefield is the model of humour.

"A. While you define I could dispute your definition—shall I?

"L. Not in conversation; we shall end in talking nonsense: metaphysical disputes on paper are very well, but spoken disputes are only good in special pleading." And so, wisely enough, issue is *not* joined.

According to Hazlitt, Wit is the describing the ludicrous as it is in itself; Wit is the exposing it, by comparing or contrasting it with something else. Humour is, as it were, the growth of nature and accident; Wit is the product of art and fancy. Humour, as it is shown in books, he calls an imitation of the natural or acquired absurdities of mankind, or of the ludicrous in accident, situation, and character; Wit the illustrating and heightening the sense of that absurdity by some sudden and unexpected likeness or opposition of one thing to another, which sets off the quality we laugh at or despise in a still more contemptible or striking point of view.

Humour, writes an anonymous essayist, "lies close to the feelings
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Wit belongs to the understanding. Wit is the play of the perceptions—Humour the sportiveness of the sympathies. Wit may be most brilliant when most rancorous—Humour cannot consist with serious hostility. Humour ever presumes a mental ideal, or a physical good, and its amusement is derived from the contrast between the aspirations of men towards these objects and the infirmities which prevent success." The same critic ably shows how Wit, when brought into juxtaposition with profound passion, is either merged in the nobler element or jars our feelings by persisting in its idiosyncrasy; while Humour, on the other hand, harmonises with our most solemn emotions, and, when blended with the tragic, may awaken pathos the most profound.

WIT, as already observed, is a term that has undergone more than one vicissitude in its signification, with the course of time. Indeed, Sir James Mackintosh pronounces it to have passed through more changes during two centuries than most others in our language. Without going further back than the reign of James I., he refers to the use of it by Sir J. Davies as the most general name for the intellectual faculties, of which reason, judgment, wisdom, &c., are subdivisions. In the time of Cowley and Hobbes, it is shown to have denoted a superior degree of understanding, and more particularly a quick and brilliant reason. "Both Fancy and Judgment," says the philosopher of Malmesbury, "are comprehended under the name of Wit." Barrow's analysis of *eutrapelia* is thus referred to by Sir James: "In the famous description of facetiousness by Barrow, the greatest proof of mastery over language ever given by an English writer, Wit seems to have retained the acceptance of intellectual superiority." The accuracy of this view may be questioned; but let that pass. Sir James traces the same signification in the use of the term in Dryden's character of Lord Shaftesbury—that signification being very nearly synonymous with the modern words Talent or Ability. But following it in the course of forty years from the publication of Hobbes's "Human Nature" to Locke's "Essay," he finds it come to denote that particular talent which consists in lively and ingenious combinations of thought. In Addison's papers on Wit, he finds an approach to the modern sense of the term. Addison appends to Locke's definition, the *addendum* that it must be "such an assemblage of ideas as will give delight and *surprise*." And Sir James Mackintosh observes that from a shade in the meaning of this last word, has gradually arisen that more limited sense of "ludicrous surprise," which seems now an essential part of the import of Wit, except where some of its more ancient significations are revived by epithets, or preserved in phrases which have descended from former times.

Dryden's definition of Wit is "a propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject." Which, as Addison remarks, is not so properly a definition of wit, as of good writing in general. "If this be a true definition of wit, I am apt to think that Euclid was the greatest wit that ever set pen to paper: it is certain there never was a greater propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject, than what that author has made use of in his Elements. I shall appeal only to my reader," continues the Spectator, "if this definition agrees with any notion he has of wit. If it be a true one, I am sure Mr. Dryden was

not only a better poet, but a greater wit, than Mr. Cowley ; and Virgil a much more facetious man than either Ovid or Martial."

As Addison on Dryden's, so* Johnson has commented on Pope's definition of Wit. Pope describes it, in the *Essay on Criticism*, as that

* Every new commentator, in fact, has to take to pieces, it would seem, the expositions of his predecessors, on the meaning and character of that Protean, light-heeled, slippery, mercurial *nescio quid*, which they all call Wit. The new commentator's turn comes, however, in course, and of course ; and he, too, is then shown to be wanting by his critical successor.

One of the most noticeable discussions of this subject which our recent literature has produced is the Lecture by Sydney Smith, on Wit and Humour—a lecture only to be reckoned recent, indeed, on the score of publication, not of delivery, for it was delivered more than half a century ago. The lecturer repudiates Barrow's description, as being rather an enumeration of the forms of Wit than a definition of its essence. Cowley, too, he complains, has not defined, but merely exemplified it ; while Addison not so much explains what it is as guides us to a just taste in it. Dryden's definition, the lecturer objects, might include Blair's sermons. Pope's definition would include Cicero's Philippics, Caesar's Commentaries, Massillon's Sermons, and Bossuet's Funeral Orations.

So again of Johnson's definition. "Wit," says the Doctor, "may be more rigorously and philosophically considered as a kind of *concordia discors*,—a combination of dissimilar images, or discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike." To which, if true, Sydney Smith objects, that then the discovery of the resemblance between diamond and charcoal, between acidification and combustion, are pure pieces of wit, and full of the most ingenious and exalted pleasantry.

Sydney Smith's own definition is, that Wit "is produced by those relations between ideas which excite surprise, and surprise only." (Lect. X.) He insists on our distinguishing ideas from facts, in our examination of his definition : he does not mean that any surprising facts will produce the effect of wit, but any surprising relations amongst ideas. Now it is likely enough that the reader, if at all ingenious (but of course "the reader" is *that* ; "the reader" is always ingenious as well as gentle and courteous), will be able to suggest more than one instance of "surprising relations amongst ideas," which shall in no sort of way involve the presence of Wit, as Wit is understood by Sydney Smith himself ; and thus the reader may, *in propria persona*, have the pleasure of practically demolishing the definition here made and provided, by adducing a case which will not fall within it (one or two such cases are adduced in Henry Rogers's review of the Lectures)—just as, by the same process, the witty lecturer himself had demolished *seriatim* a series of definitions from Locke and Dryden down to Johnson and Dr. Campbell.

Mr. Bailey's essay on "The Theory of Wit" closes with a comparison of his own view of the subject with that of Sydney Smith, which is worth referring to. Mr. Bailey's contribution to the philosophy of *Eutrapelia* was "published" before it was printed—(no paradox, reader ; any more than that vast numbers of books are printed which are never published, if publication means anything) ; having been "delivered" in the form of a lecture, or reading, in the north of England. The following allusion to it occurs in the *Memoirs of James Montgomery* :

"Holland : On Friday night [1846] I heard Mr. Bailey read an ingenious essay on 'The Theory of Wit.' *Montgomery* : I should like to have heard him. *Holland* : And he told me he should have been very glad to have had you as an auditor. *Montgomery* : Did Mr. Bailey attempt to define wit ? *Holland* : His definition, as nearly as I can recollect, was, that true 'wit is an unexpected and ingenious combination of ideas, of such a nature as not to carry away the attention from the ingenuity displayed :' it is more recondite, but perhaps less generally intelligible than the well-known theory of the Edinburgh Reviewer, that the pleasure arising from wit depends upon our surprise at suddenly discovering two things to be similar in which we suspected no similarity." (*Memoirs of James Montgomery*, vol. vi. p. 287.) Remembering the seven heavy volumes of which Mr. Holland has been guilty, one cannot but think how distant must be the rela-

"which oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed." Pope's account of Wit, says Johnson, in the *Life of Cowley*, is undoubtedly erroneous: he depresses it below its natural dignity, and reduces it from strength of thought to happiness of language.

So Sir Richard Blackmore, though a No *Pope-ry* man, in *his* explanation of Wit, lays particular stress on the remark, that while the fancy is full of images collected from innumerable objects, and their different qualities, relations, and habitudes, it can at pleasure dress a common notion in a strange but becoming garb, by which the same thought will appear a new one, to the great delight and wonder of the hearer.

It is not in his critical writings alone that we possess instances of Dr. Johnson's strictures on the Popish canon concerning Wit. There is an amusing entry on the subject in Miss Burney's *Diary* (Oct. 29, 1782). "Wit being talked of, Mr. Pepys repeated,—

True wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd.

'That, sir,' cried Dr. Johnson, 'is a definition both false and foolish. Let wit be dressed how it will, it will equally be wit, and neither the more nor the less for any advantage dress can give it.'

"Mr. P. But, sir, may not wit be so ill expressed, and so obscure, by a bad speaker, as to be lost?

"Dr. J. The fault, then, sir, must be with the hearer. If a man cannot distinguish wit from words, he little deserves to hear it.

"Mr. P. But, sir, what Pope means——

"Dr. J. Sir, what Pope means, if he means what he says, is both false and foolish. In the first place, 'what oft was thought,' is all the worse for being often thought, because to be wit, it ought to be newly thought.

"Mr. P. But, sir, 'tis the expression makes it new.

"Dr. J. How can the expression make it new? It may make it clear, or may make it elegant; but how new? You are confounding words with things.

"Mr. P. But, sir, if one man says a thing very ill, may not another man say it so much better that——

"Dr. J. That other man, sir, deserves but small praise for the amendment; he is but the tailor to the first man's thoughts.

"Mr. P. True, sir, he may be but the tailor; but then the difference is as great as between a man in a gold-lace suit and a man in a blanket.

"Dr. J. Just so, sir, I thank you for that: the difference is precisely such, since it consists neither in the gold suit nor the blanket, but in the man by whom they are worn."

Poor Mr. Pepys, and his *Sartor*! thus *Resartus* by chuckling, triumphant, overbearing, Dr. Johnson, at a large party, and left almost

tionship between him and Wit, the thing he here discourses of, if there be any truth in what *Polonius* affirms, that

"Brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes"—

a definition that would go far to materialise, or de-spiritualise, the worthy biographer—leaving him finely developed limbs, but no soul whatever.

without a rag of argument to cover him. That night Mr. Pepys knew what it was to be hugged to a mummy by the Great Bear. Nor, once out of his clutches, was he safe from fresh attacks. Again and again that night, whenever occasion served, did Ursa Major turn again and rend him. If Mr. Pepys, like his namesake of the century before, kept a diary, and employed the same sort of phraseology in his entries, there must have been an emphatic "which did vex me" in the entry for that night of October 29, 1782.

Johnson's own notion of Wit is intimated in his Discourse on the Metaphysical Poets; he considers it as that which is at once natural and new; which, though not obvious, is, upon its first production, acknowledged to be just; which he that never found it wonders how he missed. The Doctor adds, in a succeeding paragraph: "But wit, abstracted from its effects upon the hearer, may be more rigorously and philosophically considered as a kind of *discordia concors*; a combination of dissimilar images, or discovery of occult resemblances* in things apparently unlike."

Thus, of Bacon, it is remarked by Mr. Craik, that the characteristic of his writing is pre-eminently wit, understood in the largest and highest sense, as the perception and exhibition of things in their less obvious relations. And by Mr. Macaulay, that in wit, if by wit he meant the power of perceiving analogies between things which appear to have nothing in common, he, Bacon, never had an equal, not even Cowley, not even the author of Hudibras.

Among modern definitions of Wit, that by Mr. Leigh Hunt is one of the most noticeable and elaborate. "Wit may be defined," he says, "to be the Arbitrary Juxtaposition of Dissimilar Ideas, for some lively purpose of Assimilation or Contrast, generally of both." He calls it the clash and reconciliation of incongruities; the meeting of extremes round a corner; the flashing of an artificial light from one object to another, disclosing some unexpected resemblance or connexion. "It is the detection of likeness in unlikeness, of sympathy in antipathy, or of the extreme points of antipathy themselves, made friends by the very merriment of their introduction. The mode, or form, is comparatively of no consequence, provided it give no trouble to the apprehension; and you may bring as many ideas together as can pleasantly assemble. But a single one is nothing. Two ideas are as necessary to Wit, as couples are to marriages; and the union is happy in proportion to the agreeableness of the offspring."

So Coleridge represents Wit as consisting in the exhibition of thoughts or images in an unusual connexion with each other, for the purpose of exciting pleasure by the surprise. This connexion, he adds, may be real; but in wit popularly understood, it is, for the most part, apparent only, and transitory; and it may be by thoughts, or by words, or by images.

* Among the cavillers at Dr. Johnson's definition may be mentioned, *en passant*, that master in the practice (whatever he may have been in the theory) of both wit and humour, the late Thomas Hood;—who writes, for instance: ". . . . But that's the way with your would-be critics; they are as absurd as Dr. Johnson in his definition of wit. It traces resemblances, says he, and judgment detects differences; as if, forsooth, the same faculty that perceived the likeness of a man to a monkey, did not involve the ability of distinguishing a horse from a hog." (Introduction to "Tylney Hall.")

He holds that the wit of thoughts belongs eminently to the Italians, that of words to the French, and that of images to the English.

We English may, at any rate do, flatter ourselves largely on our native stores of Wit and Humour, in all their genera and species. "Our own language," Lord Chatham is made to affirm, by Walter Savage Landor, in the Imaginary Conversation with Lord Chesterfield, "our own language contains in it a greater quantity and a greater variety of wit and humour, than all the rest of all ages and countries."

But our Humour is what we are, with reason, prouder of than our Wit, as a national characteristic. "Never," exclaims Jean Paul Richter, that German of the Germans, "never do I feel more refreshed by serious passages than when they occur amidst comic ones; as the green spots amid the rocks and glaciers of Switzerland soothe the eye amid the glare and glitter of snow and ice. Hence it is that the Humour of the English, which is engrafted on the stem of lofty seriousness, has grown so luxuriantly and overtopped that of all other nations." He contrasts it pungently enough with the *persiflage* and superficial *esprit* of the French.

"I sat down," says James Montgomery, in one of his recently published Letters, "in what has been called a fit of 'humorous sadness,' a frame of feeling with which I hope you are unacquainted, though with each of its elements, separately, you must be familiar,—for you would not be a *wise* man if you had not known 'sadness,' nor an *English* man if you had not some portion of that undefinable national characteristic called humour."

"He was, indeed," says Boswell of Johnson, "if I may be allowed the phrase, at bottom much of a *John Bull*; much of a blunt, *true-born Englishman*. There was a stratum of common clay under the rock of marble. He was voraciously fond of good eating; and he had a great deal of that quality called *humour*, which gives an oiliness and a gloss to every other quality."

M. Villemain, in his Lectures on French Literature, after quoting a fragment from one of Burke's satirical speeches, tells his auditors: "Voilà, messieurs, ce que les Anglais appellent *Amour*, et ce qu'ils réclament comme un *genre d'esprit* qui leur appartient par privilège; je vous le donne ici, non comme bon, mais comme anglais." And elsewhere again he speaks of "cette sorte de gaieté maligne et sérieuse que les Anglais s'approprient sous le nom caractéristique d'*humour*, gaieté qui fait le principal mérite de Swift et de Sterne, et semble naturellement appartenir à un peuple spirituel occupé de ses affaires, et se servant de l'esprit pour aiguïser le bon sens, et non pour s'en passer."

The French can cite Rabelais as an unmistakable Representative Man in the national interest of Humour. But implicitly, or at times explicitly, they are tolerably content to make over to us the appropriation of that quality as a national characteristic. In the late John Sterling's review of Montaigne, it is remarked of that great essay-writer, that in the midst of much light and playful matter, of many comic stories and abundant Wit, he displays no trace of Humour,* such as glorifies the

* Compare with this negation on the part of John Sterling, the affirmation in the closing sentence of the following excerpt from his sometime guide, philosopher, and friend, Thomas Carlyle—the whole of which excerpt is quite germane to our subject:

"Doing all justice to the inexhaustible readiness, the quick force, the polished

much duiness, and almost transmutes the filth of Rabelais. It is the characteristic office of Humour, according to this critic, to exhibit earnest feelings and deep thought, in grotesque, often in extravagant and monstrous forms, such as outwardly contrast the most with that of which they are the vehicle, and by the sense of this opposition heighten and sharpen the effect of that which moves and lives within. "It is not," he adds "in any eminent degree a French faculty; and the greatest comic writer of France since Rabelais—to wit, Molière and Voltaire, both of whom in their shrewd and cunning sarcasm Montaigne somewhat resembles—hardly exhibit a trace of it." Some will think Mr. Sterling as much out in denying humour to Molière, as M. Villemain (*suprà*) in attributing it plenipotentially to Swift.

Coleridge pronounces the English humour to be the most thoughtful, the Spanish the most ethereal—the most ideal—of modern literature. Among the classic ancients, he observes, there was little or no humour in our sense of the word: Socrates, however, or Plato under his name, gives some notion of it in the Banquet, when he argues that tragedy and comedy rest upon the same ground. Coleridge's own suggestion, towards an explanation of Humour, is, that it essentially arises "whenever a finite is contemplated in reference to the infinite, whether consciously or unconsciously." The little is made great, and the great little, in order to destroy both; because all is equal in contrast with the infinite. Herein Coleridge would intimate the congeniality of humour with pathos,* so exquisite, he says, in Sterne and Smollett, and hence also the tender feeling which we always have for, and associate with, the humours or hobby-horses of a man. There always is in humour, thus understood, an acknowledgment of the hollowness and farce of the world, and its disproportion to the godlike within us.

acuteness of Voltaire's wit, we may remark at the same time, that it was nowise the highest species of employment for such a mind as his; that, indeed, it ranks essentially among the lowest species even of Ridicule. It is at all times mere logical pleasantry; a gaiety of the head, not of the heart; there is scarcely a twinkling of *Humour* in the whole of his numberless sallies. Wit of this sort cannot maintain a demure sedateness; a grave yet infinitely kind aspect, warming the inmost soul with true loving mirth; it has not even the force to laugh outright, but can only sniff and titter. It grounds itself, not on fond sportful sympathy, but on contempt, or at best on indifference. It stands related to *Humour* as Prose does to Poetry; of which, in this department at least, Voltaire exhibits no symptom. . . . We look in vain, through his whole writings, for one lineament of a Quixote or a Shandy; even of a Hudibras or Battle of the Books. Indeed it has been more than once observed, that *Humour* is not a national gift with the French in late times; that since Montaigne's day it seems to have well-nigh vanished from among them."—(Carlyle's *Miscellanies*, vol. i. Art. "Voltaire.")

Elsewhere the same deep thinker and acute expositor observes, on the same subject of Humour, but this time with Jean Paul for his example: "In this rare gift, for none is rarer than true Humour, he stands unrivalled in his own country, and among late writers in every other. To describe Humour is difficult at all times, and would perhaps be more than usually difficult in Richter's case. Like all his other qualities, it is vast, rude, irregular; often perhaps overstrained and extravagant, yet, fundamentally, it is genuine Humour, the Humour of Cervantes and Sterne; the product not of Contempt, but of Love, not of superficial distortion of natural forms, but of deep though playful sympathy with all forms of Nature."—(Carlyle's *German Romance*, vol. iii.)

* Indeed, as Sir E. B. Lytton remarks, in reference to the magnum opus of that gentle humorist, Austin Caxton, "In all true humour lies its germ, pathos."—(The Caxtons. Part iv. ch. ii.)

Humour, says Julius Hare, is perhaps a sense of the ridiculous, softened and meliorated by a mixture of human feelings. For, as he justly remarks, there certainly are things pathetically ridiculous; and we are hard-hearted enough to smile upon them, much nearer to sorrow than many tears.

If Humour only meant laughter, Mr. Thackeray observes in his preliminary lecture on the Humorists, we should scarcely feel more interest about humorous writers than about the private life of Harlequin, who possesses in common with them the power of making us laugh. But "the humorous writer professes to awaken and direct your love, your pity, your kindness—your scorn for untruth, pretension, imposture—your tenderness for the weak, the poor, the oppressed, the unhappy. To the best of his means and ability he comments on all the ordinary actions and passions of life almost. He takes upon himself to be the week-day preacher—so to speak. Accordingly, as he finds, and speaks, and feels the truth best, we regard him, esteem him—sometimes love him."

In discussing the opinion of those who, Schiller among them, have considered the *vis comica* to be the very highest reach of genius, an able writer in the *North British Review* affirms it as certain, that a sense of humour comes out generally more and more with the ripening of man's nature, and that a perception of the ludicrous side, even of great and righteous conduct, ay, and even of human misery (at least in one's own self), appears to be an element of the very kindest and truest wisdom, as enabling us to find excuses, or at least explanation for the ridicule which they excite in lower minds, open perhaps to this one perception—a ridicule which to younger and more fervid hearts, so full of admiration as to have no room left for humour, may seem absolutely fiendish.

We have given Leigh Hunt's definition of Wit. Humour, considered as the subject treated of by the humorous writer, and not as the power of treating it, is defined by him "a tendency of the mind to run in particular directions of thought or feeling more amusing than accountable," at least in the opinion of society. It is therefore, as he infers, either in reality or appearance, a thing inconsistent, and that deals in incongruities of character and circumstance, as Wit does in those of arbitrary ideas.

The tendency of the two to coalesce, elicits some acute criticism from the same genial expositor—their richest effect being produced by the combination, although the one may be found in perfection apart from the other. "Wit, apart from Humour, generally speaking, is but an element for professors to sport with. In combination with Humour it runs into the richest utility, and helps to humanise the world."

But though in wandering mazes lost we find no end to these excursions, magazine limits find an end for us, and it is already reached. And full time it is (at least will be, next month) to begin "illustrating" Barrow's famous description of that *Eutrapelia* which is neither Wit alone, nor Humour alone, but is sometimes the one, sometimes the other, and sometimes perhaps a *tertium quid*, scarcely assignable to either quality. For this *Eutrapelia* is a large, indeed meant to be an all-embracing power; a quotient of plural multiples, a compound of many simples, as well as a variform simple in itself. As such it will be treated, or treated of, in this our *omniumgatherum*, purposely so called.

THE TALKER AND THE WORKER.

A HOME NARRATIVE.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

VI.

A YEAR'S TRIALS.

It was scarcely light when they again passed along the quiet street; they crossed by the mill where Harry and William had worked so long together: that drudgery was over for Harry. When they got to the station they found a group of some fifty people, chiefly of the lower orders, mingled with a sprinkling of Irish labourers, for the harvest was at hand, and it was there that they broke their journey to the midland counties. Five minutes before the time of starting the bell sounded, and the huge locomotive came, with its long train of gloomy, dirty carriages, roaring and puffing up to the platform. They selected the best-dressed party they could find for their fellow-travellers, and took their places in the crowded van.

The last bell rang, and the long line of carriages moved slowly along. Then did Jessie feel the awful responsibility of the step she had taken; she trembled, and clung to Harry for support. In a few minutes they entered a long dark tunnel, which passed from the station-yard under the town, extending for nearly two miles. On emerging into the light, Jessie knew that they could catch a glimpse of Woodside, and her father's cottage. She instinctively turned her eyes towards it; it was visible for a second, and then passed away from her for ever. Uttering a faint cry, she fell senseless into Harry's arms. The people in the carriage were very kind, and they managed to restore her, but only to the bitter reflections of the moment. Harry spoke of her as his wife, and she dared not contradict him, but leant her face upon his shoulder and wept like a child.

Even third-class trains must arrive at their destination, and late in the afternoon the fugitive and her betrothed found themselves in the vast terminus of the great iron artery of commerce. But Harry did not yet feel himself quite safe, for he thought of the long lines of wires, like an interminable music stave, by which human thought is made to pass with lightning speed from one end of the land to the other, and he knew that faster trains had passed them, and half dreaded to find the stern old Scotsman waiting among the crowd that had collected on the platform, ready to demand the restitution of his daughter. His quick eye ran rapidly over the assembled group, and soon assured him that his fears were groundless, and, calling a cab, he at once conveyed his weeping companion through the crowded streets to her new abode.

As the couple with whom Jessie is to be for a time domesticated are strangers to our readers, we may as well introduce them at once.

Mr. Renue, or, as he sometimes called himself, Monsieur Renue, was a gentleman of many professions. At one time he derived a considerable income by advertising in the newspapers for postage-stamps, not less than a hundred pounds' worth being required to set up in business a young tradesman, whose father had discarded him in consequence of his having

become a convert from Romanism. The postage-stamp business was, however, taken up by other mendicants, and then it failed altogether. An infallible hair-dye took for some time, and a half-crown dodge of telling individual character by inspecting the handwriting was very prolific. In 1845 he had dealt largely in letters of allotment, but those were palmy days, which could not be expected to last for ever; at the present moment he was by profession "a prophet." It was the prophet line of business that first led to his acquaintance with Harry, for however truly he might predict the winners of the principal events on the turf, his predictions would go for nothing if they were not done in rhyme, and that was a slight beyond even Renue's comprehension. So Harry was employed to string his guesses together.

Madame Renue, the wife of this indefatigable individual, was a Frenchwoman; she had been an actress on the Parisian stage; not that she had ever spoken a dozen consecutive lines, but she was pretty, and had personated all the fairies known or imaginable. She lent a willing hand to Mr. Renue, in endeavouring to make both ends meet, by giving initiatory lessons on the pianoforte, and warranting to make young ladies perfect in her native language, at the very reasonable charge of twelve lessons for one guinea, payable in advance, which course of instruction, as it was somehow never completed, prevented Madame from being accused of holding out a promise it was beyond her capacity to perform.

The Renues occupied a small house a little way out of town. Their abode was comfortable enough, though half the furniture, and the whole six-and-a-half octave pianoforte, was on hire.

Tears cannot flow for ever, and when Jessie found herself in the comfortable parlour at the Renues', where she was very kindly received by the little Frenchwoman, she felt somewhat reassured, but she was dreadfully prostrated; never before had she passed a night away from her father's roof, and her hostess had no difficulty in persuading her to retire to her apartment. Harry took an affectionate farewell, and promised to see her on the morrow. He was not sorry himself to get to rest, for the excitement and fatigue of this, his boldest piece of villany, added to his weak state of health, had sorely taxed his powers of endurance.

Having placed Jessie in security, he had no longer any cause for dissimulation, and he failed not to stimulate his shattered nerves at the first opportunity that presented itself. He had still a long walk before him; but he had expended enough that day in conveyances, so he pushed along, occasionally turning in at one of those palaces of glare and gas-light for a glass of his favourite liquor—gin. He always wrote upon gin; indeed, it was the most appropriate drink from which he could extract what may not improperly be called "the people's poison."

Harry arrived at his lodgings. A letter awaited him. The publication from which he received a stated weekly salary was about to cease; it had been supplanted, as many have, by a new class of literature which was then arising, in which healthful thoughts and moral teachings were not considered incompatible with cheapness. This was a severe blow to Harry, but with his inventive powers he would soon do something—he would still continue to live. He could still work at literary piece-work, and do sanguinary tales to the most thrilling of woodcuts; for they fre-

quently reverse the order of things in this class of literature, and illustrate the engravings by the letter-press. It was rather awkward, at such a moment, to have to look about him, and the lecturing trade had utterly failed in the extreme calm which now slept on the political ocean. He was, however, one of the most popular writers of his school, and the same luck that had attended him hitherto would doubtless follow him still.

Harry was punctual in his attendance at the Renuer's the next day, and he and Jessie walked together through some of the least-frequented streets of the neighbourhood; but he could not give her much time, for his duties called him elsewhere; he would, however, continue to see her some time on most days.

Meantime, Madame Renuer was most assiduous in administering to her comforts; she even insisted on Jessie wearing some of her dresses, until she could send to Woodside for her own. How pretty Jessie looked, set off with all the taste brought to bear on French millinery! One night Madame Renuer took her to the theatre, where Harry and Renuer met them when it was over. It was rather an unfortunate hit, as far as the piece went; for the drama was a very clever picture of rural life, and showed that domestic felicity might exist even in a farm-house, although the mistress was merely a rustic beauty, and the husband a mere clod.

The next day Jessie was very low-spirited, and had a bad headache, and when Harry came to see her, Mr. and Madame Renuer were from home. It was the opportunity for which she had been anxiously waiting. She asked him ingenuously when their marriage was to take place? Any time; he was ready to keep his promise, and desirous of doing so. Then the banns, would they be put up next Sunday? And she should like to go to church, and would not he accompany her? Oh! the banns; he had a conscientious objection to them.

When Mr. and Madame Renuer returned, a circumstance had happened which tended to hurry Jessie on to her destiny; they were called out of town, and had let the house, as it stood, for a few months, to strangers.

What could Jessie do? She knew not a soul in London, money she had none; and to return to Woodside, even if she possessed the means, was impossible. She had confided herself to Harry, she must trust him still.

To ease her conscience, some sort of a ceremony was performed at a place designated by Harry "The Hall of Science," and the principles enunciated by the elders—so they were called—were those of social harmony. There were no bridesmaids, no giving away; they both signed a paper, which one of the elders kept, and the latter joined them at an adjacent tavern, where the party proceeded before Harry took his bride—for such Harry solemnly assured her she was—to her future home.

During the first few months Harry was very attentive to Jessie, and appeared to use every exertion to make her satisfied with her present condition; his tastes and his choice of amusements were not very congenial to her, but they were his, and she shared and participated in them. They had two neat little rooms, and the use of a kitchen for culinary purposes. Jessie was a notable manager, and needed none of those household helps which are more in the way than useful to a couple so circumstanced. For a time he seemed to earn sufficient to support them, and supplied her with money regularly. Then his engagements led him to be out at night, he wrote far less at home, and his means were evidently straitened.

Still she did not complain. At last they were obliged to give up one of their rooms, and two or three at a time his little collection of books disappeared, she did not know where; perhaps he took them to "his office" for reference. One day, when her little stock was exhausted, he remained out all day, although she had told him at breakfast-time that she had not wherewithal to procure a meal. When he came home he was ill-tempered and sullen; some rival had been preferred to himself, and he threw his little bundle of manuscript passionately upon the table. He had evidently been drinking, and he vowed that his employers were worse than any cotton lords in the kingdom. They only absorbed men's labour for their individual advancement; those cheap publishers sucked while they fattened on men's brains.

Here was the force of capital and the result of a superabundance of labour exemplified in his own particular calling. He found that all men were alike, and he would henceforth make war, generally, on society.

For many weeks after this they lived a miserable existence. Harry could not directly break with his publishers, but they employed him when, and paid him how, they liked. For several weeks together he would earn scarcely anything, and then he had not the heart to work on, but would waste his time at public-houses, and in attending meetings, where he had still an opportunity of railing against the oppressors of the industrial classes, with whom he falsely identified himself.

Jessie wondered all this time why she had heard nothing from Woodside. She had written, as Harry instructed her, and had given him the letter to post. If her father had not forgiven her, surely William or her mother might have sent her a few words of consolation. She frequently brooded over this stern neglect, and wept alone and in silence, but she never complained to Harry.

Ten months had now elapsed since her marriage, and there was every probability of her becoming a mother. Harry grew more irritable, and even complained of the "tiresome" position in which this circumstance would place them. He could scarcely keep himself now, much less a wife and child, and meet all the expenses of the coming time.

He proposed that she should return to Woodside for a few months, until the event was over. But she would not hear of that; she was sure by their silence that her father would not receive her, and she must then tell the mode of her secret marriage, and she would not add to the disgrace that had already fallen on her father's home. No! she could stay there and die, or she might struggle through her troubles, if Harry was but kind and faithful to her.

Well, she might remain there; but she must write to her father, explain their circumstances, and ask him to send them some money. It was the first time she had ever refused Harry anything, but the remnant of pride which lingered in her veins, and which she inherited from her Scotch descent, held her firm, and she positively refused to do so.

From that day Harry entirely changed his conduct towards her; he was tired of her, she became a burden to him, and he heartlessly threw off the mask. Why should not her father assist them? He could afford to do so. He had never given her a penny, not so much as a wedding-gown. He had taken her from home penniless. Yes, but how had he taken her? From a home of comfort, from a prospect of future independence; he had stolen her away in the night, and refused her that

brief time for reflection that might have saved her. But it did not suit his purpose to think or speak of these things now ; all he wanted was money, and that she refused to procure him. It was enough : she, too, thwarted him ; there was no sincerity in the world ; he had known it all along, and his creed had taught him to live only for one thing—self, self, self !

One morning she was surprised to find, on waking, that Harry was not by her side. It was very unusual for him to go out before breakfast, but she supposed that something he had not thought it worth while to mention had called him away. She arose, and hastened to prepare the morning meal. A few shillings which she had placed on the mantelpiece the night before were gone ; but she thought nothing of that, for he had frequently demanded all the money she had in his fits of passion. She waited breakfast some time for him, but he came not. The things remained upon the table all day, for there was nothing for dinner. In the evening she got ready some tea and anxiously awaited him ; still he came not. All night she sat listening to every footfall in the street ; still he came not. She sank exhausted against the bed and slept, and dreamt of old Woodside and their stolen meeting under the great oak-tree in the summer time ; and she saw the old porch with its honeysuckle, and heard the clear laughter of the dear children, and saw them swinging between the apple-trees ; and then she saw her father—how changed he seemed, he was more like a fury than a man—his great eyes glared upon her, and she stumbled ; and then she felt his foot upon her holding her down, and she struggled with all her might to get away, and tried to cry out, but she could not ; and then she looked up again at the thing that was oppressing her ; it was no longer her father but Harry, and he held a huge pen in his hand which he was dipping into her heart ; and then again she was in a railway carriage, not creeping along as when she left Woodside, but flying fifty, a hundred miles an hour ; and then she looked out of the carriage window, and every time she saw a glimpse of the old cottage, which instantly passed away, but was multiplied a hundred times. Oh ! that was a fearful dream, but at last she awoke. She was still alone !

Night !—dark night ! No one but herself in that silent chamber. By degrees the truth stole across her mind. Could Harry have deserted her ?—left her to shift for herself in that heartless city ? How fearfully was she punished ! Yes ! her father had told her that the curse of the disobedient would fall upon her. She remembered the day, the scene ; the hour, on that awful night. She prayed to Heaven to give her strength to endure her calamity, and to spare her reason till to-morrow.

To-morrow came, but with it came not Harry. She put on her bonnet, and was proceeding into the streets to search for him, she scarcely knew where. As she went through the passage the landlady of the house came out, and demanded the three weeks' rent they were in arrear.

"Woman !" exclaimed Jessie, "I am penniless. You must ask my husband."

"Husband !" echoed the landlady, with a sneer ; "but where is he ?" Jessie knew not ; she was going in search of him.

"Well, as she was not carrying away any of the things, she might go, and she wished she might find him, that was all ; though for her part, she doubted it. This was always the way she was served, when she trusted such vagabonds."

Poor Jessie heeded not the heartless reply, but went forth, half famished as she was, to try and find her husband, for husband he was to her by every tie that a woman holds sacred. She went to several of the public-houses that she knew he frequented; she was greeted in some places by pity, but mostly by scorn. She then proceeded to several printing-offices where he was known, but they had seen nothing of him lately. She threaded her way for several miles through the busy streets, and with difficulty found 'out the Rennets' house. It was empty, and a bill in the window referred to the owner, who lived in an adjoining street. He was an honest, hard-working man, who had thriven by his own industry: a builder by trade, to which he had risen from a journeyman bricklayer. He knew nothing of the Rennets; they had been gone some time, owing him a quarter's rent. He noticed Jessie's weary condition, and made her come in; his wife insisted on her resting a while and taking a little broth which she had just prepared for dinner. These were the first kind words Jessie had heard for some time, and she found a momentary relief for her sufferings in tears.

The worthy builder promised to bring her case before a magistrate if her husband did not return, and putting her into an omnibus, made her promise to send to him if necessity required.

In the evening, Jessie again visited several of Harry's haunts, but with no better success than before—another night of horrors awaited her. She had no candle, and feared to ask the landlady to lend her one, so she threw herself upon the bed. One after another the other lodgers came in; she heard them pass her door and proceed to their own apartments. She heard the bolting and locking of the front door, and thought of the time when she listened to a similar sound when she kept her fatal appointment at Woodside. Exhausted nature came to the relief of the weary listener, but her slumbers were brief, and she awoke many times in the night to listen if she could hear sounds upon the stairs.

No! he came not. She had tasted nothing for two days, save the drop of broth she had not the heart to refuse at the kind builder's, and in the morning she went down to the landlady and asked her to send—she had not strength to walk there now—to the address he had written down for her. The landlady saw some chance of her three weeks' rent, and she sent her little boy to the place as directed. In the afternoon the stranger arrived—there was kindness in the world, though he had deserted her. But Mr. Davis had a large family of his own, and his object was to see that the poor woman did not die of absolute starvation. He was a philanthropist, it was true, and he supported philanthropic institutions to the best of his means. He would see that she was righted if possible; at any rate, that she was placed somewhere where she would be taken care of. What more could she expect from a positive stranger?

It was late when Mr. Davis, with the overseer of the parish where Jessie resided, brought her to Worship-street, and the magistrate was about to leave the bench; but he saw the description of case at a glance, and did not hesitate to take it. There was very little to distinguish it from similar cases. The overseer was directed to take Jessie into the work-house, and a warrant was granted against Harry for neglecting to support her. So she went—that fair girl whom we saw two years since sitting in the sunshine under the honeysuckles—into the huge, cold workhouse.

The very paupers looked mockingly on her as she passed, for they saw that there was no ring upon her finger.

Jessie was too ill to be removed, or they would have conveyed her, against her inclination, down to Woodside. They made her tell the name and address of her parents, and got it from her by a perhaps excusable fiction, that they would not apprise them of her condition. They did not, indeed, do so directly, but an official document was forwarded to the relieving officer of the district to inquire into their means and condition.

In the mean time her child was born; even the comfort of that was denied her, for she gave birth to a dead infant. Who shall say that Providence was not merciful in thus taking a sinless soul to itself? What would have become of it, forlorn and fatherless? The case was fully reported in the newspapers, and the strong expressions of sympathy from the kind magistrate occasioned many small donations to be sent for the use of Jessie; some benevolent lady also forwarded a basket of baby linen. But the benevolence tendered to poor Jessie came too late; when the parish doctor went to see her the next day, she was raving mad.

VII.

WOODSIDE.

We must now recur to the fatal night on which Jessie stole away from her father's house.

The morning broke dull and hazy over the quiet village of Woodside, and Donald, having slept off much of his ill-humour, awoke at his accustomed hour, which was an early one, and was, as usual, first down stairs. He called the boys, and gave a loud rap at the door of Jessie's chamber. The youngsters were not long in following their father, and by the time Donald had got the fire to burn, for this was a duty he imposed upon himself, Mrs. Gray had also found her way into the kitchen, filled the tea-kettle, and was busily employed with her broom and dustpan.

Jessie's non-appearance excited no surprise at first, although the time had passed that she usually followed them down stairs; it was supposed that some trifling mending or stitching was required as she was dressing the children. But when Patty, the eldest of the little ones, was found to be absent too, Mrs. Gray went to the bottom of the stairs and called them. Had she been trying the strength of her lungs she could not have shouted more vigorously. The children were heard playing about the bedroom, but down they came not. At last Donald was somewhat wrath.

"They'll be down in a minute," interposed his wife.

But the minute passed, and so did several more, and they did not come down.

"Do, dame, go up and see what those lazy girls are about," said Donald.

So Mrs. Gray went to the top of the stairs this time, shouting as she went, and bounced into Jessie's bedroom.

"Why! where is Jessie?" Patty did not know, she was not there when she awoke. The appearance of the bed told Mrs. Gray that only Patty had slept in it. The bonnet and cloak were gone too!

"Donald! Donald!"

"Well! what is the matter? Is the lass ill?"

"Oh no! Donald! Donald! do come up."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the now agitated father, "is she—is she dead?" And he almost flew up-stairs.

"Oh no—no—Heaven grant it be not worse. She is gone. See, she has not been to bed all night!"

"That villain! he then has been here."

"Oh no, Donald, no. Jessie has not even spoken of him lately."

"Then she has flown to him; it must be so—ungrateful, wretched girl!"

Poor Mrs. Gray went into hysterics, and all the children cried in chorus.

Donald pronounced a heavy malediction upon Harry's head. He hurried down stairs, ran through the cottage, and came to the parlour and the open window; the marks of her footsteps were imprinted once or twice on the flower-bed beneath it, and then lost on the hard gravel.

Seizing his hat and stick, his first impulse was to hurry over to Chesterpool; he didn't stop to saddle old Dobbin, he could walk faster. Never did pedestrian traverse that four miles so rapidly. By the time he got to the town the hands were all at work, and he at once proceeded to Mr. Gingham's to ask for William.

William was there, although he was far from well.

"Where was Harry Sharpe?" This was the first question that his father asked.

William knew not; he had not seen him for months, nor had he even heard of him. Still the father was not satisfied that Harry was not at the bottom of this new calamity. William was both shocked and grieved on being made acquainted with his sister's flight; he at once went to Mr. Gingham and obtained his permission to be absent, that he might assist his father in searching the town to ascertain if Harry had been seen or heard of in the neighbourhood. They had no idea that, unprepared as she was, Jessie would attempt any distant flight.

They first went to the Wat Tyler, the landlord of which either did not, or would not, know anything of Harry's movements.

They proceeded to his old lodgings and to many places which William was aware Harry formerly used to frequent, but with no better success. At last, towards night, they stumbled upon the low coffee-shop where Harry had been the day before. At first the landlady denied all knowledge of him, but William inferred from her replies that she knew more about Harry than she chose to admit. He threatened to call a constable and have the woman taken before a magistrate, and then she confessed that Harry had been there, and that he had returned early in the morning accompanied by a young woman, with whom he went away not many hours before, but where she knew not; and this was probably the truth.

Thus far, Donald's worst fears were verified: Jessie had indeed forsaken her home to fly with the deceiver. But here all clue to the fugitives was lost. It was evident they had left the town, but whither had they flown? To London, or to any of the large manufacturing towns where Harry was known? Late as it was, they proceeded to the railway station: many similar couples had taken tickets in the course of the day, it was impossible to identify the runaways; besides, they knew not how, properly, to give a description of Harry.

William and his father seemed entirely reconciled by the circumstance; they forgot all their former differences in the gush of affection and regret which it excited. They went back to Woodside to condole with the bereaved mother, and consult together what was the next step they should take.

It was decided that William should search through some of the principal adjacent towns, while Donald proceeded at once to London. William had never been there, and Donald only twice, so even the latter was not very well fitted for the task. Honest young Smith also proffered his services, and undertook to ride over to many of the rural hamlets in the neighbourhood, supposing it probable they might be concealed there.

It was a loss to the family in many respects, for Donald had to employ a man in his absence, and William would also lose one or two weeks' wages; but he willingly drew out the little money he had in the savings bank and proceeded on his mission.

When Donald arrived in London, he was surprised at the vast place it had become since he visited it five-and-twenty years before; large plots of open ground, nursery-gardens, and commons had been broken up and built upon, whole streets had disappeared, and rows of palaces arisen on their sites. He was utterly bewildered. He went to the police-offices, and wandered about until he became known as "the old Scotchman who was looking for his daughter." For three weeks he pursued his vain inquiries in all parts of the metropolis. He might have hunted for three years in the huge town and yet not have gone through one-third part of it; he then returned in despair. Many of the people he had met persuaded him to advertise for his daughter. He did so; and there appeared one of those quaint announcements which, at the top of the third column of the *Times*, frequently call up a smile on the cheek of the reader, but which are invariably connected with some home-trial, some domestic suffering, similar to that which had brought misery into the home of poor Donald Gray.

IF this should meet the eye of J— G—y, she is earnestly entreated to return to her disconsolate parents, and the past will be forgiven.

It did not reach the eye of Jessie Gray. What opportunity had she of reading the *Times*? It is more than probable that Harry saw it, but the time was not then come when he had become tired of her.

We have said that Jessie wrote to her parents as soon as her marriage was effected; for the same reason Harry destroyed the letter as soon as he got outside the house.

When the Grays again assembled in their cottage, they mourned for Jessie as for one dead. There were no reproaches now; they all felt too acutely their common loss.

But the autumn came, and with it the fruits and the honeysuckles, and then little Patty took Jessie's place in the cottage-porch, and the two younger girls swung under the apple-tree as before. They often spoke of their lost sister, and the little ones would ask their mother, "When would sister Jessie come back again?"

"Oh! some day, darlings." But the mother knew that she spoke a pleasant fiction, and hurried away from them to hide her emotion.

At length, when they began to give up all hope of ever hearing from her again, a letter bearing the London postmark arrived for Donald. The

handwriting on the superscription was strange to him, but he felt sure that the letter contained news of his lost daughter. He opened it with a trembling hand; it was from Harry Sharpe.

The letter informed Donald that Jessie was happy, that they were married and comfortable, and that she was about to become a mother; it spoke of some present difficulties that would soon be passed, and entreated the loan of a few pounds to help them through the approaching time. It further implored Donald not to attempt to see his daughter, as it would be too much for her nerves in her present state of health, and proposed that with returning health she should go down to Woodside to see them.

Such was this jesuitical production, as much a fiction as any that had ever emanated from his pen.

The Grays derived a melancholy pleasure from its perusal; it satisfied them that their daughter was still alive, and it gratified them to believe that she was happy. The children jumped with glee at the prospect of seeing their dear Jessie once again.

Donald had no ready money at the time, but he had a cow, and he sold her, and remitted the amount, making it up to ten pounds, to Harry. With that sum the villain absconded and went to America, taking with him another woman, whom he had married on the principles of social harmony, and who, having been brought up in a very different atmosphere to poor Jessie, did not scruple to rob her mistress to augment his means.

The time of Jessie's confinement grew near, and the Grays anxiously awaited for news from London. It came in a different shape from what they expected.

The inquiries set on foot at the close of the last chapter were promulgated at Woodside. Our friend Edward Smith happened to be the parish overseer for the year. He went over to the cottage to tell the sad story. We draw a veil over the scene of lamentation that followed.

The next day Donald, with young Smith, repaired once more to London. As they proceeded, and when Donald had become a little more calm, Edward placed in his hands the newspaper containing the police report. He then comprehended the extent to which he had been deceived.

It was late when they arrived in town. The workhouse to which they were directed was closed; the porter refused them admission. They then sought the dwelling of the overseer, but that worthy functionary was at a parish dinner, and when he returned he was too full of champagne for them to make anything of him; so they had to endure another night of painful anxiety.

In the morning they repaired again to the workhouse; they could gain no information until the board was sitting, and were told they might wait, or could call again. They preferred to wait, and another three hours of mortal agony were passed. When the guardians arrived, Donald and Edward were shown into the board-room.

The chairman was very kind and considerate, and touched upon the sequel of poor Jessie's fate as delicately as possible. She had been removed from the workhouse the day before, and was now in — Asylum. Thither the parish doctor offered to accompany them, for Donald insisted upon seeing his daughter.

In due time they arrived, and Donald was again told to wait—the doctor was alone suffered to pass into the ward. After a brief time he returned; she was calmer, and they might proceed.

"Whose is that still young and fragile form, supported by one of the matrons of the place?—that form so lovely and so symmetrical, but in whose features the light of reason has paled?"

There is another party of visitors who are proceeding before Donald and Edward, and they ask this question as the pale maniac draws her fingers through the air as if she was twining around them the flowing tresses of which they have bereft her. Donald is near enough to hear the question and the reply.

"*SHE IS A SOCIALIST'S BRIDE!*"

In another moment he is beside her—he speaks to her. Ha! the lamp of reason rekindles for the moment! She recognises him—she breaks away from the matron and springs upon his neck. The loud sobbing of the strong man and the frail woman are heard in unison together; but her hands fail to support her, she falls and clasps his knees.

"Father! forgive your child." They were her last words, those beautiful words of Scripture. A loud hysteric laugh succeeds, and she falls back at his feet.

They remove the dead from the scarcely less conscious living.

Poor Jessie! They bore her lifeless form away, and removed it far from the scene of her troubles, to her own quiet village of Woodside, and they buried it there, where the rude forefathers of the honest peasantry had slept for centuries, and where there is room enough to place many another green mound, and where there was no talk of a cemetery.

Her little sisters brought flowers in the spring-time and planted them over her head, and Edward took some cuttings from the honeysuckle that twined around her favourite seat, and they grew and flourished amid the oxiers on her grave.

And Donald and his wife became calm and resigned; they knew no worse could happen, and they would rather know that Jessie was there, sleeping in the cold churchyard, than that she were living, and he could return to claim her.

VIII.

THE TWO BRIDES.

THREE years have passed away, and the honeysuckle is trained as neatly as of yore. It is again summer-time, and the waving fields give promise of a golden harvest.

The joy-bells are ringing from the old church steeple. There is a great bustle in the dwelling of the Woodside gardener. Presently a group of young girls issue from the cottage porch, and an old farmer, with a young beauty resting on his arm, and Donald, too, with little Patty dressed all in white, come forth. And William and Edward in their best array, with flowers in their button-holes and white favours on their breasts; and the happy party go down the little path, and wend their way towards the church. And again the joy-bells ring out, louder than before.

It is a double wedding. When the party come out of the church again, Lucy Smith—Smith no longer—hangs upon William's arm. She is his bride; and Donald has given pretty Patty to Edward, and the

party proceed to Edward's farm-house, and there they keep the weddings.

Old Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Gray are there, and a party of the villagers gather on the green before the door, and bring their little presents to the two brides, and never was there such merrymaking in Woodside before.

And behold! in the midst of their frolic, a carriage is seen driving briskly along the road, and it turns into the old farm-yard and pulls up at the very door. An old, whiteheaded gentleman, and a somewhat younger lady, all silks and satins, get out. There is such a consternation among the visitors. Whose carriage can it be? William sees in a moment. It is Mr. and Mrs. Gingham; they have heard of the marriages, they knew all about Donald's misfortunes; and, strange to say, the Cotton Lord has become a landowner—he has recently purchased the estate of which Edward's farm, and Donald's cottage and grounds, form a portion, and thus with him, as with many more, are the interests of manufacture and agriculture blended.

He has availed himself of this opportunity to pay his first visit to his new tenants. Mrs. Gingham has brought some beautiful dresses as presents to the brides. They are sure they can never wear them, they are so fine, and Mr. Gingham presents the villagers with five pounds to drink their healths—not to-day, for this is Edward's day, but on their next holiday. But that is not all: Edward is to have a quarter's rent remitted to him, by way of giving him a turn; not that he has not had a very good start already, for the rents are not to be raised by the new landlord. William is to go into the counting-house at a hundred and fifty pounds a year, clear, for Mr. Gingham means to pay the income-tax. And when they have made everybody happy, they start again for their country-house, a mile or two on the other side of Chesterpool; and as they depart, the villagers give them three loud huzzas, which they repeat as long as the carriage is in sight, and a good while after.

Having disposed of all our characters but one or two, we must turn for a few moments to the evil genius of the story. When Harry arrived out in America, he was not long in finding a few of his old associates, or in forming new ones. Amongst others, Mr. Renue had found it to his interest to emigrate. Ever on the look-out for an easy road to wealth, he was among the first to be bitten by the gold-seeking mania. He had little difficulty in persuading Harry to accompany him to California, and they started in company with a gang of desperadoes, on a pilgrimage to that golden region by land.

The sufferings of those who pushed through the rocky passes, the trials that they endured, are patent; we need not repeat them here; what will men not do for gold—accursed, coveted gold? Weakened by dissipation and constant disappointment, Harry was among the first who sank under the hardships of the journey. He was left on the road by those who flew from the approaching winter, and there he died, literally of starvation.

Renue lived to return to England, as poor as when he started, and through him, somehow, the fate of Harry reached the home circle at Woodside.

William and his wife often come over to the farm, and on Sundays accompany Edward and Patty to the old church—but they never pass the green mounds without shedding a tear, or breathing a sigh over poor Jessie's grave.

THE HISTORY OF THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS,

AUTHOR OF THE "EIGHTEENTH CENTURY."

XII.

Arthur Murphy—Beardmore, Entick, and Shebbeare—Hugh Kelly and Thomas Holcroft—Dr. Jackson—Junius—Who he was supposed to be, and who he was not—Woodfall and the *Public Advertiser*—William Cooke and the *General Advertiser*—Trial of Almon—Expenses of a Daily Paper in 1774—The Theatre and the Press—First Dramatic Criticism—William Woodfall and the *Morning Chronicle*—Goldsmith and the *Public Ledger*—Parliament again attacks the Press—And gets thoroughly beaten—Brass Crosby and the Aldermen fight its Battle—Their Triumph.

THE writers for the ministry, after all, got the best of it as far as substantial reward goes. Arthur Murphy, of Cork, disliking his occupation as a merchant, unsuccessful as a player, an almost briefless barrister, and a political writer of little depth (although more successful as a dramatist and biographer), was rewarded for his *Auditor* and *Test* by the post of commissioner of bankrupts, and died in 1805 in the enjoyment of a pension of 200*l.* a year.

How the opposing writers Beardmore and Entick fared (the latter of whom, the author of the school dictionary which bears his name, died in 1773, aged sixty), we are not clearly informed; at all events, if they did not get pensions, we do not know that they got the pillory; but Dr. Shebbeare got both; and in 1759 was pilloried for his *Seventh Letter* to the People of England, and in the following reign pensioned for his advocacy of the government side in the War of Independence. Singularly enough, Beardmore, with whom he was afterwards associated,* was at the time under-sheriff, and carried out the sentence in so mild a manner (allowing, it is said, a man in livery to hold an umbrella over the doctor's head), that he was fined 50*l.* for contempt. This versatile writer (the "Ferret" of Smollett's "Sir Launcelot Greaves") was born at Bideford in 1709, and carried on business at Bristol as an apothecary, which he abandoned in 1740, and came to London. Thence, being a sympathiser with the Stuarts, he made his way to Paris, and returned with his doctor's degree, a member of the Academy of Sciences.

* Mr. Knight Hunt says they "differed totally in politics;" but the sworn information of J. Scott, on the trial of Entick v. Carrington, tells us differently, and gives us the early history of the *Monitor*: "In the year 1765, I proposed setting up a paper, and mentioned it to Dr. Shebbeare, and, in a few days, one Arthur Beardmore, an attorney-at-law, sent for me, hearing of my intention, and desired that I would mention to Dr. Shebbeare that he, Beardmore, and some others of his friends, had an intention of setting up a paper in the City. Shebbeare met Beardmore and myself and Entick at the Horn Tavern, and agreed upon the setting up of the paper by the name of the *Monitor*, and that Dr. Shebbeare and Mr. Entick should have 200*l.* a year each."

He wrote three or four novels, a Practice of Physic, Letters on the English Nation, in two volumes, and political articles on both sides, and died in the sunshine of ministerial favour in 1788.

Hugh Kelly, an Irish gentleman by birth, a staymaker by trade, an attorney's scribe by necessity, and a dramatic writer by choice, wrote a series of essays entitled "The Babbler," in Owen's *Weekly Chronicle*, from 1763 to 1766, and contributed to the *Public Ledger*, the *Royal Chronicle*, &c. He wrote also a tragedy, several comedies, and a novel, and died in 1777.

About the same time, Thomas Holcroft, the dramatist, contributed a series of essays to the *Whitehall Evening Post*, which paid him at the liberal rate of 5s. per column for them.

Of the lower order and meaner fry of newspaper writers was Dr. Jackson, who is said to have been clerk at a Moravian meeting-house in the Old Jewry, and a prime adviser of the Duchess of Kingston. He is described as "part editor" of a newspaper; but whatever was the exact nature of his connexion with the papers, it reflects no credit on them. He was one of the promoters of the infamous charge against Foote, and, falling into merited contempt and indigence, went to Ireland, took part in the rebellion of 1797, was arrested and sentenced to death; but he cheated the executioner by poisoning himself.

In the list of newspapers flourishing between the years 1755 and 1760, we again find some whimsical titles, such as the *Devil, Man, the Old Maid* (1755); the *Humanist, the Prater* (1766); the *Crab Tree* (1757); and the *Busy Body* (1759).

And now another storm is brewing in the newspaper world, and the mysterious hand which is to raise it pens his first letter to the *Public Advertiser* of the 28th of April, 1767, and signs it "JUNIUS." And this is most probably the only name by which we shall ever know that powerful writer, who shook the throne, defied the parliament, and laughed at the courts of law;* on whose identity hundreds of pamphlets have been written, and written in vain, and who has been a doubt, a mystery, and a contention among speculatists and conjecturers for very nearly a century.

The literary world is subject to intermittent and epidemic fits of speculative inquiry. Thus, in the present day, a question has been raised whether Shakspeare or Bacon wrote the plays which the former has all along had credit for, and whether Sir Walter Scott or his brother, or both together, wrote the Waverley Novels. Literary archæologists seize upon the bone of contention, and nibble and pick away, but get little off it; but the bone which Junius left them to pick has been thoroughly gnawed by three generations. At the time when the "Letters" appeared, pamphlets abounded, fixing their authorship, to the perfect satisfaction of each pamphleteer,

* "He made you," cried Burke to the House of Commons, in the debate of November 27th, 1770, on the power of the attorney-general to file *ex officio* informations—"he made you his quarry, and you still bleed from the wounds of his talons. You crouched, and still crouch, beneath his rage. Nor" (to the Speaker) "has he dreaded the terrors of your brow, sir; he has attacked even you—he has—and I believe you have no reason to triumph in the encounter. . . . King, Lords, and Commons are but the sport of his fury!"—*Parliamentary Debates*, vol. xvii.

upon every public man; the *Gentleman's Magazine* opened its columns to suggestions and was filled with them; in 1824, the *Monthly Magazine* renewed the subject; in 1837, pamphlets again appeared, with fresh lights, which flickered and went out; and lately, *Notes and Queries* has worked like a mole on the subject; but they have all been gropings in the dark. We believe the "Letters" have been fathered, with a greater or lesser degree of confidence, upon upwards of forty public characters. The most favoured were Sir Philip Francis, Lord Lyttleton, Colonel Barré, Burke, J. Dunning (afterwards Lord Ashburton), Chatham, Dr. Wilmott, Hugh Boyd, Wilkes, Horne Tooke, Lord George Sackville, Governor Pownall, Sir G. Jackson, Maclean, and Dr. Sidney Swinney. The wildest conjectures have gained believers, and there have been madmen to lay them to George III., a Captain Allen, Suett the comedian, Combe (the author of "Dr. Syntax"), Bickerton, an eccentric Oxonian, and an utterly unknown Mr. Jones. Who this famous writer was, will be a question asked by generations to follow us: what he was, his own writings must tell us. Violent and personal he no doubt was; but then all newspaper writers were violent and personal; we must all admit that he started from the earth ever and anon to stand in the way of encroachments upon the constitution—that he, by some mysterious means, knew and frustrated projected jobs—that he drove back trespassing footsteps, and drew his pen in defence of rights which were in danger of being trampled down. But more than this he did not choose that we should know; his vizor was impenetrable—he was more than the Iron Mask of political literature. Of all newspaper writings his were the most popular: they have become standard; they are quoted as authorities on matters political; they have passed through numerous editions from the "original Woodfall" to the recent Bohn; yet no love of admiration or of fame, no desire of applause, no vanity, could tempt him to throw off his disguise. We do not believe that so bold a spirit felt the smallest fear of a prosecution; but, even if he had, the time when it was to be dreaded passed by, and yet Junius was wrapped in his impenetrable cloak. Woodfall, if he ever knew the secret, was faithful to his confidence: he only shook his head and shrugged his shoulders in reply to searching inquirers. The letters "were delivered by an unknown hand," or "were dropped into his letter-box:" they could get no more out of him.

The first of these celebrated Letters appeared in the *Public Advertiser* of April 28th, 1767—the last on January 21st, 1772, sixty-nine Letters having appeared in this interval. It has been the custom to represent that they were received with a *furor* that made the instant fortune of the paper in which they appeared. A correspondent in the *Athenæum* of July, 1838, and July, 1839,* was the first to correct this delusion by a reference to the accounts of the *Public Advertiser* still preserved in the family of its proprietor. The circulation appears to have been uninfluenced until the famous Letter to the King appeared on February 7th, 1770; then 1750 additional copies were printed. Next week the letter to the Duke of Grafton produced a sale of 700 above the usual number; the Letter of the 19th March, 350; April, 350; 28th May, no additional copies; 22nd August (Letter to Lord North), 100; (Letter to

* Nos. 1062, 1063, and 1182.

Lord Mansfield), 600; April, 1771, 500; June (Letter to the Duke of Grafton), 100; July (ditto), 250; 24th July (Letter to Horne Tooke), none; August (ditto), 200; September (Letter to the Duke of Grafton), 250; same month (Letter to the Livery of London), the sale fell 250 below the usual demand; 5th October, the usual number; 28th November (to the Duke of Grafton), 350 additional.

Junius also wrote occasionally under the signatures of Atticus, Lucius, and Philo-Junius. The latter name he adopted in replying to the Letters on the Impressing of Seamen, which appeared in the *Public Advertiser*, signed by "An Advocate of the Cause of the People," but which were written by John Hope, the author of "Thoughts in Prose and Verse," and other works, who was member of parliament for Linlithgow in 1768, on the nomination of his kinsman the Earl of Hopetown, but lost his seat, and an allowance of 200*l.* a year, by giving offence to the earl in his vote on the expulsion of Wilkes.

Numerous were the disputants who, emulating the fame of Junius, now rushed into the lists with high-sounding Roman names. Marcus Antonius, Scipio, Brutus, Cato, Valerius, Virginius, played the buffoon in the *Evening Post*, and thought they were dividing the laurels with the great Gladiator of the *Public Advertiser*; but they were Romans only in name—Grub-street claimed them for its own. Crabbe has had his laugh at them in his poem of "The Newspaper:"

These Roman souls, like Rome's great sons, are known
To live in cells on labours of their own;
Thus Milo, could we see the noble chief,
Feeds, for his country's good, on legs of beef;
Camillus copies deeds for sordid pay,
Yet fights the public battles twice a day!
E'en now, the god-like Brutus views his score
Scroll'd on the bar board, swinging with the door;
Where, tipping punch, grave Cato's self you'll see
And Amor Patriæ vending smuggled tea.

Balked in their efforts to lift the veil of Junius, the inquirers into his identity have pryed into every secret of his publisher and of the paper for which he wrote. On March 4th, 1736, they have discovered that Henry Sampson Woodfall purchased "one-third of a tenth" of the *London Daily Post* of Theophilus Cibber, for the consideration of twenty-eight pounds. In March, 1743-44, the *London Daily Post and General Advertiser* dropped its first title, and in 1752 became the *Public Advertiser*. In 1766, another *General Advertiser* had sprung into existence, and was edited by William Cooke, the author of *Memoirs of Macklin* and of *Foots*. He was educated at the Grammar School of Cork, and engaged himself as a private tutor, but, coming to London, entered himself at the Temple, and was called to the bar in 1766; and afterwards, taking for his second wife the widow of Major Gammage, commander of Trinchinopoly, inherited, at her death, a handsome fortune. But this was not Woodfall's paper; neither must it be confounded with the *Daily Advertiser*, founded by Jenour, and of which we are told the shares were sold "like freehold lands by public auction, fetching great prices."* The property of the *Public Advertiser* was held in shares, for

* Fourth Estate, vol. ii. p. 91.

David Garrick was a shareholder, but the manager and publisher was Henry Sampson Woodfall. Woodfall has often had credit for suffering imprisonment rather than give up his author; but this is a mistake. Woodfall, although prosecuted, was not imprisoned at all, but got what was tantamount to a verdict of acquittal. The only man who really suffered for the publication of the Letters appears to have had the least to do with it. The prosecution of John Almon for publishing Junius's Letter to the King exhibits a feeling of vindictiveness on the part of the government too openly displayed to be doubted, even had it not been satisfactorily accounted for. Almon, a bookseller of Piccadilly, and publisher of the *Political Register*, by some means came into possession of, and published, a plan which had been sketched by the king's own hand for increasing the army in Ireland. As soon as it was seen, a Mr. Barnard, jun., was despatched to Almon, to demand of him how he became possessed of the manuscript. This he refused to divulge; and, on the return of his messenger without the information he had been sent for, the king was very indignant, and declared that the contumacious bookseller should suffer for it. The attorney-general laid informations against John Almon for reprinting, publishing, and uttering the Letter to the King in one of his publications called the *London Museum*; Henry Woodfall for printing the same in the *Public Advertiser*; John Miller for reprinting it in the *London Evening Post*; Charles Say, in the *Gazetteer*; George Robinson, in the *Independent Chronicle*; and Henry Baldwin, in the *St. James's Chronicle*. Of these Almon was picked out to be the first victim; and, on June 2, 1770 (before the trial of Woodfall, the original printer and publisher), was tried in the King's Bench, Westminster, by a special jury, before Lord Mansfield. Serjeant Glyn was the counsel for the defence. Two witnesses were examined, who described themselves as "messengers of the press;" and, on being questioned, gave the singular explanation that they were employed by government at a salary to purchase all papers "when anything particular was advertised in them." The jury was a packed one; several servants of the king's household and clerks in government offices were on it, and when Almon objected to them as not being sufficiently impartial, his objections were sternly overruled; and, as if it were thought even not worth concealing the *animus* of the whole affair, Leonard Morse, Esq., a clerk in the war office, was appointed foreman. Such a jury, of course, returned a verdict of guilty, and the offending printer was sentenced to pay a fine of ten marks (6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*), and costs (13*9*l.** 0*s.* 11*d.*), and to find bail, himself in 400*l.*, and two sureties in 200*l.* each. On June 13, 1770, Woodfall's trial came on, also before Lord Mansfield, but the jury found him guilty of printing and publishing only, which amounted to an acquittal; and on July 13, Millar and Baldwin were tried, and acquitted. Thus the law, as expounded by these intelligent juries, directed by one of our greatest judges, declared that it is criminal in one man to reprint what it is not criminal in another to be the original publisher of; and that the act of A. may be illegal, and the very same act by B. legal! Well, Mr. Almon should have given a civil answer to Mr. Barnard, junior.

The expenses of getting up the *Public Advertiser* have been copied from the ledger of Henry Woodfall, and afford us a curious view of the way in which a newspaper of that time was manufactured:

	£	s.	d.
Paid translating foreign news, &c.	100	0	0
Foreign newspapers	14	0	0
Foy, at 2s. per day	31	4	0
Lloyd's Coffee-house, for post news	12	0	0
Home news, &c., as per receipts and incidents	282	4	11½
List of sheriffs	0	10	6
Plantation, Irish, Scotch, and country news	50	0	0
Portsmouth letter	8	5	0
Stocks	3	3	0
Sessions news, amongst news collectors	0	0	0
Incidents, included amongst home news	0	0	0
Porterage to Stamp-office	10	8	0
Recorder's clerk	1	1	0
Sir John Fielding	50	0	0
Delivering papers, fifty-two weeks, at 1l. 4s. per week	62	8	0
Clerk, and to collect debts	30	0	0
Setting up extra advertisements	31	10	0
A person to go daily to fetch in advertisements, get evening papers, &c.	15	15	0
Morning and evening papers	26	8	9½
Postage to and from correspondents	10	10	0
Price of hay and straw, Whitechapel	1	6	0
Mr. Green, for port entries	31	10	0
Law charges, Mr. Holloway	6	7	5
Bad debts	18	3	6
	£796	15	2

Among the shareholders of the paper at this time were Thomas Longman, Thomas Cadell, and William Strahan, owners of one-twentieth each, and H. S. Woodfall, James Dodsley, and John Rivington (all booksellers), two-twentieths each; and they received 80l. per share profit. With a sale of 3000 a day, the total profits were 1740l., of which the advertisements paid about 50l., but in that year (1774) there are such expressive entries as

	£	s.	d.
Expenses King's Bench Prison, and fine	200	14	9
Law expenses attending Alexander Kennet	3	7	9
Compter	52	10	9

And others which tell their own tale.

We have not quoted the charges for paper, printing, stamps, &c., as they of course fluctuate with the circulation; but it is observable that we find no such items as editor's, or sub-editor's, reporters', or correspondents' salaries. An editor, such as is known to the press of the present day, was unnecessary, in the absence of leading articles; the sub-editor's place was most likely filled by the publisher himself; the reporters were promiscuous penny-a-liners, whom we here find under the name of "news collectors;" whilst no special correspondents, but the foreign papers, supplied the intelligence from abroad. The "City correspondent" was unknown; the whole of his department cost only 4l. 9s.—"stocks" and "price of hay and straw." The 50l. to Sir John Fielding is rather puzzling;—could it have been paid him for reports of the police cases that came before him?

The theatres were a great expense to the papers. Among the items of payment are :

	£	s.	d.
Playhouses	100	0	0
Drury Lane advertisements	64	8	6
Covent Garden ditto	66	11	0

Up till this time dramatic criticism had been unknown: the papers paid 200*l.* a year to each theatre for the accounts of new plays, and would reward the messenger with a shilling or half-a-crown who would bring them the first copy of a playbill. It was not till the days of Foote that the newspapers sent their representatives into the pit of the theatre, and to the Bedford Coffee-house; an innovation which Foote did not appear to approve of, for he takes opportunities of attacking them in nearly every one of his farces, with all the gross exaggeration of Ben Jonson's treatment of the subject, but without the subtle wit.

A brother of Woodfall's, William, has also gained himself a name in the history of the press, having brought out the *Morning Chronicle and London Advertiser*, June 28, 1769. He was at once the printer, editor, and parliamentary reporter of the new paper, and in the latter capacity was so faithfully served by an extraordinary memory that he went by the name of "Memory Woodfall." He continued to carry on the *Chronicle* till 1789, when he left it and started the *Diary*, which proved a failure. The *Morning Chronicle* is not, however, the oldest of existing papers: a diminutive sheet of prices of indigo, tea, cotton, cochineal; of advertisements of "sales by the candle," "rummage sales," &c., claims that distinction, and is all that is left to us of that *Public Ledger* which, started January 12, 1760, by Newberry, of St. Paul's, under the editorship of Griffith Jones, declared itself, with its first breath, "unwilling to raise expectations which we may perhaps find ourselves unable to satisfy; we therefore have made no mention of criticism or literature, which yet we do not professedly exclude, nor shall we reject any political essays which are apparently calculated for the public good." The "political essays" were of the average kind: letters to the printer from a literary Roman, "Probus" by signature; the literary department was as usual a series of diluted *Tatlers*, under such heads as "The Ranger," by "Sir Simeon Swift;" or "The Visitor," by "Mr. Philanthropy Candid;" and the theatrical articles were most likely written by Hugh Kelly, who, we know, hung about the office of the paper to pick up stray jobs. Thus modestly the paper opened, but it soon began to be noticed that, with the fifth number, a different style of letters had commenced, which at length assumed the form of what are so familiar to us, and have been so often and often reprinted, as the correspondence of a "Citizen of the World." For his first week's contributions Oliver Goldsmith received two guineas, and for the future he attached himself to the paper, with the agreement to write twice a week, and to receive a guinea for each article.* We will be bound that Mr. City News, the drysalter, and Mr. Full Change, the broker, got more for *their* contributions to the columns of the *Public Ledger*, in the shape of reports of sales and markets, than poor Goldy received for his Chinese Letters, as they were generally

* Forster's Life of Goldsmith.

called. Griffith Jones, the editor of the *Public Ledger*, was a dear, amiable man, who, in connexion with his brother Giles and Newberry himself, wrote many of those delightful children's books which clothed history in the garb of romance to charm our youthful eyes. He was born in 1721, and after a long connexion with the *London Chronicle* and *Public Ledger*, and with the magazines, and Johnson, Smollett, and Goldsmith, closed a useful, unobtrusive life September 12th, 1786.

The reporting powers of William Woodfall had given a character to the *London Packet* and the *Morning Chronicle* (for which he used to report) that the other papers must emulate, or be left far behind. It was no easy task to find reporters like him, who could sit out an entire debate upon only a hard-boiled egg, and then write out the substance next day in time for evening publication; or like William Radcliffe, the husband of the celebrated novelist, who, a graduate of Oxford and student of law, preferred newspaper-reporting to his profession; renounced his employment in our embassy in Italy, and edited the *Englishman* in 1762, having the honour of numbering Edmund Burke among his staff of writers, and afterwards became proprietor and editor of the *English Chronicle*, and, later still, part proprietor and editor of the *Morning Herald*. It is said that he would carry the substance of the debates in his head direct to the compositors' room, and there dictate to them two distinct articles, embracing the principal points of what he had heard, without referring to any notes, or committing any portion of his articles to paper; so that while a sentence in one article was being set up he had resumed the other, and was dictating it without hesitation or confusion. Such reporters as these were not as plentiful as blackberries; so the newspaper proprietors were in dismay. The *London Evening Post*, the *St. James's Chronicle*, and the *Gazetteer* gave a scanty report of the Parliamentary proceedings, but they were only notes gathered in the lobbies of the Houses and in coffee-houses, by John Almon for the former, and by one Wade for the two latter papers. But whilst they were maturing their plans for a better system of reporting, a thunderbolt fell among them: parliament again declared war against the liberty of the press. This was the last struggle, and the parliament was thrown.

The fine for the breach of the privileges of the House of Lords which a printer committed in mentioning any nobleman by name, was usually 100*l.*, and Lord Marchmont seems to have had a morbid passion for collecting these penalties. No matter that the nobleman's name was mentioned with favour; no matter that the nobleman himself did not care a rush about it; Lord Marchmont must have the pound of flesh. He was in the habit, Almon tells us, of "examining the newspapers every day with the ardour that a hawk prowls for prey. Whenever he found any lord's name printed in any paper, he immediately made a motion in the House of Peers against the printer for a breach of privilege."*

In November, 1759, Say, of the *Gazetteer*, was, on the motion of this hobby-riden lord, made to apologise on his knees at the bar of the House, for reporting in his paper that the thanks of the House had been given to Sir Edward Hawke for his victory; in 1764, Merea, the printer of the *London Evening Post*, was fined 100*l.* for mentioning the name

* Almon's Biographical, Literary, and Political Anecdotes.

of Lord Hereford; and in one day Lord Marchmont got 500*l.* levied upon four printers for similar offences, Baldwin of the *St. James's Chronicle* being fined 200*l.* This was the desultory way in which the House of Lords carried on the war: the Commons were bolder and less discreet.

On the 5th of February, 1771, the House, smarting under the provocation of seeing its own speeches—or something better—reported daily, had the resolution of the 26th of February, 1728,* looked up and read to them. This they confirmed, adding to it a declaration that “upon discovery of the authors, printers, or publishers of any such written or printed newspapers, this House will proceed against the offenders with the utmost severity.”†

This threat was promptly followed by action:

February 8th. “Complaint being made to the House of the printed newspaper intituled the *Gazetteer and New Daily Advertiser*, Friday, February 8th, 1771, printed for R. Thompson; and also of the printed newspaper intituled the *Middlesex Journal, or Chronicle of Liberty*, from Tuesday, February 5th, to Thursday, February 7th, 1771, printed for J. Wheble; as misrepresenting the speeches, and reflecting on several of the members of this House, in contempt of the order, and in breach of the privilege of the House. Ordered, that the said papers be delivered in at the table.” Nearly two-thirds of the House were opposed to this resolution; which was only carried by 90 against 55. The papers having been delivered in and read, the House ordered the attendance of the two printers named.‡ Their non-attention to five different orders of the House to the same effect, incensed it, and on the 26th of February they were ordered, by 160 votes against 17, to be taken into the custody of the serjeant-at-arms for contempt.§

On the 4th of March, the serjeant-at-arms reports that he has made diligent search for the two printers, but cannot find them; whereupon the House votes a petition to the king, praying him to issue a proclamation offering a reward for their apprehension. It is presented by the privy councillors, and the king acquiesces with alacrity; on the 7th a proclamation is issued, charging all justices of the peace and others to use their utmost diligence in making search for, and arresting, the two delinquents, cautioning all persons against harbouring them, requiring all custom-house and coast-guard officers to keep watch that they do not escape by sea, and offering a reward of fifty pounds for their apprehension.||

On the 12th of March, without having yet bagged their game, the House indulged in another *battue*. Complaint was made against William Woodfall, printer of the *Morning Chronicle*, Henry Baldwin, of the *St. James's Chronicle*, T. Evans, of the *London Packet*, T. Wright, of the *Whitehall Evening Post*, J. Bladon, of the *General Evening Post*, and J. Miller, of the *London Evening Post*, for printing the proceedings of the House, and they were all ordered to attend.¶ In the case of Evans, it was attempted to include in the order “all his com-

* See *New Monthly Magazine*, No. cccxxxii., p. 447.

† Journals of the House of Commons, vol. xxxiii. p. 142.

‡ Ibid. p. 149.

§ Ibid. p. 208.

¶ Ibid. p. 234.

¶ Ibid. pp. 249-51.

positors, pressmen, correctors, blackers, and devils," but the amendment miscarried.

On the 14th of March, Bladon attended, obedient to order, made his submission, and was graciously discharged; and Baldwin and Wright surrendered, acknowledged their offence on their knees at the bar, asked pardon, and promised to be good in future and not print the debates; and, on payment of the fees, they, too, were discharged. Evans's term was enlarged, and Woodfall was reported in the previous custody of the usher of the black rod, by order of the other House. But Miller, not surrendering, was ordered to be taken into custody by the serjeant-at-arms; the House also coming to a resolution that a personal service of its orders not being practicable, the leaving of the notices at his house was a sufficient service.*

On the 18th, the serjeant-at-arms made the startling announcement to the House that his messenger had succeeded in arresting Miller, but was immediately given into custody by him for assault, and carried before the lord mayor: that, although the deputy serjeant-at-arms attended and explained the facts of the case to him, his lordship (Brass Crosby, Esq., a member of that House) had declared the Speaker's warrant illegal, had discharged Miller from custody, and committed the messenger for assault!

This astounding intelligence for a moment staggered the House! Here was contumacy! here was insolence! here was—BREACH OF PRIVILEGE with a vengeance! These insolent newspapers, which had dared and defied the House before, had now found bottle-holders in the aldermen, had they? A grand blow must be struck now, and Brass Crosby, Esq., must attend in his place in that House and explain his conduct.†

Wheble had been arrested, and carried before (of all men in the world) Alderman Wilkes, at Guildhall, who immediately discharged him, and bound him over to prosecute, and his captor to answer, a charge of assault and false imprisonment. Thompson was also apprehended, and discharged under the same circumstances by Alderman Richard Oliver. Further, the two aldermen had both joined the lord mayor in signing the warrants of commitment in the case of Miller; and Wilkes had written a letter to his old foe, Lord Halifax, announcing the course he had taken, and declaring the arrests illegal and subversive of the liberties of the City of London, inasmuch as a Speaker's warrant could not be executed within its boundaries without the indorsement of a City magistrate. But Halifax and the House had had enough to do with Wilkes, and, desiring no further contention with him, only ordered the attendance of the lord mayor and Alderman Oliver. After some delays, arising from a fit of the gout, the lord mayor attended, and demanded to be heard by counsel at the bar. This was pettishly and hastily refused by the House; but on a subsequent application, evidently ashamed of the gross injustice of the refusal, they agreed that counsel might be heard, "so as they do not affect or controvert the privilege of the House." As the very question at issue was one in which the privilege of the House was denied, this miserable mockery of a concession was tossed contemptuously aside by the

* Journals of the House of Commons, vol. xxxvii. pp. 257-2.

† Ibid. p. 264.

aldermen, who, on the 25th of March, 1771, attended in their places and pleaded their own cause. The lord mayor produced the charter granted to the City of London by Edward III., in the first year of his reign, and dated March 6th, which, he contended, exempted the citizens from any law process being served upon them but by their own officers; he also explained the oaths taken by the lord mayor and aldermen, which he considered bound him to defend those liberties and privileges which the City had ever enjoyed under its charter recognised by acts of parliament. Alderman Oliver echoed the defence of the lord mayor, and declared that nothing should shake his resolution. The House then ordered the several resolutions to be read, prohibiting the reporting of its proceedings by the newspapers, and which had been carried on February 11th, 1695, January 23rd, 1722, February 26th, 1728, April 13th, 1738, and April 10th, 1753; as also a resolution, carried July 13th, 1641, prohibiting even the members themselves from making their speeches public without the sanction of the House. Whilst they were solemnly engaged over this business, a messenger announced that a tumultuous mob was outside, insulting and impeding the members in their way in. The House was then "moved" to dive into precedents under the head "Mob," and look up the reports of its former proceedings in similar emergencies. The justices who were endeavouring to disperse the excited crowd were called in, ordered to report progress, and dismissed with injunctions to use every effort to stop the riot; and the House, not improved in temper by this episode, came to a resolution that the acts of discharging Miller out of custody, signing the warrant against the messengers, and holding him to bail, were each and severally breaches of privilege. The lord mayor was excused from further attendance that day, in consideration of his state of health, but at one o'clock in the morning the House proceeded to take into consideration the case of the other alderman, and after a stormy and acrimonious debate, committed him to the Tower by a majority of 170 to 38 over the milder party, who would have had him only reprimanded by the Speaker. Carried away by fury, it ordered the attendance of Wilkes on the 8th of April; but its courage soon cooled. Startled at its own temerity, and really frightened of the defiant alderman, it got itself out of the scrape in which it had so rashly plunged by one of the most miserable shifts that ever was had recourse to by a big school bully who feared he might get the worst of an appointed battle with a plucky junior, and *sneaked* from its appointment by adjourning from the 7th to the 9th, thus being *non est* on the 8th. On the 27th, Brass Crosby attended in his place, and another angry debate ensued, in the course of which the lord mayor repudiated a proposed amelioration of punishment in consideration of his illness, and by a majority of 202 over 39, who would have had him consigned to the custody of the serjeant-at-arms, he was committed to the Tower. The House then proceeded, "according to precedents," and with Pickwickian innocence, to appoint a committee to inquire into the *causes* of the riotous proceedings of the 25th March.

The City of London, of course, did not take the imprisonment of their chief magistrate quietly; in fact, the whole country raised its voice against the arbitrary proceedings; and the *finale* was as damaging to

the dignity of the House as the rest. On the 23rd of July the parliament was prorogued, and its power to hold the aldermen in durance expiring, they marched out of the Tower amidst the triumphant shouts of the multitude. The law, too, had tacitly ignored the assumed power of the Commons, for, on the 30th July, 1771, Edward Irwin Carpenter, a printer, who had arrested Wheble, was tried at Guildhall for the assault, found guilty, fined one shilling, and imprisoned for two months in Woodstreet Compter. And thus, by its child's play with its privileges, did the House of Commons present the sorry spectacle of a most ridiculous defeat, in which Gog and Magog had quietly taken up its impertinent messengers in their arms and set them down outside the City gates.

But, after all the fine things that have been written about their standing up so manfully for the liberty of the press, it will be seen that Crosby and his colleagues, in fact, only stood up for the rights and privileges of the City. Had Miller had no connexion with the newspaper press—had he been guilty of a contempt, or infringed the privilege of parliament in any other way, and been arrested for it in the same way, the aldermen, it is obvious, would have done precisely the same as they did now; had he been a tailor, and arrested a member's servant for not paying him for a new coat, the House might have ordered him into custody, and, if he had been captured in the City by the Speaker's warrant, the lord mayor would as readily have wrested the tailor as the newsprinter from the hands of the House. One of the aldermen, no doubt, was moved by a sympathy with the press, and the writer of the *North Briton* must have had a peculiar satisfaction in crying in the face of the House of Commons, "You dare not—you shall not have this printer;" and still more menacingly in effect writing to Lord Halifax, "I have taken him out of the hands of your messenger; come on, and get him if you can!"

The moral effect of these events has, however, been lasting, and the House of Commons, lowered and lessened by them, abashed and mortified, has never since thought it worth while to risk a repetition of such a humiliating conflict with the determination of the people to know what their representatives are doing.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NOTES ON NOTE-WORTHIES, OF DIVERSE ORDERS, EITHER SEX, AND EVERY AGE.

By SIR NATHANIEL.

... And make them men of note (do you note, man?)—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act III. Sc. 1.

D. Pedro. Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks,
Notes, notes, forsooth, and noting!

Much Ado About Nothing, Act II. Sc. 3.

And these to Notes are frittered quite away.—*Dumciad*, Book I.

Notes of exception, notes of admiration,

Notes of assent, notes of interrogation.—*Amen Corner*, c. iii.

VI.—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

No doubt the *Times* newspaper is the exponent as well as the guide of public taste—to gauge which, in its choppings and changings, ebbings and flowings, reactions and retractions, no better index can be had than that Titan of the press. And to judge from occasional allusions of late, in the critical columns of the leading journal, to the character and the prospects of Wordsworth's poetry, one might infer that a reaction had set in against the Bard of Rydal—that his verses were getting to be at a discount—and his Immortality not worth a dozen years' purchase. But his followers will not be alarmed. Such reactions are perhaps inevitable, and not altogether unwholesome. There will always be minds constitutionally indifferent to poetry of this description. Meanwhile, and quite as surely, the Poet will live, even though not unwillingly the "world" would let him die.

It is a true saying that in poetry of this class, which appeals to what lies deepest in man, in proportion to the native power of the poet, and his fitness for permanent life, is the strength of resistance in the public taste. "Whatever is too original will be hated at the first. It must slowly mould a public for itself; and the resistance of the early thoughtless judgments must be overcome by a counter resistance to itself, in a better audience slowly mustering against the first."* In spite, as Carlyle says, of our grand maxim of supply and demand, it is by no means the highest excellence that men are most forward to recognise. "The inventor of a spinning-jenny is pretty sure of his reward in his own day; but the writer of a true poem, like the apostle of a true religion, is nearly as sure of the

* De Quincey. ("On Wordsworth's Poetry." Tait, 1845.)

contrary.* Wordsworth indeed lived to see a revolution in his favour; the tide turned while he yet sat on the hither shore: but then his years were many; many enough to allow of another generation to arise, whose creed was not wholly cabin'd and confined

Within a mile o' Edinboro' town,

nor their colours limited to blue and yellow. So remarkable, however, was the revolution, that, as "we count them happy that endure," still more may we account Wordsworth happy in having outlived, the scorn of his detractors, signally enough to make applicable to him what J. B. Rousseau addressed to an eminent contemporary:

Par quel bonheur enfin, ou par quel art,
As-tu forcé le volage hasard,
L'aveugle erreur, la chicane insensée,
L'orgueil jaloux, l'envie intéressée,
De te laisser en pleine sûreté
Jouir vivant de ta postérité?†

When Bernardin de Saint-Pierre offered his *Etudes de la Nature* to the leading publishers of the day, they usually returned him his manuscript with the remark, that this work was not in accordance with the taste then in vogue. They did not see, in M. Villemain's caustic comment—whereat too the *young* generation to whom he lectured laughed with approving sympathy—they did not see that the book which should one day be most in fashion, must inevitably be the book least resembling what was in fashion then. "On lui disait que cet ouvrage n'était pas dans le goût à la mode; et on ne s'apercevait pas que l'ouvrage qui doit devenir le plus à la mode, sera nécessairement celui qui ressemblera le moins à tous ceux qui étaient à la mode jusqu'alors."‡ As early as 1823, Southey was justified in saying of Wordsworth, in a letter to that distinguished American, Mr. Ticknor, "Every year shows more and more how strongly his poetry has leavened the rising generation. Your mocking-bird is said to improve the strain which he imitates; this is not the case with ours."§ If we "just consider," with Henry Nelson Coleridge, what was the effect of all the scorn and ridicule of Wordsworth by which the *Edinburgh Review*, the leading critical journal of the nation for a long time, signalised itself for twenty years together, we shall find that a great laugh was created in the fashionable world of letters, and the poet's expectation of pecuniary profit destroyed, and public opinion, for about a quarter of a century, set against the reception of works which were always allowed to be innocent, and are now everywhere proclaimed as excellent—a great man being, for that space of time, defrauded of that worldly remuneration of his virtuous labours, which the authors of frivolous novels and licentious poems were permitted—and in some instances helped—during the same period to obtain for their compositions. "To make the lesson perfect, it pleased Heaven to let Wordsworth himself live to see that revolution legitimated which he and his compeers, Coleridge and Southey, in different ways and degrees, together wrought; and to read his own defence and praise in the pages of the

* Carlyle's *Miscellanies*, vol. I. ("Burns.")

† J. B. Rousseau: *Epîtres*, V.

‡ Villemain: *Cours de Littérature française*.

§ *Life of Southey*, vol. v. p. 142.

same work by which some of his most exquisite productions were once pronounced below criticism.* In these remarks, however, too much influence is probably ascribed by H. N. Coleridge—so we think with his widow, the gifted Sara—to the *Edinburgh Review*, in its bearing on the early fate of Wordsworth's poems. For, as that honoured woman and often subtle critic argues in the case before us—that those poems were not generally admired from the first was so far their own fault, as it arose principally from their being works of great genius, and consequently, though old as the world itself, in one way, yet in another, a new thing under the sun. Novelty, she reminds us, is delightful when it is understood at once, when it is but the old familiar matters newly set forth; but here was a new world presented to the reader, which was also a strange world; and most of those who had grown to middle age acquainted with the old world only, and chiefly with that part of it which was least like Wordsworth's—the hither part, out of sight of Chaucer and Spenser and the old English Poets in general, could never learn their way, or find themselves at home there.†

It is now some twenty years since Henry Taylor, in the *Quarterly Review*, remarked of Wordsworth, that had he died, like Shakspeare, at fifty-three years of age, he would have died in confident anticipation, no doubt, of a lasting fame, but without any witness of it in this world; and that had he died, like Milton, at sixty-six, he would have seen more than the beginnings of it, certainly, but would not have seen it in all the fulness it subsequently attained; but then again, that were Wordsworth to live to the age of Methuselah, he would not see the time come when there were no able and learned men indisposed, or disqualified, by some unhappy peculiarity, for the appreciation of his poetry: for the human intellect, even when eminently gifted, seems in peculiar cases to be subject to some strange sort of cramp, or stricture, and whilst in the full vigour of its general powers, to be stricken with particular incapacities, which, to those who are not affected by them, are as incomprehensible as the incapacity (which sometimes occurs) of the visual sense to distinguish between red and green.‡ Or, to take a case (nay, the case) in point, as Wordsworth's own incapacity to distinguish, in the matter of odours, between violets and sweetbriar, or between roses and mint.

* H. N. Coleridge's editorial notes to his father-in-law's *Biographia Literaria*.

† "Periodical literature can hardly be said to create public taste and opinion: I believe it does no more than strongly reflect and thereby concentrate and strengthen it. The fashionable journal is expected to be the mirror of public opinion in its own party, a brilliant magnifying mirror, in which the mind of the public may see itself look large and handsome. Woe be to the mirror if it presumes to give pictures and images of its own!—it will fall to the ground, even if not shivered at once by public indignation. Such publications depend for their maintenance on the public which they are to teach, and must therefore, like the pastor of a voluntary flock, pipe only such tunes as suit their auditor's sense of harmony."—(See Notes by Sara Coleridge to Pickering's edition of the *Biographia Literaria*, vol. ii.)

‡ "We have known men of acknowledged abilities to whom Milton was a dead letter, or, rather, let us say, in the case of whom the living letter of Milton fell upon a dead mind; and one like instance we have known in which Dryden was preferred to Shakspeare. It is often, we are aware, in vain to minister to a mind in this state; but all such are not incurable, and we have been desirous to do [in Wordsworth's instance] what might be in our power to reduce the number of cases."—*Quarterly Review*, CXXXVII.

But while the world was taking its time in coming round to Wordsworth, and making up its mind whether to bless him at all or curse him at all, or leave him out of account altogether—while the revolt from the Edinburgh standard was spreading with more or less of speed and earnestness—the Poet himself knew well, none better, perhaps none nearly so well, that he could afford to bide his time. Though it tarry, wait for it—might be his self-exhortation and self-assurance: not omitting the sequel of the text, It will surely come, it will not tarry. Never, perhaps, was Poet more entirely possessed with a sense of his powers, and an abiding faith in their potency. Even his friends and admirers, indeed, are free to own the “egotism” and the “pride”^{*} which distinguished, and may in no small measure have sustained him. His detractors made merry at the enormity of the man’s self-conceit. When their jests were exhausted at the expense of Alice in her duffle cloak, and the Idiot boy, and the “nursery rhymes” in general of the Lyrical Ballads, they could always turn with success, after its kind, to some old tale with a new face, some fresh version of an old story, about that Wordsworth’s prodigious self-esteem, and his eternal obtrusion of himself and his verses on all within earshot of him. Porson is made to say, in the famous colloquy with Southey, “imagined” by Walter Savage Landor, that, examining as a grammarian the grammar of Wordsworth, he found in it but one pronoun, and that was the pronoun *I*. “Byron has likewise been censured for egoism,” adds the Professor, “and the censure is applicable to him nearly in the same degree. But so laughable a story was never told of Byron as the true and characteristic one related of your neighbour, who, being invited to read in company a novel of Scott’s, and finding at the commencement a quotation from himself, totally forgot the novel, and recited his own poem from beginning to end, with many comments and more commendations.”[†] One is reminded of Theocrite in the “Characters” of La Bruyère: “Le hasard fait que je lui lis mon ouvrage, il l’écoute. Est-il lu? il me parle du sien. Et du vôtre, me direz-vous, qu’en pense-t-il? Je vous l’ai déjà dit, il me parle du sien.”[‡] Mr. Disraeli, once observed a critic in *Regina*, has written of men of one book, but Wordsworth is emphatically the man of one subject, that subject poetry, and that poetry his own. “It would be nothing strange to him to leave his knife partly inserted in the wing of a chicken while he recited a stanza of ‘Yarrow Revisited.’”[§] Professor Masson, describing the even tenor of Wordsworth’s life among the Lakes—where, in the enjoyment of worldly competence, he walked, boated, wrote, and attended church, and whence from time to time he issued his new poems, or collections of poems, accompanied by prefaces or dissertations, intended to illustrate their pe-

* A degree of pride, by some accounts, worthy of Racine’s haughty Hebrew:

“Ah, de tous les mortels connais le plus superbe.”

Athalie, III. 3.

One critic and whilom friend of the Poet used to say, indeed, Never describe Wordsworth as equal in pride to Lucifer; no, but if you have occasion to write a life of Lucifer, set down that, by possibility, in respect to pride, he might be some type of Wordsworth.

[†] Landor’s Imaginary Conversations: Southey and Porson. (Second Part.)

[‡] La Bruyère: Des Ouvrages de l’Esprit.

[§] *Fraser’s Magazine*, CLXII.

cular character—proceeds to say: “And here in the bosom of his admiring family, he received the chance visits of such stray worshippers as came privileged with letters of introduction, talking with them in a cold stately way, and not unfrequently (be the truth distinctly spoken) shocking them by the apparent egotism with which he referred to or quoted his own poetry, the inordinate indifference he displayed towards most things besides, the painful rigour* with which he exacted from those around him every outward mark of respect and attention, and the seriousness with which he would repeat the most insignificant words that had been uttered

* “I do not conceive,” says Mr. de Quincey, “that Wordsworth *could* have been an amiable boy; he was austere and unsocial, I have reason to think, in his habits; not generous, and not self-denying. I am pretty certain that no consideration would ever have induced Wordsworth to burden himself with a lady’s reticule, parasol, shawl, or anything exacting trouble and attention. Mighty must be the danger which would induce him to lead her horse by the bridle. Nor would he, without some demur, stop to offer her his hand over a stile. Freedom—unlimited, careless, insolent freedom—unoccupied possession of his own arms—absolute control over his own legs and motions—these have always been so essential to his comfort, that, in any case where they were likely to become questionable, he would have declined to make one of the party.”—(De Quincey’s *Autobiographic Sketches*, vol. ii. ch. v.)

Reports vary—we may here remark—as to Wordsworth’s social and conversational qualities; but this of course. Some thought him heavy in company, self-involved and self-occupied. Others, to whom he opened out, ranked him high among the highest, if not himself the highest of all. Southey says of him, in 1814:

“I have known him nearly twenty years, and for about half that time, intimately. The strength and the character of his mind you see in the *Excursion*, and his life does not belie his writings, for, in every relation of life, and every point of view, he is a truly exemplary and admirable man. In conversation he is powerful beyond any of his contemporaries.”—(Southey to Bernard Barton, Dec. 19, 1814.)

And of Wordsworth’s prowess in conversation of a polemical cast, or wordy war-like character, the same Robert Southey thus intimates his opinion:

“Jeffrey, I hear, has written what his admirers call a *crushing* review of the *Excursion*. He might as well seat himself upon Skiddaw, and fancy that he crushed the mountain. I heartily wish Wordsworth may one day meet with him, and lay him alongside, yard-arm and yard-arm in argument.”—(Southey to Walter Scott, Dec., 1814.)

That Wordsworth could “take his glass” in good companionship, one memorable occasion testified. Tradition, at least, affirms, that he “got drunk” at Cambridge, in and by the act of toasting the memory of Milton. But even Tradition fails to record a second instance of the kind, during the whole of the octogenarian’s life.

As to his social characteristics, however, a fragment may here be put in evidence from the writings of an old friend of his, addressed by name in the *Sonnets*—the once prosperous, but since penury-stricken “Kempferhausen” of the *Noctes*, Mr. R. P. Gillies:

“Among convivial spirits no one could be more joyous than Wordsworth; no one could enter more heartily and readily into the humours of the passing hour; and among eminent authors no one could ever be found more willing than he was to make allowances for the faults of others, or to afford instruction whenever he met with a pupil whose attachment to literature was not founded on vanity or affectation. His own lofty and buoyant spirit very obviously resulted from three causes—1st, natural energy of constitution and character; 2nd, calmness and wisdom founded on moral principles inflexibly firm; 3rd, a course of training to him become habitual, namely, the hydropathic (though the name of Priessnitz was not then dreamt of), for he detested wine and other fermented liquors, and every day climbed the mountains, composing his poems and giving them utterance in the deepest tone of invocation and inspiration as he ascended.”—(Memoirs of a Literary Veteran. By R. P. Gillies.)

in his praise."* Perhaps the most noticeable of recently published testimonies to the Poet's readiness to recite himself, asked or unasked, is to be found in Mr. Emerson's late volume on England and the English. When that transatlantic transcendentalist paid his respects at Rydal Mount, Wordsworth had just returned from a visit to Staffa and the surrounding (sea-) lions, and was in the act of composing a quaternion of sonnets on Fingal's Cave when summoned to receive Ralph Waldo. "He said, 'If you are interested in my verses, perhaps you will like to hear these lines.' I gladly assented; and he recollected himself for a few moments, and then stood forth and repeated, one after the other, the three entire sonnets with great animation. . . .

"This recitation was so unlooked-for and surprising—he, the old Wordsworth, standing apart, and reciting to me in a garden-walk, like a schoolboy declaiming—that I at first was near to laugh; but recollecting myself, that I had come thus far to see a poet, and he was chanting poems to me, I saw that he was right and I was wrong, and gladly gave myself up to hear."†

But then again, apart from and independent of all external verdicts—laudatory, oburgatory, or what not—the Poet enjoyed that intimate, loving, and reverential communion with Nature, which was more to him than many votes and voices of sympathy and applause from without. He fulfilled the functions, and magnified the office, of Nature's own elect, own consecrated Priest. On her mountain tops he wondered and worshipped; and beside her lakes and tarns meditated canticles that should not misbeseem her laureate bard.

Wordsworth upon Helvellyn! Let the cloud
Ebb audibly along the mountain-wind,
Then break against the rock, and show behind
The lowland valleys floating up to crowd
The sense with beauty. *He*, with forehead bowed
And humble-lidded eyes, as one inclined
Before the sovran thought of his own mind,
And very meek with inspirations proud,—
Takes here his rightful place as Poet-priest
By the high altar, singing prayer and prayer
To the higher Heavens.‡

Nor does he doff his consecrated robes when he comes down from the mount. Flowers laugh before him in their beds, and on them too he gazes, humblest field-flowers and all, as well as on the everlasting hills and the most ancient heavens. Daisies, "in shoals and bands, a morrice train," greet him in the byways, and at once his spirits play with kindred gladness. The common pilewort—unpraised hitherto by those who have praised pansy, and lily, and kingcup, and violet, and primrose—is honoured by him with many honours; let whose will, overlook her "bright coronet," he will not; but "will sing, as him behoves, hymns in praise of what he loves." To him the meanest flower that blows can give thoughts undreamt-of in the world's philosophy. Nature's simplest

* David Masson's *Essays*: "Wordsworth."

† *English Traits*, chap. i.

‡ E. Barrett Browning: *On a Portrait of Wordsworth* by B. R. Haydon.

objects rivet his gaze, and feed his contemplative mood, and ply him with matter for tuneful verse.

Le poëte s'en va dans les champs; il admire,
Il adore; il écoute en lui-même une lyre;

and while the flowers, *toutes les fleurs*, welcome him with their gayest looks, and liveliest wavings to and fro, the trees too,

. . . pleins de jour et d'ombre et de confuses voix,
Les grands arbres profonds qui vivent dans les bois,
Tous ces vieillards, les ifs, les tilleuls, les érables,
Les saules tout ridés, les chênes vénérables . . .
Lui font de grands saluts et courbent jusqu'à terre
Leurs têtes de feuillée et leur barbe de lierre,
Contemplant de son front la sereine lueur,
Et murmurent tout bas : C'est lui ! c'est le rêveur !*

Miss Wordsworth it was, by her brother's own avowal, who first, as De Quincey expresses it, *couched* his eye to the sense of beauty, humanised him by the gentler charities, and engrafted, with her delicate female touch, those graces upon the ruder growths of his nature, which afterwards clothed the forest of his genius with a foliage corresponding in loveliness and beauty to the strength of its boughs and the massiveness of its trunks. "He lived in the open air; and the enormity of pleasure which both he and his sister drew from the common appearances of nature and their everlasting variety—variety so infinite, that if no one leaf of a tree or shrub ever exactly resembled another in all its filaments, and their arrangement, still less did any one day ever repeat another in all its pleasurable elements,—this pleasure was to him in the stead of many libraries:

One impulse from a vernal wood
Could teach him more of Man,
Of moral evil, and of good,
Than all the sages can.

And he, we may be sure, who could draw "even from the meanest flower that blows, thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears,"—to whom the mere daisy, the pansy, the primrose, could furnish pleasures—not the puerile ones which his most puerile and worldly insulters imagined, but pleasures drawn from depths of reverie and meditative tenderness far beyond all power of *their* hearts to conceive,—that man would hardly need any large variety of books.† To Wordsworth it was as to the Indian Traveller in one of Edgar Poe's weird sketches—to whom "there came a whole universe of suggestion" in the quivering of a leaf—in the hue of a blade of grass—in the shape of a trefoil—in the humming of a bee—in the gleaming of a dewdrop—in the breathing of the wind—in the faint odours that came from the forest.‡

He, in his sunny childhood, sported wild
Among the wild flowers and the pensile ferns
That fringe the craggy banks of waterfalls,
Whose pools were arched with irises enwoven

* Les Contemplations.

† De Quincey : Selections, Grave and Gay, vol. ii. pp. 289, 296-7.

‡ E. Allan Poe's Tales and Sketches: A Tale of the Ragged Mountains.

Of spray and sunbeam : these into his mind
 Passed, and were blent with fancies of his own ;
 And in that interfusion of bright hues
 His soul grew up and brightened. On the peaks
 Of mighty hills he learnt the mysteries
 That float 'twixt heaven and earth. The strenuous key
 Of cloud-born torrents harmonised his verse
 To strength and sweetness.*

So exceptional was the degree of interest with which Wordsworth contemplated the beauties of Nature, that it has indeed been held that nothing less than an organic peculiarity in the structure of his eye can account for a faculty of vision so unique.

But as if for an offset, in some sort, against this special endowment in the province of the eye—as if to countervail this bonus on his individual dividend—Wordsworth was, it may be worth remarking, singularly deficient in the sense of smell. If the ocular nerve was preternaturally keen, the olfactory was conversely dull. He would not have been a laureate after the own heart (or nose) of that King of Tunis who, Montaigne tells us,† when landing at Naples, for an interview with Charles V., took especial pride in the odour of his meats, and would fain tickle the nose rather than the mere gustatory palate—spending, in fact, a hundred ducats on odoriferous drugs wherewithal to stuff a single peacock and one poor brace of pheasants—and who rejoiced with exceeding great joy when the act of carving these “strange fowl” filled not only the palace, but the adjoining streets, with “a fragrant vapour, which was some time dissipating.”‡ The hundred ducats would have been thrown away on a laureate with no nose. Not but what to have no nose is an advantage at times. As, for instance, when a Glasgow Gander§ smokes (and another verb beginning with s) on the board. “Ax your pardon, sir,” suddenly exclaims the Shepherd to North and Tickler, “for puttin’ rather an abrupt question ; but does neither o’ you twa smell onything out o’ the common ?” “I have no nose,” returns long Timothy. “Nae nose ?” the Shepherd resumes : “In that case, neither has an elephant.” Tickler blandly explains : “I mean no sense of smell.” And the Shepherd rejoins : “Then I pity you, sir, in spring, up i’ the mornin’ early, in the Forest, when the sun is sae tenderly wooin’ the dawn, and a shower o’ bees is perpetually drappin’ doon frae the bawmy bosom o’ the south-west wind, on the bawmy bosom o’ the Earth, that is indeed flowin’, as the Scriptur’ says, wi’ milk and honey, and a’ hotchin’ wi’ dew-reekin’ sun-seekin’ flowers, as if through a’ her open pores were breathin’ the irrepressible delight o’ our great mother’s heart.”¶ For the man with no nose is in this respect *minus* one out of the five senses

* Poems by Edward Quillinan.

† See Montaigne's *Essays*, c. lv.

‡ From an opposite cause, still less fit would Madame de Warens have been to sit at the Tunisian monarch's table, and sniff in his

“—overpayment of delight”

in the way of a too spicy fare. For Rousseau tells us that “elle supportait avec peine la première odeur du potage et des mets ; cette odeur la faisait presque tomber en défaillance, et ce dégoût durait longtemps. Elle se remettait peu à peu, causait, et ne mangeait point. Ce n'était qu'au bout d'une demi-heure qu'elle essayait le premier morceau.”—(*Les Confessions*. 1^{re} partie, livre iii.)

§ See the *Noctes Ambrosianae*, *passim*.

¶ *Noctes Ambrosianae*. (No. LVI. in orig.)

which minister to Poetry and pleasure; and a deduction of twenty per cent. from his principal is a somewhat heavy mulct on the Poet's ways and means. Jean Paul Richter used to insist on the powerful effect the recollection of perfumes has in exciting the imagination. Within a few weeks of his death, he said, one evening, when his friends Otto and Emanuel were sitting beside the blind prose-poet's couch, "that his father, sometimes, in his boyhood, shut him into his room, and that, when he went again into the open air, he met the perfumes of the tobacco the carpenters smoked, and that tobacco *now* brought back, like the sound of the cow-bell, his entire childhood before his soul. Through the sense of smell," continued Jean Paul, "as its impressions are so undecided, the romantic is singularly excited. Schiller always rejoiced in perfumes, while Goethe, the plastic artist, was more interested by the form of the nose. Smell is the most refined of the senses. A gentle and refined Indian would think us all offensive animals. Herder had the most delicate sense of smell, but in everything he was an *elephant*."*

The Cabanis school of physiologists assign an important place in their philosophy to the sense of smell, and the action it brings to bear on the whole nervous system; probably, in their materialistic fashion, they would go as far as Jean Paul does in his spiritualistic though sensuous way. Wordsworth was not indifferent, it appears, to his insusceptibility of smell, but had the grace to lament, while he had the candour fully to acknowledge it. The following passage occurs in Southey's Autobiographical fragment: "Wordsworth has no sense of smell.† Once, and once only in his life, the dormant power awakened; it was by a bed of stocks in full bloom, at a house which he inhabited in Dorsetshire, some five-and-twenty years ago;‡ and he says it was like a vision of Paradise to him: but it lasted only a few minutes, and the faculty has continued torpid from that time. The fact is remarkable in itself, and would be worthy of notice, even if it did not relate to a man of whom posterity will desire to know all that can be remembered. He has often expressed to me his regret for this privation."§

Southey himself, it should (or at least may) be added, was as keen as he *looked*, about the nose. "I, on the contrary," says he, "possess the sense in such acuteness, that I can remember an odour and call up the ghost of one that is departed." Describing his grandmother's house and garden at Bedminster, he fondly recalls, after forty years and upwards, a

* By which one word, "elephant," Richter, as his biographer remarks, meant to delineate Herder's greatness, his delicate organisation, which also distinguishes the elephant among animals, and his Indian nature.—(See "Life of Jean Paul," part iv. c. x.)

† As we have referred to the Cabanis or soul-stomach school of physiologists, we may here cite a passage from Dr. Cabanis himself, on certain abnormal cases of which Wordsworth's is one in point. "Enfin," says the Doctor, in his *septième mémoire*, treating, however, of morbid developments of diverse kinds, "enfin, sans parler du tact et du goût, également susceptibles d'altérations singulières, certaines personnes sont entièrement insensibles aux odeurs. La pratique de la médecine m'a présenté cinq ou six faits de ce dernier genre, chez des personnes saines d'ailleurs; et dans les maladies, j'ai vu pareillement, tantôt les fonctions de l'odorat tout à fait abolies ou suspendues," &c.—(Cabanis: *Rapports du Physique et du Moral de l'Homme*, c. vii.)

‡ Southey was writing in the year 1822.

§ Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey, vol. i. p. 63.

fine barberry-bush that grew just by the orchard gate; and "that peculiar odour of its blossoms," he adds, "which is supposed to injure the wheat within its reach, is still fresh in my remembrance."* This scent of the barberry-bush relates to his ninth year. Elsewhere he revives one of another kind, pertaining to his seventh, when he followed in the wake of the boys who went to "*squail* at the *bannets*," or throw at the walnuts, in their master's orchard: "I was too little to bear a part in this, which required considerable strength; but for many days afterwards, I had the gleaning among the leaves and broken twigs with which the ground was covered; and the fragrance of these leaves, in their incipient decay, is one of those odours which I can recal at will, and which, whenever it occurs, brings with it the vivid remembrance of past times."† Nor can we forbear adding an excerpt from one of Robert the Rhymer's letters to Landor, connected with a like subject: "I am no botanist," he writes from London, in 1811; "but, like you, my earliest and deepest recollections are connected with flowers, and they always carry me back to other days. Perhaps this is because they are the only things which affect our senses precisely in the same manner as they did in childhood. The sweetness of the violet is always the same; and when you rifle a rose, and drink as it were its fragrance, the refreshment is the same to the old man as to the boy. We see with different eyes in proportion as we learn to discriminate, and, therefore, this effect is not so certainly produced by visual objects. Sounds recal the past in the same manner, but do not bring with them individual scenes, like the cowslip field or the bank of violets, or the corner of the garden to which we have transplanted field flowers."‡ Wordsworth, then, could share little or not at all in this glorification of the sense of smell, and its relations with poetry and sentiment; but how acute, how deep his susceptible habit in regard to the other two senses which Southey here comparatively depreciates, sight and sound. As for sight—Wordsworth prayed, in early manhood, that the leaping up of the heart he felt at beholding a rainbow in the sky, might never cease; and it never did. And as for sound—although Southey speaks of fragrance and flowers as "the only things which affect our senses precisely as they did in childhood," we may ascribe an exceptional depth of meaning, probably, a stringency of *personal* application, to the lines put by Wordsworth into the mouth of old Matthew, but full fifty years later true of himself,

No check, no stay, this Streamlet fears;
How merrily it goes!
'Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows.

And here, on this delightful day,
I cannot choose but think
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
Beside this fountain's brink.

My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For *the same sound* is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.§

* Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey, vol. i. p. 63.

† Ibid. pp. 54, sq.

‡ Ibid. vol. iii. p. 313.

§ "The Fountain." (1799.)

It has been said that Wordsworth's "mission"—a lofty one, and loftily fulfilled—has been, to raise the mean, to dignify the obscure, to reveal that natural nobility which lurks under the russet gown and the clouted shoe; to extract poetry from the cottage, and from the turf-fire upon its hearth, and from the solitary shieling, and from the mountain tarn, and from the grey ancestral stone at the door of the deserted mansion, and from the lichens of the rock, and from the furze of the melancholy moor. But the definition and the estimate of his mission will vary with the standpoint and eyesight, intellectual and moral, of the appraiser. The characteristics of Wordsworth's poetry have been delineated and commented upon, with various success, and sometimes flat contrary effects, by his different expositors. After all—years, and studies, and comparative anatomies, after all these—nothing, probably, has been written to supersede, nothing at all to surpass, Coleridge's criticism of his friend's poems, in the *Biographia Literaria*. Since then, men of mark and generous sympathies have given, with more or less of fulness and analytical research, their several estimates of the differential excellences of those poems. Professor Wilson, in *Blackwood*; Henry Taylor, in the *Quarterly*; Thomas de Quincey, in divers periodical miscellanies; David Masson,* in the *North British*; Sara Coleridge, in her Notes to the *Biographia*; and numerous others, of name and of no name (at least in print), have discussed the distinctive qualities of the Bard of Rydal. But none of them with such completeness as well as both unction and impartiality,† as Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Were we, however, to mention that particular criticism which best elucidates some of the less apparent, yet most characteristic, of those qualities, it should be—so far as it goes (too brief,

* Professor Masson's essay contains very much that will repay, as well as keep alive, an attentive perusal. His statement of the case, as it lay between Wordsworth and the *Edinburgh Review*, is on the whole just to both parties—at any rate avoids the imputation of gratuitous malignity or stupidity to the Jeffreyites. He correctly observes that if Jeffrey's criticisms on Wordsworth's poetry be now compared with the criticisms of Wordsworth's own friend, Coleridge, it will be found that, immeasurably as the two critics differ in spirit—the one refusing to admit Wordsworth to be a good poet at all, the other considering him to be the greatest English poet since Milton—there is still an almost perfect coincidence in their special objections to his style. "What Jeffrey attacked was chiefly the alleged childishness of much of Wordsworth's language, the babyism of his 'Alice Fells,' with their cloaks of 'duffle grey,' &c.; and it is precisely on these points that Coleridge, even while aware of his friend's more profound reason for such familiarities, expresses his dissent from him. The truth is, had Wordsworth been a man of more innate energy, more tremendousness, so to speak, as a poet, he would have effected the revolution that was necessary with less delay and opposition. Wrapping up his doctrinal peculiarities, if he had any, in the midst of his poetry, instead of protruding them in a preface, he would have blasted the old spirit out by the mere infatuation of the new, and wound resistance hands in the hair of the nation's instincts. But instead of being the Mirabeau of our literary revolution, and hardly aware of his own propositions, he was, as it were, its Robespierre, who first threw his propositions tied in a bunch into the crowd before him, and then fought his way pertinaciously to where they fell. But even thus (and there were doubtless advantages in this method too) he at length obtained success."—(*Essays, Biographical and Critical*, by David Masson.) The Robespierre metaphor, in this passage, is not perhaps, formally, a very felicitous one; but the drift of the argument is clear, and might be difficult enough to refute.

† Witness S. T. C.'s treatment of Wordsworth's poetical theories.

alas!)—the essay by De Quincey, *On Wordsworth's Poetry*, published some twelve years ago. The essayist is particularly happy in showing how Wordsworth has brought many a truth into life both for the eye and for the understanding, which previously had slumbered indistinctly for all men—awakening into illuminated consciousness old lineaments of truth long slumbering in the mind, although too faint to have extorted attention. For instance, suggests the critic, as respects the eye, who does not acknowledge instantaneously the strength of reality in that saying upon a cataract seen from a station two miles off, that it was “frozen by distance?” In all nature, there is not an object so essentially at war with the stiffening of frost, or the headlong and desperate life of a cataract; and yet notoriously the effect of distance is to lock up this frenzy of motion into the most petrific column of stillness. The effect is perceived at once when pointed out; but how few are the eyes that ever *would* have perceived it for themselves! Twilight, again,—who before Wordsworth ever distinctly noticed its *abstracting* power?—that power of removing, softening, harmonising, by which a mode of obscurity executes for the eye the same mysterious office which the mind so often within its own shadowy realms executes for itself.* The essayist notices as another great field amongst the pomps of nature, which, if Wordsworth did not first notice, he certainly has noticed most circumstantially,—cloud-scenery, or those pageants of sky-built architecture, which sometimes in summer, at noonday, and in all seasons about sunset, arrest or appal the meditative; “perplexing monarchs” with the spectacle of armies manœuvring, or deepening the solemnity of evening by towering edifices that mimic, but which also in mimicking mock, the transitory grandeurs of man.† We commend those who see nothing, unless perhaps something to ridicule, in that pastoral bit,

The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one—

* “In the dim interspace between day and night, all disappears from our earthly scenery, as if touched by an enchanter’s rod, which is either mean or inharmonious, or unquiet, or expressive of temporary things. Leaning against a column of rock, looking down upon a lake or river, and at intervals carrying your eyes forward through a vista of mountains, you become aware that your sight rests upon the very same spectacle, unaltered in a single feature, which once at the same hour was beheld by the legionary Roman from his embattled camp, or by the roving Briton in his ‘wolfskin vest,’ lying down to sleep, and looking

‘—through some leafy bower,
Before his eyes were closed.’

How magnificent is the summary or abstraction of the elementary features in such a scene, as executed by the poet himself, in illustration of this abstraction daily executed by nature, through her handmaid Twilight! Listen, reader, to the closing strain, solemn as twilight is solemn, and grand as the spectacle which it describes:

‘By him [i. e. the roving Briton] was seen!
The self-same vision which we now behold,
At thy meek bidding, shadowy Power, brought forth,
These mighty barriers, and the gulf between;
The floods, the stars,—a spectacle as old
As the beginnings of the heavens and earth.’ ”

(See De Quincey’s essay *On Wordsworth’s Poetry*, Tait, 1845.)

† Ibid.

to see what significance can be elicited from the picture by an expositor imbued with the painter's own spirit, by consulting De Quincey's acute analysis of the "hieroglyphic" of the passage. A volume, he justly says, might be filled (would that he had the filling of it! none so competent) with such glimpses of novelty as Wordsworth has first laid bare, even to the apprehension of the senses; while, for the *understanding*, when moving in the same track of human sensibilities, he has only *done not so much*. — But the great distinction of Wordsworth, and the pledge of his increasing popularity, is the extent of his sympathy with what is really permanent in human feelings, and also the depth of his sympathy.*

On man, on nature, and on human life,
Musing in solitude, he oft perceived
Far trains of imagery where sun and sea,
Accompanied by feelings of delight
Pure, or with an impressing sadness mixed;
And he was conscious of affecting thoughts
And true sympathies, whose presence sufficed
To pervade the mind, content to which
The good and evil of our mortal state.
— "If these thoughts, whenever they come,
Be better than much of our worst conversation,
Or from the soul — an impulse to herself —
Be worth the trouble of successive verse."⁶

It was Wordsworth, as our great Moral Poet, it well becomes us to see, as William might be qualified, not the language merely of admiration, but of reverence — of love and gratitude due to a benefactor of humankind, who has purified his passions by solemn thoughts and noblest sentiments, stilling their turbulence by the same powers that magnify their power, and showing how the soul is fed and fed, and when its tale is at full, may be as true as stone and as serene as the sea. — And we shall deem these notes in a more-welcome man, in doing honor to his person, in his character of great Moral Poet, from the poems of those noble-worthy disciples, Richard Chenevis Bannister, the present Lord of Westonsayre, and in Wordsworth.

A sonnet, or well fitted to mine
In early life, and a vision in my
With many a vision of nature, and
To vision in my mind, and
With many a vision of nature, and
Plains in my mind, and
Leading with many a vision, and
This is the best, and the best
No wonder is a vision, and
Which is the best, and the best
This is the best, and the best

A sonnet in my vision, and in the vision of Lord Wordsworth, and
loyal witness of the best, and the best

* The *Illustration*.
+ See *Professor Vinton's* review of the "Illustration" in *THE*.
+ E. L. Bannister: A noble human.

Him, the High Druid of the oak-clad fells
 And aqueous vales of our romantic North,
 The breasts of thousands, yea of millions, own
 To be the Seer whose power hath o'er them most
 A sway like that of conscience. One whose keen
 Mysterious eye peruses minds aright
 Ev'n in their shyest depths, and best rebukes
 The workings of that intricate machine
 For evil, most accelerates the springs
 That are the pulses of ingenuous deeds.*

And the third shall be the already honoured son of a long and widely and deeply honoured sire—giving expression to Memorial Verses on the occasion of Wordsworth's death (April, 1850):

Ah, since dark days still bring to light
 Man's prudence and man's fiery might,
 Time may restore us in his course
 Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force:
 But where will Europe's latter hour
 Again find Wordsworth's healing power?
 Others will teach us how to dare,
 And against fear our breasts to steel:
 Others will strengthen us to bear—
 But who, ah who, will make us feel?
 The cloud of mortal destiny,
 Others will front it fearlessly—
 But who, like him, will put it by?

Keep fresh the grass upon his grave,
 O Rotha! with thy living wave.
 Sing him thy best! for few or none
 Hear thy voice right, now he is gone.†

* Quillinan's Poems.

† Poems by Matthew Arnold. Second Series.

The closing lines, on Wordsworth's grave, remind us of a touching Sonnet, simple and sweet, by another "Lakist," David Holt, written in Grasmere Churchyard—concerning which spot, it has been well asked, Could there be a meeter resting-place for the Apostle of Nature?—could all the dusty grandeur of Westminster compensate for the daisy that rises from his heart, or the golden celandines that cluster on the turf and shelter the lingering dewdrops from the sun?

"Oh, better far than richly sculptured tomb,
 Oh, fitter far than monumental pile
 Of storied marble in cathedral aisle,
 Is this low grassy grave, bright with the bloom
 Of Nature, and laid open to the smile
 Of the blue heaven,—this stone that tells to whom
 The spot is dedicate, who rests beneath
 In this God's acre, this fair field of death.
 Oh, meet it is, great bard, that in the breast
 Of this sweet vale, and 'neath the guardian hills,
 By thee so loved, thy venerated dust
 Should lie in peace; and it is meet and just
 That evermore around thy place of rest
 Should rise the murmur of a thousand rills."

Am

THE LAWYERS' SERVANTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY."

I.

IN a certain quiet street of London, chiefly if not entirely filled by lawyers and their offices, there flourished some years ago the eminent firm of Lyvett, Castlerosse, and Lyvett. An extensive practice had they; and some other firms in the street would watch with an envious eye the shoals of letters and deeds delivered there by the morning post-man, wishing only a tenth would come to them. The partners bore the character of honourable men; and certainly, for lawyers, they were tolerably clean-fingered. The three floors in the house were consecrated to business. The ground-floor was chiefly appropriated to clerks; on the first floor were the private and consulting rooms of the partners, and on the next story were clerks again. This left free the kitchens, which were under ground, and the attics in the roof, in which apartments dwelt a man of the name of May, his wife, and daughter. May was the trusty porter or messenger of the firm, took care of the house on Sundays and at nights, and was much esteemed by his employers as an honest, respectable servant. Mrs. May cleaned the offices, made the fires, and scoured the stairs; and Miss May, a damsel rising ten, put her ringlets in paper, and read the trash disseminated by certain popular weekly publications. She was being brought up—well, we shall see how.

One night in winter a clerk remained beyond the usual hour. He was just article'd, had copied a deed carelessly and imperfectly, and so was ordered to remain over-hours and copy it again. A strict disciplinarian was Mr. Rowley, the overlooking clerk of Lyvett, Castlerosse, and Lyvett. The porter was out, and Mrs. and Miss May were in the kitchen, the former washing up the tea-things, the latter seated on a low chair, and devouring, by the blaze of the fire, the fresh number of "E. Caterpillar's Penny Weekly Repository of Romance;" E. Caterpillar being a popular writer with the million.

"Anything new there, Sophiar?" asked the mother.

"Law, ma! yes: such a splendid tale! 'The Knight of the Blood-red Hand.' It begins beautiful."

"You'll try your eyes, reading by firelight, Sophiar. Come to the candle."

"I wish you wouldn't make a fuss," was Miss Sophia's answer.

"You'll not read long, I can tell you. As soon as ever I have finished these tea-things, I'm a going to clear the pianer, and you'll come and practise."

The young lady gave a jerk with her shoulders, and a kick with her feet, both of which movements might be taken as emblematic of rebellion. But Mrs. May was as good as her word, cleared the square piano, which appeared laden with miscellaneous articles of culinary utility, not generally found in association with pianos, opened it, and put one of the

wooden chairs before it. Miss Sophia, however, declined to disturb herself.

"What was the good of your father a buying of the hinstument, and what's the good of your having a genus for music, if you don't practise?" demanded Mrs. May. "Come, miss, no shuffling. And you have not looked at your book-lessons yet."

"Ma, how you do bother!"

"Come this minute, I say, or I'll put you to bed; and give them stupid romances to me," added Mrs. May, whisking the leaves out of the child's hand.

"You don't call them stupid when you read them yourself; and you don't like to be disturbed at them, though you disturb me," raved the child, in a voice between screaming and sobbing. "The other night, when father kept asking for his supper, you were in the thick of the 'Blighted Rose,' and you wouldn't stir from it, and he had to get out the bread and cheese himself, and fetch the beer!"

"Never you mind that, miss. You come to the pinner as I bid you. It's not your place to reflect on me."

Sophia, finding resistance useless, flung some books on the chair, to make it higher, and flung herself atop of them, dashing into what she called "the scales" and her mother "the jingles." Mrs. May drew a chair before the fire, placed her feet on the iron fender, snuffed the candle on the table behind her, and opened the publication she had taken from her daughter. Before, however, she was fairly immersed in its beauties, or the jingles had come to an end, a tremendous noise overhead caused them both to start.

"Sakes alive!" uttered Mrs. May, a favourite exclamation of hers, "what's that?"

A somewhat prolonged noise, as of a stool or chair being moved violently about, was now heard.

"Mother! suppose it should be an apparition!"

"Suppose it should be a robber, come in to kill us, or to steal the law papers!" was the more practical remark of Mrs. May. "I daren't go and see."

"I'll go and see," answered Sophia. "I'm not afraid of robbers." She took the candle from the table, hurried fearlessly up-stairs, and knocked at the front office on the ground-floor.

Mr. Jones, the young clerk, not being used to solitary evening employment, had nodded over his work, fallen down with the stool, and then picked himself and his stool irascibly up again, inflicting on the latter sundry bumps on the floor, by way of revenge. "Come in!" he called out, in answer to Sophia's knock; and very much astonished he looked when the knocker presented herself. A blue-eyed, pretty child, with flaxen hair that curled on her shoulders. Dressed well, she would have been an elegant child, but, dressed as she was, in all the colours of the rainbow, flaunty, dirty, and with a profusion of glass beads glittering about her as necklace and bracelets, she looked like a little itinerant actress at a country fair.

"Why! who and what are you?" demanded the young gentleman.

"If you please, we did not know anybody was left, and when the

noise came, we thought it was a robber got in, so I came to see, but ma was afraid."

"Who on earth's 'ma'?" he repeated, unable to take his eyes off her.

"My ma. Down stairs."

"Do you live here?"

"Yes," said she, drawing herself up. "I am Miss May."

"Oh, indeed!" returned the young gentleman. "Was not that a piano tinkling? It was the sound of that startled me up, and sent the stool off its legs. The first time I ever heard of a piano in a lawyer's office."

"It's mine. Father bought it for me."

"Yours! Where d'ye keep it?"

"In the kitchen," answered the child. "We moved the dresser out into the back place where the copper is, to make room for it. It's opposite the windows, and I practise at night when I come home from school."

"Why don't you give us a serenade in the daytime?" he demanded, delighted at the amusement which appeared to be striking up. "We might get up a waltz when the governors are out."

Miss May shook her head. "Father says it must *never* be opened till everybody's gone; the gentlemen would not like it. So ma keeps dishes and things atop of it in the daytime, for fear I should forget and unlock it, when I'm at home at twelve o'clock."

"Well, this is a rum go!" muttered Mr. Jones to himself. "How many brothers and sisters have you, child?"

"I have not got any of either. And that's why ma says she can afford to spend more upon me. I'm to be a lady when I grow up."

"Thank you, my dear, for the information. You look like one. I should say you might be taken for an Arabian-Night princess: only you are too pretty."

The girl took the compliment for earnest. She bridled her head, and her unoccupied hand stole up to twirl round the ends of her ringlets. In the endowment of vanity, Nature has been prodigal to many of us, but she had been remarkably so to Sophia May.

"Sophiar!" called out a voice from the lower regions. "Sophiar! What is it?"

"Who is that?" quickly asked Mr. Jones.

"That's ma. She——"

"Sophiar, I say! Who are you talking to? Who *is* there?" repeated the voice.

"Ma," answered the child, putting her head out at the door to speak, "it's one of the gentlemen not gone."

Up raced Mrs. May, and the young man recognised her as the lady he had seen on her hands and knees, cleaning the front door-step the first morning he came, when he had misunderstood the clerks' time, and had arrived an hour too early.

"Bless me, sir! I should not have took upon myself to send Sophiar in here, but we thought everybody was gone, and was alarmed at the noise. Sophiar, miss, when you saw it was all right, why didn't you come away again directly?"

"Don't put yourself out, Mrs. May, she has done no harm. What time do you get this office open in the morning?"

"About half-past seven, sir, these dark mornings. I begin with this floor first, and get my sweeping over and all the fires alight, before I sit down to my breakfast."

"Then I'm blest if I won't knock off for to-night, if I can get in at that hour," ejaculated Mr. Jones. "I shall have time to finish this beastly thing before ten, when old Row comes. But he had best mind, again, how he gives me my day's writing to do over twice, for I won't stand it. Good night to you, Dame May. Put out the gas."

"Sophy," said Mrs. May, when they returned to the kitchen, "did he hear the sound of the pianer?"

Sophy nodded.

"What did he say?"

"He asked if it was here, and I told him it was, and it was ours."

"Then you were a little ape for your pains. You should have stood out to him that it was a sound from the next house. Your father don't want the Mr. Lyvetts to know of it: they'd make a fuss perhaps. Never scruple to tell a lie, child, in a necessary cause."

"Can I have that paper now?" asked Sophia.

"No," snapped Mrs. May, "I have hardly begun it. Get on with your jingles."

From the above little episode of one evening, the reader may gather somewhat of how Sophia May was being brought up. It need not be explained that her parents were making that most reprehensible and fatal mistake of rearing her to be above her station. No training can be more pernicious, or is likely to bring forth more disastrous fruits. They had married late in life, and were decent, hard-working people; and if they had had the good sense to make their child hard-working too, they would have given her comfort and content for her portion. Mrs. May had been an inferior servant in a high family, had picked up there some exalted ideas, and the publications she had addicted herself to reading did not tend to sober them. Undoubtedly the child was a pretty, fairy-looking thing, and a fancied resemblance to one of the aristocratic daughters, in the family where Mrs. May had served, first put ridiculous notions for Sophia into her brain. The father was a more sensible man, but he was so ardently attached to this only child that he too readily fell into the snare, and upon that one point was now as extravagant as his wife. For their station they were in easy circumstances. The man's wages sufficed for their wants, in the humble way they were accustomed to live, Mrs. May had saved money, and a sister of Mrs. May's, who was a lady's maid, was ever ready to produce funds to be spent on Sophia. Strange that they could not see the incongruity of what they were doing! The child, with her flounces and furbelows, her music and dancing, her pernicious romance-reading, and her fostered vanity; and they, with their household drudgery, living amidst their kettles and saucepans and cooking and cleaning—what an absurdity it all was! The way in which the child was dressed out on a Sunday, was something wonderful to behold. Muslins in summer, satins in winter, streamers of many colours, gaudy artificial flowers, and snow-white feathers! In the morning she would be, as the mother expressed it, "in her dirt," watching the prepara-

tions for dinner, or exercising the piano, and at one o'clock fetching the beer from the public-house. But in the afternoon she was turned out in style, and told to "walk up and down the street, that people might see her;" her father and mother, who on that day would sit at the windows of old Mr. Lyvett's room on the first floor, watching her with looks of love and admiration; the former with his pipe, and his beer in a pewter pot, the latter with her weekly newspaper, which, however, she could scarcely coax her eyes to read a line of, so absorbed was she with that vision pacing the quiet street in her young vanity, whose long-tailed silken streamers fluttered out behind her, to the amazement of every chance passer-by. What did they promise to themselves would be the end of all this, when the child grew up?—that she would be content to continue her abode with them, and live as they did? Where else was she to live? Poor Sophia May! events that really did happen in after life, were not so much her fault, as the fault of her most foolish parents. And, mind you, this is a true picture: a simple narrative of what actually occurred.

II.

WE must now go on to a few years later. One Thursday night the quiet street above mentioned (and it was the dulllest and quietest street imaginable after business hours, when the lawyers had deserted it for the night) was aroused from its silence by the echoes of a cab, which came fast down it, and pulled up at the door of Lyvett, Castlerosse, and Lyvett. What could the cab want at that hour? Who had it brought? Plenty of cabs, and carriages too, might be seen before the door in the day, but never at night.

"Why, if it ain't old May!" exclaimed Miss Jenkins, putting her head out at the next-door window, she and her sister being laundresses to that house, which accommodated several firms. "Where has he been to in a cab? Here, Esther, come and have a look at old May in a cab!"

"Who's that getting out of it, in a blue veil? Whatever's old May up to? There's the gaslight on her face now—what a nice-looking young lady!"

"Why! it's the daughter come home! Oh, it's nobody but her. I'm sure of it."

"I'll go in and have a word with them presently, when they are settled a bit, and see what she's like," cried Miss Esther. "It's her, safe enough."

"Safe enough" it was. Miss May, who had been for two years to a school on the French coast, had now completed her education, and returned home for good. When Miss Esther Jenkins entered, she found her sitting in the kitchen with her fond parents. She was eighteen now, and certainly very good-looking. The long curls she had worn as a child, were now twisted in a peculiar way, "French and fashionable," Miss Jenkins called it, round her head. She was above the middle height, and easy in her movements, very much pinched in about the waist, with fine falling shoulders, an admirably-fitting dress, and a prodigious deal of pretension. Miss Jenkins took it all in at a glance, and especially the young lady's first declaration that she did not know how she should get on in London, having forgotten her English.

fine barberry-bush that grew just by the orchard gate; and "that peculiar odour of its blossoms," he adds, "which is supposed to injure the wheat within its reach, is still fresh in my remembrance."* This scent of the barberry-bush relates to his ninth year. Elsewhere he revives one of another kind, pertaining to his seventh, when he followed in the wake of the boys who went to "*squail* at the *bannets*," or throw at the walnuts, in their master's orchard: "I was too little to bear a part in this, which required considerable strength; but for many days afterwards, I had the gleanings among the leaves and broken twigs with which the ground was covered; and the fragrance of these leaves, in their incipient decay, is one of those odours which I can recal at will, and which, whenever it occurs, brings with it the vivid remembrance of past times."† Nor can we forbear adding an excerpt from one of Robert the Rhymer's letters to Landor, connected with a like subject: "I am no botanist," he writes from London, in 1811; "but, like you, my earliest and deepest recollections are connected with flowers, and they always carry me back to other days. Perhaps this is because they are the only things which affect our senses precisely in the same manner as they did in childhood. The sweetness of the violet is always the same; and when you rifle a rose, and drink as it were its fragrance, the refreshment is the same to the old man as to the boy. We see with different eyes in proportion as we learn to discriminate, and, therefore, this effect is not so certainly produced by visual objects. Sounds recal the past in the same manner, but do not bring with them individual scenes, like the cowslip field or the bank of violets, or the corner of the garden to which we have transplanted field flowers."‡ Wordsworth, then, could share little or not at all in this glorification of the sense of smell, and its relations with poetry and sentiment; but how acute, how deep his susceptible habit in regard to the other two senses which Southey here comparatively depreciates, sight and sound. As for sight—Wordsworth prayed, in early manhood, that the leaping up of the heart he felt at beholding a rainbow in the sky, might never cease; and it never did. And as for sound—although Southey speaks of fragrance and flowers as "the only things which affect our senses precisely as they did in childhood," we may ascribe an exceptional depth of meaning, probably, a stringency of *personal* application, to the lines put by Wordsworth into the mouth of old Matthew, but full fifty years later true of himself,

No check, no stay, this Streamlet fears;

How merrily it goes!

'Twill murmur on a thousand years,

And flow as now it flows.

And here, on this delightful day,

I cannot choose but think

How oft, a vigorous man, I lay

Beside this fountain's brink.

My eyes are dim with childish tears,

My heart is idly stirred,

For *the same sound* is in my ears

Which in those days I heard.§

* Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey, vol. i. p. 63.

† Ibid. pp. 54, sq.

‡ Ibid. vol. iii. p. 813.

§ "The Fountain." (1799.)

It has been said that Wordsworth's "mission"—a lofty one, and loftily fulfilled—has been, to raise the mean, to dignify the obscure, to reveal that natural nobility which lurks under the russet gown and the clouted shoe; to extract poetry from the cottage, and from the turf-fire upon its hearth, and from the solitary shieling, and from the mountain tarn, and from the grey ancestral stone at the door of the deserted mansion, and from the lichens of the rock, and from the furze of the melancholy moor. But the definition and the estimate of his mission will vary with the standpoint and eyesight, intellectual and moral, of the appraiser. The characteristics of Wordsworth's poetry have been delineated and commented upon, with various success, and sometimes flat contrary effects, by his different expositors. After all—years, and studies, and comparative anatomies, after all these—nothing, probably, has been written to supersede, nothing at all to surpass, Coleridge's criticism of his friend's poems, in the *Biographia Literaria*. Since then, men of mark and generous sympathies have given, with more or less of fulness and analytical research, their several estimates of the differential excellences of those poems. Professor Wilson, in *Blackwood*; Henry Taylor, in the *Quarterly*; Thomas de Quincey, in divers periodical miscellanies; David Masson,* in the *North British*; Sara Coleridge, in her *Notes to the Biographia*; and numerous others, of name and of no name (at least in print), have discussed the distinctive qualities of the Bard of Rydal. But none of them with such completeness as well as both unction and impartiality,† as Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Were we, however, to mention that particular criticism which best elucidates some of the less apparent, yet most characteristic, of those qualities, it should be—so far as it goes (too brief,

* Professor Masson's essay contains very much that will repay, as well as keep alive, an attentive perusal. His statement of the case, as it lay between Wordsworth and the *Edinburgh Review*, is on the whole just to both parties—at any rate avoids the imputation of gratuitous malignity or stupidity to the Jeffreyites. He correctly observes that if Jeffrey's criticisms on Wordsworth's poetry be now compared with the criticisms of Wordsworth's own friend, Coleridge, it will be found that, immeasurably as the two critics differ in spirit—the one refusing to admit Wordsworth to be a good poet at all, the other considering him to be the greatest English poet since Milton—there is still an almost perfect coincidence in their special objections to his style. "What Jeffrey attacked was chiefly the alleged childishness of much of Wordsworth's language, the babyism of his 'Alice Fells,' with their cloaks of 'duffle grey,' &c.; and it is precisely on these points that Coleridge, even while aware of his friend's more profound reason for such familiarities, expresses his dissent from him. The truth is, had Wordsworth been a man of more innate energy, more tremendousness, so to speak, as a poet, he would have effected the revolution that was necessary with less delay and opposition. Wrapping up his doctrinal peculiarities, if he had any, in the midst of his poetry, instead of protruding them in a preface, he would have blasted the old spirit out by the mere infatuation of the new, and wound irresistible hands in the hair of the nation's instincts. But instead of being the Mirabeau of our literary revolution, and hardly aware of his own propositions, he was, as it were, its Robespierre, who first threw his propositions tied in a bunch into the crowd before him, and then fought his way pertinaciously to where they fell. But even thus (and there were doubtless advantages in this method too) he at length obtained success."—(*Essays, Biographical and Critical*, by David Masson.) The Robespierre metaphor, in this passage, is not perhaps, formally, a very felicitous one; but the drift of the argument is clear, and might be difficult enough to refute.

† Witness S. T. C.'s treatment of Wordsworth's poetical theories.

alas!)—the essay by De Quincey, *On Wordsworth's Poetry*, published some twelve years ago. The essayist is particularly happy in showing how Wordsworth has brought many a truth into life both for the eye and for the understanding, which previously had slumbered indistinctly for all men—awakening into illuminated consciousness old lineaments of truth long slumbering in the mind, although too faint to have extorted attention. For instance, suggests the critic, as respects the eye, who does not acknowledge instantaneously the strength of reality in that saying upon a cataract seen from a station two miles off, that it was “frozen by distance?” In all nature, there is not an object so essentially at war with the stiffening of frost, or the headlong and desperate life of a cataract; and yet notoriously the effect of distance is to lock up this frenzy of motion into the most petrific column of stillness. The effect is perceived at once when pointed out; but how few are the eyes that ever *would* have perceived it for themselves! Twilight, again,—who before Wordsworth ever distinctly noticed its *abstracting* power?—that power of removing, softening, harmonising, by which a mode of obscurity executes for the eye the same mysterious office which the mind so often within its own shadowy realms executes for itself.* The essayist notices as another great field amongst the pomps of nature, which, if Wordsworth did not first notice, he certainly has noticed most circumstantially,—cloud-scenery, or those pageants of sky-built architecture, which sometimes in summer, at noonday, and in all seasons about sunset, arrest or appeal the meditative; “perplexing monarchs” with the spectacle of armies manœuvring, or deepening the solemnity of evening by towering edifices that mimic, but which also in mimicking mock, the transitory grandeurs of man.† We commend those who see nothing, unless perhaps something to ridicule, in that pastoral bit,

The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one—

* “In the dim interspace between day and night, all disappears from our earthly scenery, as if touched by an enchanter’s rod, which is either mean or inharmonious, or unquiet, or expressive of temporary things. Leaning against a column of rock, looking down upon a lake or river, and at intervals carrying your eyes forward through a vista of mountains, you become aware that your sight rests upon the very same spectacle, unaltered in a single feature, which once at the same hour was beheld by the legionary Roman from his embattled camp, or by the roving Briton in his ‘wolfskin vest,’ lying down to sleep, and looking

‘— through some leafy bower,
Before his eyes were closed.’

How magnificent is the summary or abstraction of the elementary features in such a scene, as executed by the poet himself, in illustration of this abstraction daily executed by nature, through her handmaid Twilight! Listen, reader, to the closing strain, solemn as twilight is solemn, and grand as the spectacle which it describes:

‘By him [i. e. the roving Briton] was seen
The self-same vision which we now behold,
At thy meek bidding, shadowy Power, brought forth,
These mighty barriers, and the gulf between;
The floods, the stars,—a spectacle as old
As the beginnings of the heavens and earth.’”

(See De Quincey’s essay *On Wordsworth’s Poetry*, Tait, 1845.)

† Ibid.

to see what significance can be elicited from the picture by an expositor imbued with the painter's own spirit, by consulting De Quincey's acute analysis of the "hieroglyphic" of the passage. A volume, he justly says, might be filled (would that *he* had the filling of it! none so competent) with such glimpses of novelty as Wordsworth has first laid bare, even to the apprehension of the *senses*; while, for the *understanding*, when moving in the same track of human sensibilities, he has only done not so much. "But the great distinction of Wordsworth, and the pledge of his increasing popularity, is the extent of his sympathy with what is really permanent in human feelings, and also the depth of his sympathy."

On man, on nature, and on human life,
Musing in solitude, he oft perceived
Fair trains of imagery before him rise,
Accompanied by feelings of delight
Pure, or with no unpleasing sadness mixed;
And he was conscious of affecting thoughts
And dear remembrances, whose presence soothes
Or elevates the mind, content to weigh
The good and evil of our mortal state.
—To these emotions, whencesoe'er they come,
Whether from breath of outward circumstance,
Or from the soul—an impulse to herself—
He would give utterance in numerous verse.*

Towards Wordsworth, as our great Moral Poet, it well becomes us to use, as Wilson taught and practised, not the language merely of admiration, but of reverence—of love and gratitude due to a benefactor of humanity, who has purified its passions by loftiest thoughts and noblest sentiments, stilling their turbulence by the same processes that magnify their power, and showing how the soul, in ebb and flow, and when its tide is at full, may be at once as strong and as serene as the sea.† And we shall close these notes on a note-worthy man by citing lines to his praise, in this his character of great Moral Poet, from the poems of three note-worthy disciples. Richard Chenevix Trench, the present Dean of Westminster, hails in Wordsworth

A counsellor well fitted to advise
In daily life, and at whose lips no less
Men may inquire or nations, when distress
Of sudden doubtful danger may arise,
Who, though his head be hidden in the skies,
Plants his firm foot upon our common earth,
Dealing with thoughts which everywhere have birth,—
This is the poet, true of heart and wise:
No dweller in a baseless world of dream,
Which is not earth nor heaven: his words have past
Into man's common thought and week-day phrase;
This is the poet, and his verse will last.‡

A second to bear witness shall be the husband of Dora Wordsworth, and loyal votary of her father's muse:

* The Excursion.

† See Professor Wilson's review of the "Yarrow Revisited," &c. (1835.)

‡ R. C. Trench's Poems: Sonnets.

"He came after his cigars," said Mrs. May. "He said he left 'em behind him yesterday."

"Sophia had better look out," cried Mrs. Foxaby, with a knowing nod. "Stranger things have happened. My dear, he said you were the handsomest girl he ever saw, and he took you for a real lady."

"Who said it?" asked Sophia, quickly.

"Mr. Fred Lyvett."

"I could see he was struck with me without their telling it," murmured Sophia to herself. "Well, come, this is a beginning. But he looks half a fool. Never mind; perhaps that's all the better."

Now, whether the fault was Mr. Frederick Lyvett's, or whether it was Miss May's, whether it arose by accident, or whether by design, certain it is, that in the course of the next week they met and conversed together three times: once in the street, and twice on the stairs, "after hours." By the end of the week they had become tolerably intimate, so that it probably did not surprise Sophia, though it did her father and mother, when, on the following Sunday, early in the afternoon, Mr. Fred appeared, and said he was come to escort Miss May to Westminster Abbey, which he had heard her express a wish to see, that she "might compare its architecture with that of the Roman Catholic churches she had been accustomed to admire in France."

Had Mr. Frederick Lyvett come and offered to take her to inspect a Roman Catholic purgatory in the fiery regions, it is certain Mr. and Mrs. May would never have dared to offer an objection, so impressed were they with the honour done her in going anywhere with a Lyvett. Accordingly, they started.

"Now, shall we ride or walk?" began Mr. Fred, offering his arm.

Sophia replied that she would prefer to walk.

"Walking be it, then," responded the gentleman. "You don't know how pleased I am that you consented to come with me."

"Did you think I should not?" asked Miss May.

"Well—our acquaintance has been so short that I thought you might object on that score. Still, I knew you were a sensible girl, without any stupid nonsense about you. Otherwise I should not have asked."

"Perhaps it is not quite *comme il faut* my coming out like this, but it is so grateful to me to get, even for an hour, into congenial society, that I forget appearances. You must be aware that in my home (as I must perforce call it) there is no society for me."

"Certainly, old May and his—I mean Mr. and Mrs. May are very different from you. When he told me last Sunday that you were his daughter, I could not believe it."

"I am different," answered Sophia. "And how I shall manage to drag through my days in a place and position so unsuited to me, I cannot tell. I have been miserable ever since I returned. As a child, my social unhappiness did not strike me, but now I feel it deeply. I require refinement, Mr. Lyvett; it is as necessary to my nature as air; therefore you may judge what my home is to me. I believe, if I have to stop in it, I shall die with chagrin."

"I am sure I wish I could provide you with a better," said Mr. Lyvett, in an impulse of generous pity, which had really nothing covert in it.

"It is impossible for any one to do that," answered Sophia, coldly. "I must submit to my fate."

What with talking, and walking slowly, and looking at the fountains at Charing-cross, at the Horse Guards, and other points of interest, all of which Sophia professed to have forgotten, they arrived at Westminster Abbey just as the gates were closing after service. So all they had to do was to find their way back again, which they did with rather more speed; for Mr. Lyvett called a cab, the best-looking he could see on the stand, and escorted Sophia home in it.

Thus the acquaintance had begun, and thus it continued. Continued until the infatuated young man was really and truly in deep love with Sophia May, and had formed a resolve that when his time for marrying came, no other should be his wife.

The wily girl saw her ends gained, or in a fair way to be so. Whether she loved him or not, is of no consequence here. The ruling passion of her heart was ambition: a craving for social position, an intense, eager longing to be lifted out of the low rank she was born to, and to live at ease. This she coveted, and this she determined to attain; whether by fair means or unfair, attain it *she would*. As the wife of Frederick Lyvett all this would be hers, and from that first day when they met in his father's room, she laid her plans and played her cards with no other hope. Had Frederick Lyvett breathed a dishonourable word to her, she would have sent him flying: not that her principles were of the first water, but she knew that she must keep them so, if she would rise to a good position in the world. She was gifted by nature with craft and cunning, and though young in years, was versed in worldly wisdom, and could take good care of herself. She had not read French novels and English Caterpillar productions for nothing.

It may be a matter of marvel to the reader that Mr. Frederick Lyvett, who had been reared in the prejudices of his rank, should lower himself to make one in the house of his father's servants as (may we say it!) an equal; it was almost a marvel to Sophia. But that he did so, there was no disputing. The unfortunate fruits which these matters were to bear in after years, caused their particulars to be well known. It was a fact, proved afterwards, that Frederick Lyvett would sit in that kitchen of theirs, and join in their meals, tea or supper, as the case might be. Not at first. Sophia was more wary than to introduce him where his tastes could be violently shocked, and the distance between them rendered too glaring, until she believed her influence over him had taken firm root. In the early stage of their acquaintance, she was his companion only out of doors, as on that expedition to Westminster Abbey, or in Mr. Lyvett's room on a Sunday afternoon. But later, when the affair was further advanced, the parties altogether more familiar, and he more infatuated, then Mr. Frederick condescended to overleap all barriers, and became, as it may be said, one of the family. Old May and his wife never forgot their respect: they were humble as ever, and would sit at the very far corner of the kitchen when Mr. Frederick was in it, and hand him his tea—if he chose any—at a table different from theirs. Sophia had persuaded her parents to part with the instrument which had so offended her nerves the night of her return, and to hire a better—she might not want

wooden chairs before it. Miss Sophia, however, declined to disturb herself.

"What was the good of your father a buying of the hinstument, and what's the good of your having a genus for music, if you don't practise?" demanded Mrs. May. "Come, miss, no shuffling. And you have not looked at your book-lessons yet."

"Ma, how you do bother!"

"Come this minute, I say, or I'll put you to bed; and give them stupid romances to me," added Mrs. May, whisking the leaves out of the child's hand.

"You don't call them stupid when you read them yourself; and you don't like to be disturbed at them, though you disturb me," raved the child, in a voice between screaming and sobbing. "The other night, when father kept asking for his supper, you were in the thick of the 'Blighted Rose,' and you wouldn't stir from it, and he had to get out the bread and cheese himself, and fetch the beer!"

"Never you mind that, miss. You come to the pinner as I bid you. It's not your place to reflect on me."

Sophia, finding resistance useless, flung some books on the chair, to make it higher, and flung herself atop of them, dashing into what she called "the scales" and her mother "the jingles." Mrs. May drew a chair before the fire, placed her feet on the iron fender, snuffed the candle on the table behind her, and opened the publication she had taken from her daughter. Before, however, she was fairly immersed in its beauties, or the jingles had come to an end, a tremendous noise overhead caused them both to start.

"Sakes alive!" uttered Mrs. May, a favourite exclamation of hers, "what's that?"

A somewhat prolonged noise, as of a stool or chair being moved violently about, was now heard.

"Mother! suppose it should be an apparition!"

"Suppose it should be a robber, come in to kill us, or to steal the law papers!" was the more practical remark of Mrs. May. "I daren't go and see."

"I'll go and see," answered Sophia. "I'm not afraid of robbers." She took the candle from the table, hurried fearlessly up-stairs, and knocked at the front office on the ground-floor.

Mr. Jones, the young clerk, not being used to solitary employment, had nodded over his work then picked himself and his stool latter sundry bumps on the floor called out, in answer to Sophia looked when the knocker pressed with flaxen hair that curled have been an elegant child, the rainbow, flaunty, dirty ing about her as necklace actress at a country fair.

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noise came, we thought it was a robber got in, so I came to see, but ma was afraid."

"Who on earth's 'ma?' " he repeated, unable to take his eyes off her.

"My ma. Down stairs."

"Do you live here?"

"Yes," said she, drawing herself up. "I am Miss May."

"Oh, indeed!" returned the young gentleman. "Was not that a piano tinkling? It was the sound of that startled me up, and sent the stool off its legs. The first time I ever heard of a piano in a lawyer's office."

"It's mine. Father bought it for me."

"Yours! Where d'ye keep it?"

"In the kitchen," answered the child. "We moved the dresser out into the back place where the copper is, to make room for it. It's opposite the windows, and I practise at night when I come home from school."

"Why don't you give us a serenade in the daytime?" he demanded, delighted at the amusement which appeared to be striking up. "We might get up a waltz when the governors are out."

Miss May shook her head. "Father says it must *never* be opened till everybody's gone; the gentlemen would not like it. So ma keeps dishes and things atop of it in the daytime, for fear I should forget and unlook it, when I'm at home at twelve o'clock."

"Well, this is a rum go!" muttered Mr. Jones to himself. "How many brothers and sisters have you, child?"

"I have not got any of either. And that's why ma says she can afford to spend more upon me. I'm to be a lady when I grow up."

"Thank you, my dear, for the information. You look like one. I should say you might be taken for an Arabian-Night princess: only you are too pretty."

The girl took the compliment for earnest. She bridled her head, and her unoccupied hand stole up to twirl round the ends of her ringlets. In the endowment of vanity, Nature has been prodigal to many of us, but she had been remarkably so to Sophia May.

"Sophiar!" called out a voice from the lower regions. "Sophiar! What is it?"

"Who is that?" quickly asked Mr. Jones.

"That's ma. She—"

"So—say! Who are you talking to? Who is there?" repeated

the child, putting her head out at the door to speak, "The gentlemen not gone."

Miss May, and the young man recognised her as the lady he had seen at the hands and knees, cleaning the front door-step the first time, when he had been good the clerks' time, and had come too early.

"I should have thought—"

"I thought—"

"I thought—"

"I thought—"

on myself to send Sophiar and was alarmed at the all right, why didn't you

"Don't put yourself out, Mrs. May, she has done no harm. What time do you get this office open in the morning?"

"About half-past seven, sir, these dark mornings. I begin with this floor first, and get my sweeping over and all the fires alight, before I sit down to my breakfast."

"Then I'm blest if I won't knock off for to-night, if I can get in at that hour," ejaculated Mr. Jones. "I shall have time to finish this beastly thing before ten, when old Row comes. But he had best mind, again, how he gives me my day's writing to do over twice, for I won't stand it. Good night to you, Dame May. Put out the gas."

"Sophy," said Mrs. May, when they returned to the kitchen, "did he hear the sound of the pianer?"

Sophy nodded.

"What did he say?"

"He asked if it was here, and I told him it was, and it was ours."

"Then you were a little ape for your pains. You should have stood out to him that it was a sound from the next house. Your father don't want the Mr. Lyvetts to know of it: they'd make a fuss perhaps. Never scruple to tell a lie, child, in a necessary cause."

"Can I have that paper now?" asked Sophia.

"No," snapped Mrs. May, "I have hardly begun it. Get on with your jingles."

From the above little episode of one evening, the reader may gather somewhat of how Sophia May was being brought up. It need not be explained that her parents were making that most reprehensible and fatal mistake of rearing her to be above her station. No training can be more pernicious, or is likely to bring forth more disastrous fruits. They had married late in life, and were decent, hard-working people; and if they had had the good sense to make their child hard-working too, they would have given her comfort and content for her portion. Mrs. May had been an inferior servant in a high family, had picked up there some exalted ideas, and the publications she had addicted herself to reading did not tend to sober them. Undoubtedly the child was a pretty, fairy-looking thing, and a fancied resemblance to one of the aristocratic daughters, in the family where Mrs. May had served, first put ridiculous notions for Sophia into her brain. The father was a more sensible man, but he was so ardently attached to this only child that he too readily fell into the snare, and upon that one point was now as extravagant as his wife. For their station they were in easy circumstances. The man's wages sufficed for their wants, in the humble way they were accustomed to live, Mrs. May had saved money, and a sister of Mrs. May's, who was a lady's maid, was ever ready to produce funds to be spent on Sophia. Strange that they could not see the incongruity of what they were doing! The child, with her flounces and furbelows, her music and dancing, her pernicious romance-reading, and her fostered vanity; and they, with their household drudgery, living amidst their kettles and saucepans and cooking and cleaning—what an absurdity it all was! The way in which the child was dressed out on a Sunday, was something wonderful to behold. Muslins in summer, satins in winter, streamers of many colours, gaudy artificial flowers, and snow-white feathers! In the morning she would be, as the mother expressed it, "in her dirt," watching the prepara-

tions for dinner, or exercising the piano, and at one o'clock fetching the beer from the public-house. But in the afternoon she was turned out in style, and told to "walk up and down the street, that people might see her;" her father and mother, who on that day would sit at the windows of old Mr. Lyvett's room on the first floor, watching her with looks of love and admiration; the former with his pipe, and his beer in a pewter pot, the latter with her weekly newspaper, which, however, she could scarcely coax her eyes to read a line of, so absorbed was she with that vision pacing the quiet street in her young vanity, whose long-tailed silken streamers fluttered out behind her, to the amazement of every chance passer-by. What did they promise to themselves would be the end of all this, when the child grew up?—that she would be content to continue her abode with them, and live as they did? Where else was she to live? Poor Sophia May! events that really did happen in after life, were not so much her fault, as the fault of her most foolish parents. And, mind you, this is a true picture: a simple narrative of what actually occurred.

II.

We must now go on to a few years later. One Thursday night the quiet street above mentioned (and it was the dullest and quietest street imaginable after business hours, when the lawyers had deserted it for the night) was aroused from its silence by the echoes of a cab, which came fast down it, and pulled up at the door of Lyvett, Castlerosse, and Lyvett. What could the cab want at that hour? Who had it brought? Plenty of cabs, and carriages too, might be seen before the door in the day, but never at night.

"Why, if it ain't old May!" exclaimed Miss Jenkins, putting her head out at the next-door window, she and her sister being laundresses to that house, which accommodated several firms. "Where has he been to in a cab? Here, Esther, come and have a look at old May in a cab!"

"Who's that getting out of it, in a blue veil? Whatever's old May up to? There's the gaslight on her face now—what a nice-looking young lady!"

"Why! it's the daughter come home! Oh, it's nobody but her. I'm sure of it."

"I'll go in and have a word with them presently, when they are settled a bit, and see what she's like," cried Miss Esther. "It's her, safe enough."

"Safe enough" it was. Miss May, who had been for two years to a school on the French coast, had now completed her education, and returned home for good. When Miss Esther Jenkins entered, she found her sitting in the kitchen with her fond parents. She was eighteen now, and certainly very good-looking. The long curls she had worn as a child, were now twisted in a peculiar way, "French and fashionable," Miss Jenkins called it, round her head. She was above the middle height, and easy in her movements, very much pinched in about the waist, with fine falling shoulders, an admirably-fitting dress, and a prodigious deal of pretension. Miss Jenkins took it all in at a glance, and especially the young lady's first declaration that she did not know how she should get on in London, having forgotten her English.

Miss May turned to the place of the old piano. It was there still, and she opened it. She struck a few chords and started back with a scream.

"Mais, c'est horrible, ce piano-là! Je ne——"

"Do try to speak in English, Sophiar," urged Mrs. May, with tears in her eyes. "How ever shall we get along if you don't? What is it that's the matter? Did you see anything that frightened of you?"

"It is such a—what do you call it in English?—*dreadful* piano. I had as soon have touched an electric battery. It has set all my finest musical nerves on the jar: ma tête est percée avec. I shall never be able to touch it again: jamais."

"She has not quite forgot her mother tongue," interposed Miss Jenkins. "Which is a consolation worthy of thanksgiving."

Sophia turned a sharp look upon her.

"Did you have no English girls whatever at the school?" asked Miss Jenkins.

"Mais oui."

"Did you have no English girls whatever at the school?" repeated the visitor, apparently determined to persevere till she got a reply she could understand.

"Some."

"And did you never talk together?"

"De temps en temps. Now and then," more hastily added Sophia, perceiving a repetition of the question was coming, as before.

"Then it's very singular how you can have forgot it at all," retorted Miss Jenkins, significantly, "for when schoolgirls get together they do talk."

The tone brought fire into the temper of Miss May. She cast a look of spiteful malignity on the offender, and coolly turned her back upon her, speaking rudely.

"It is not agreeable to me to be pestered with strangers to-night. I am tired with my sea voyage, and the company of my father and mamma is as much as my nerves will support."

"Then I'll make myself scarce," added Miss Jenkins, who was more inclined to laugh than to take offence, "and come in some other time, when you are in company cue."

"I say, Esther," whispered Mrs. May, following Miss Jenkins up-stairs to fasten the door, "she don't mean no offence, she's only knocked up after the sea-sickness."

"Where no offence is meant, none is took," replied Miss Jenkins. "I know what the little tempers of young folks is. We was young ourselves once."

"But ain't she beautiful?" pleaded Mrs. May. "And such style! Nobody could take her to be anything but the real lady."

"Thorough-bred," responded Miss Jenkins. "Good night."

"Good night, Esther. Oh—I say! I wish you'd tell your Martha to beat her mats of a morning towards the house on your other side, instead of on this. She's later than I am, and her dust makes my steps and pavement in such a mess. One day Mr. Lyvett asked if I had cleaned there. Good night."

"I wish 'em joy of her, Martha," were the words of Miss Jenkins to her sister. "Such an affected, stuck-out fine lady you never saw. What

they'll do with her in that kitchen, I can't tell. She wants a saloon and a pair of footmen."

"But she's handsome?"

"A handsome face, and a handsome figure; I don't say to the contrary: but she has got a dreadful look, if she's put out. I know this: if fortune had blessed me with a daughter, I'd rather see her a female travelling tinker, than I'd bring her up to be a fine lady, not being one myself."

Sunday came. And after dinner Mr. May started to the West-end to fetch his wife's sister, impatient that she should feast her eyes with the improvement in Sophia. Mrs. May washed up the dishes, and Sophia ascended to the "Sunday windows," and sat down there. She held in her hand the weekly paper, but she glanced at it discontentedly. The fruits of her education were already beginning to show themselves. She had been discontented ever since she came home. A slight dispute, arising out of her own ill-temper, had occurred the previous day with her mother, in which she had said that the home was no fit home for her; and that the vulgar atmosphere of a kitchen would kill her. Her residence in France had not tended to improve the tone of her mind and heart, however it may have helped her French. She had been to one of the *cheap* seminaries there: twenty pounds a year, paid quarterly in advance, included everything, from the first day of January to the thirty-first of December. Shrewd Mrs. Jenkins might have spoken out her opinion of them, had she gone to pass a week in one.

Sophia May sat at the first-floor window, feeling very miserable, longing for excitement, vowing that she would not long put up with *this*, and sullenly glancing over the "bête" newspaper: after the beauties of Eugène Sue's novels (which the school had procured on the sly), English literature was tame, even that of a low weekly paper. Suddenly she threw it down with a gesture of impatience, and, dashing open the window, looked from it up the street, wondering how much longer her father and aunt would be.

They were not in sight. Not a soul was in it, save one; on a Sunday it was always particularly empty. This one, who was a foppishly-dressed, though not ungentlemanly-looking young man, was coming down it with a quick step. He halted at the door underneath, and knocked, a thundering knock. Sophia, who had drawn back, still peeped out, and saw a somewhat simple countenance, a moustache that would have been fair had there been enough of it to be seen, light blue eyes, and an eye-glass stuck in one of them.

She would not have answered the door for the world, so poor Mrs. May, who was in the attic with her gown off, had to throw a shawl over her black petticoat and hasten down; but not before a second and third knock had resounded through the house. She dropped a curtsy when she saw who it was.

"Oh, here's somebody at last! I thought you and May were asleep," was the gentleman's salutation.

"I hope you'll be so good as to excuse it, sir. May is gone out, and I was up at the top, a cleaning of myself."

"Have you seen my cigar-case?" he demanded, entering the front office on the ground-floor. "I must have left it here last night."

"I have not been into the room, sir. I don't generally go in till a Monday morning."

"I must find it," he resumed, looking about. "I had got some prime cabanas in it, ready for to-day; and the shops that keep anything worth smoking shut themselves up on a Sunday, and be hanged to them! You needn't wait. I can let myself out."

"Shall I look in the rooms up-stairs, sir?"

"No, it's not there. It's here, if it's anywhere."

Mrs. May retreated aloft, and the gentleman, after an unsuccessful search, marched up-stairs himself, whistling some bars from the last night's opera. But his tune came to an abrupt close; for on opening the door of his father's room, he found himself, to his extreme astonishment, face to face with a lady.

She had risen at his entrance. A handsome girl with confident manners, whose fair hair was braided round her head in elaborate twists and turnings. Young men are not very competent judges of attire: the eyes of this one only took in the general effect of the lady's dress, and that was splendid. He hastily snatched off his hat and dropped his eyeglass.

Who in the world was she? As to her having any connexion with Mrs. May, her dirty shawl and her black petticoat, such an incongruity never would have occurred to him. How should it? Though not usually wanting in confidence, it rather failed him now, for he was at a loss how to address her.

"I beg your pardon," he was beginning, but she spoke at the same moment.

"Pardon, monsieur."

Oh, she was French, then! Had she crossed the Channel in a balloon, and been dropped into the offices of Lyvett, Castlerosse, and Lyvett by mistake? How else had she come? and what did she want there? He began to recal his French, not a word of which had his tongue ever uttered since leaving school.

"Madame, voulez-vous excuser moi—je suis—je trouve," and there he came to a stand-still—what the dickens was "cigar-case" in French? Fortunately she helped him out.

"I beg to ask your pardon, a thousand pardons, for addressing you in French. I have been so long accustomed to speak only French, and having but since a day or two returned to England, that I forget myself à chaque instant. I fear I am in your way. Shall I retire?"

"By no means. I will not disturb you for a moment. I am in search of a—parcel—which I mislaid yesterday."

As he spoke, his eyes fell on the "parcel." It was on the corner of the mantelpiece. At the same moment some vehicle came rattling down the street, turned round, and drew up at the door.

He took a step to the other window and looked from it. Not the one she was at. It was as he expected, his own cab. He had walked from the chambers of a barrister close by, where he had been lounging away an hour, and had ordered his groom to follow him. With an elaborate bow (and certainly a respectful one) to the lady, he quitted her presence and descended the staircase. Again she peeped from the window. She saw him open the "parcel," light a cigar, puff away at it, and step into

the cab, which bore the Lyvett crest. The groom ascended to his place, and the smoke went puffing up the street. Then she extended her head further, and looked after it. Nearly at the top of the street the cab stopped; it was pulled up so suddenly that the horse's head and fore-legs were jerked into the air. Mr. May and his sister-in-law were just passing it.

"Hallo, May! Here."

Mr. May touched his hat, and, leaving Miss Foxaby on the pavement, approached the cab, and touched his hat again.

"May! who the deuce is that down yonder?"

"Sir?" cried Mr. May.

"Who's that lady in the governor's private room?"

"I don't know who's there, sir," answered Mr. May. For it really did not occur to him that the gentleman present would not know his daughter. "You don't mean my wife, or my——"

"Your wife!" impetuously interrupted the young man, giving an admonishing touch to his impatient horse. "Who next will you ask me if I know? There's a lady there, I tell you. As handsome a girl as ever I saw."

Reflection dawned upon the porter. "With light hair, sir, and coral beads in it, and a green-and-gold-looking dress on?"

"Green-and-gold for all I know. Something dazzling. She speaks French."

"It is Sophiar, sir."

"Eh? Who?"

"Our daughter, sir. She came home last Thursday. She has been a finishing her education in France at a French school."

The gentleman stared for a few moments at Mr. May, as if unable to understand him. Then returned his cigar to his lips, slightly shook the reins, and was whirled round the corner on his way to the West-end, where he dwelt at his father's residence.

"Oh my goodness heart, Sophia! how beautiful you do look! Well, if ever I saw anybody so much improved in all my life."

"I am grown, am I not, Aunt Foxaby?"

"Grown lovely, child. Ah, and somebody else thinks so. Somebody we met in this street with his cab and groom, a smoking of his cigar, all so stylish!"

"Who was that gentleman, father?" inquired Sophia. "I forgot myself as usual, and addressed him in French."

"That was young Mr. Lyvett."

"That it was not," echoed Sophia. "I remember young Lyvett well. A haughty fellow with black eyebrows and a hooked nose, who looked down upon everybody."

"Sophiar's thinking of the eldest son," interposed Mrs. May, who was now attired for the afternoon. "This one is Mr. Fred. He was articled to a firm in the country, Sophiar, some house in a different branch of law business, and was never here till lately. But he is twenty-one now, and has come back for good. They do say he's to have a share in the business, like his eldest brother."

"What did he want down here to-day?" exclaimed the porter. "I don't think I ever knew any of 'em to have troubled us on a Sunday."

"He came after his cigars," said Mrs. May. "He said he left 'em behind him yesterday."

"Sophia had better look out," cried Mrs. Foxaby, with a knowing nod. "Stranger things have happened. My dear, he said you were the handsomest girl he ever saw, and he took you for a real lady."

"Who said it?" asked Sophia, quickly.

"Mr. Fred Lyvett."

"I could see he was struck with me without their telling it," murmured Sophia to herself. "Well, come, this is a beginning. But he looks half a fool. Never mind; perhaps that's all the better."

Now, whether the fault was Mr. Frederick Lyvett's, or whether it was Miss May's, whether it arose by accident, or whether by design, certain it is, that in the course of the next week they met and conversed together three times: once in the street, and twice on the stairs, "after hours." By the end of the week they had become tolerably intimate, so that it probably did not surprise Sophia, though it did her father and mother, when, on the following Sunday, early in the afternoon, Mr. Fred appeared, and said he was come to escort Miss May to Westminster Abbey, which he had heard her express a wish to see, that she "might compare its architecture with that of the Roman Catholic churches she had been accustomed to admire in France."

Had Mr. Frederick Lyvett come and offered to take her to inspect a Roman Catholic purgatory in the fiery regions, it is certain Mr. and Mrs. May would never have dared to offer an objection, so impressed were they with the honour done her in going anywhere with a Lyvett. Accordingly, they started.

"Now, shall we ride or walk?" began Mr. Fred, offering his arm.

Sophia replied that she would prefer to walk.

"Walking be it, then," responded the gentleman. "You don't know how pleased I am that you consented to come with me."

"Did you think I should not?" asked Miss May.

"Well—our acquaintance has been so short that I thought you might object on that score. Still, I knew you were a sensible girl, without any stupid nonsense about you. Otherwise I should not have asked."

"Perhaps it is not quite *comme il faut* my coming out like this, but it is so grateful to me to get, even for an hour, into congenial society, that I forget appearances. You must be aware that in my home (as I must perforce call it) there is no society for me."

"Certainly, old May and his—I mean Mr. and Mrs. May are very different from you. When he told me last Sunday that you were his daughter, I could not believe it."

"I am different," answered Sophia. "And how I shall manage to drag through my days in a place and position so unsuited to me, I cannot tell. I have been miserable ever since I returned. As a child, my social unhappiness did not strike me, but now I feel it deeply. I require refinement, Mr. Lyvett; it is as necessary to my nature as air; therefore you may judge what my home is to me. I believe, if I have to stop in it, I shall die with chagrin."

"I am sure I wish I could provide you with a better," said Mr. Lyvett, in an impulse of generous pity, which had really nothing covert in it.

"It is impossible for any one to do that," answered Sophia, coldly. "I must submit to my fate."

What with talking, and walking slowly, and looking at the fountains at Charing-cross, at the Horse Guards, and other points of interest, all of which Sophia professed to have forgotten, they arrived at Westminster Abbey just as the gates were closing after service. So all they had to do was to find their way back again, which they did with rather more speed; for Mr. Lyvett called a cab, the best-looking he could see on the stand, and escorted Sophia home in it.

Thus the acquaintance had begun, and thus it continued. Continued until the infatuated young man was really and truly in deep love with Sophia May, and had formed a resolve that when his time for marrying came, no other should be his wife.

The wily girl saw her ends gained, or in a fair way to be so. Whether she loved him or not, is of no consequence here. The ruling passion of her heart was ambition: a craving for social position, an intense, eager longing to be lifted out of the low rank she was born to, and to live at ease. This she coveted, and this she determined to attain; whether by fair means or unfair, attain it *she would*. As the wife of Frederick Lyvett all this would be hers, and from that first day when they met in his father's room, she laid her plans and played her cards with no other hope. Had Frederick Lyvett breathed a dishonourable word to her, she would have sent him flying: not that her principles were of the first water, but she knew that she must keep them so, if she would rise to a good position in the world. She was gifted by nature with craft and cunning, and though young in years, was versed in worldly wisdom, and could take good care of herself. She had not read French novels and English Caterpillar productions for nothing.

It may be a matter of marvel to the reader that Mr. Frederick Lyvett, who had been reared in the prejudices of his rank, should lower himself to make one in the house of his father's servants as (may we say it!) an equal; it was almost a marvel to Sophia. But that he did so, there was no disputing. The unfortunate fruits which these matters were to bear in after years, caused their particulars to be well known. It was a fact, proved afterwards, that Frederick Lyvett would sit in that kitchen of theirs, and join in their meals, tea or supper, as the case might be. Not at first. Sophia was more wary than to introduce him where his tastes could be violently shocked, and the distance between them rendered too glaring, until she believed her influence over him had taken firm root. In the early stage of their acquaintance, she was his companion only out of doors, as on that expedition to Westminster Abbey, or in Mr. Lyvett's room on a Sunday afternoon. But later, when the affair was further advanced, the parties altogether more familiar, and he more infatuated, then Mr. Frederick condescended to overleap all barriers, and became, as it may be said, one of the family. Old May and his wife never forgot their respect: they were humble as ever, and would sit at the very far corner of the kitchen when Mr. Frederick was in it, and hand him his tea—if he chose any—at a table different from theirs. Sophia had persuaded her parents to part with the instrument which had so offended her nerves the night of her return, and to hire a better—she might not want

one long there, she said—and Mr. Frederick Lyvett, who was passionately fond of music, would lean over her, enraptured, when she used it. She played and sang very well now : a thousand times better, Fred declared, than either of his sisters.

How long this might have gone on, and what would really have been the upshot, it is impossible to say ; but, to Sophia's dismay and misfortune—yes, her deep, terrible misfortune—it was brought to an abrupt termination.

One day Mr. Rowley, a white-haired man of sixty, who had been a confidential clerk in the house for five-and-twenty years, and whom the clerks in general styled Old Row, left his own desk in the front office, gathered up some papers in his hand, and proceeded up-stairs to Mr. Lyvett's room, who was alone. We are not speaking now of old Mr. Lyvett, but of Frederick's father.

"What papers are those, Rowley? Canton's case? Anything arisen?"

"No, sir. I only took them off the long desk, that some, down stairs, might not suspect I came up for anything else. I want to say a few words to you, sir, apart from business."

"What about?" asked Mr. Lyvett, in a quick tone. He was a stout man, with a pleasant eye and ready smile.

"And of course, sir, you will not hint to Mr. Frederick that you obtained your information from me. It would set him against me in a way that would be unpleasant. But I regard him and Mr. James more like my own sons, and if I do open my mouth now, it is because I think his interests demand that I should."

"Why, what is it?" inquired Mr. Lyvett, in surprise. "Has Fred been up to anything?"

"You know that May has got his daughter come home, sir?"

"May? Down stairs? I know nothing about it. What if he has?"

"She is a woman grown now, and a very handsome one. Plays and sings like a professional, they say, and——"

"*Plays and sings!*" echoed Mr. Lyvett, bursting into a laugh. "May's girl?"

"She does, sir, and that's not half. They have clubbed together, May and his wife and that Aunt Foxaby, and given her a boarding-school education, and finished her off with French airs and graces."

"More fools they. But what has this to do with Frederick?"

"Why, he has made acquaintance in that quarter, sir, and I believe is over head and brains in love : otherwise he would never stand by her at that piano, by the hour together, as he does."

"Stands by her where?" asked the lawyer, in doubt. "What piano?"

"Their piano, sir. They have got one here, down in the kitchen."

"A piano *here!*" repeated Mr. Lyvett, growing more astonished with each disclosure. "May?"

"It is true. And there's where Mr. Frederick spends his spare time."

"I'll piano him. But if May and his wife bring up their girl in this absurd way, what can they expect? Still, May is our servant, faithful

and trusty, and Frederick ought to be ashamed of himself. The young reprobate!"

"That is not it at all, sir. It's worse. There's a suspicion that he means to marry the girl."

Mr. Lyvett's face flushed red. "What are you saying, Rowley?"

"If I say it, sir, it is in the hope that it may be guarded against. I overheard Jones chaffing Mr. Fred about it a week or two back: they did not know I was there. It seems Jones had had a mind to try after her himself, in some way, and the reprimand Mr. Fred then gave him was couched in terms that startled me. Since then I have kept my eyes and ears open; have waited after hours and been here on Sundays, and I am sure Mr. Fred means mischief, mischief for himself, not for her. Last night, Tuesday, I just dined hard by, and took a stroll down this street afterwards, to see if I could see anything going on; and I did. She came out, dressed up in white, with chains and bracelets and things, and he handed her into a cab, hat off, as respectfully as could be, and got in afterwards. Old May fetched it from the stand at the top of the street. 'Opera, Haymarket,' Mr. Fred called out, and off they went."

"But with all this going on, Rowley—operas and cabs, and such like—you cannot pretend to think it is an innocent, platonic sort of affair," said Mr. Lyvett, his mouth curling with scorn.

"Innocent, sir, in one sense. I believe Mr. Fred's intentions to that girl are as honourable as ever yours were to Mrs. Lyvett. If I thought it was less serious, I don't know that I should have troubled you."

Mr. Lyvett sat and played with his watch seals—which he wore in the old-fashioned manner, hanging down from a heavy, straight chain. "Fred was always the fool of the family," he angrily uttered: but at another time he would not have said it. "Well, we must see what can be done. Harsh measures, in these cases, seldom answer. I am much obliged to you, Rowley."

Harsh measures seldom do answer, and Mr. Lyvett was a better diplomatist. Within a day or two, it was known throughout the house that Mr. Frederick was fixed upon to go to Valparaiso. Lyvett, Castle-rosse, and Lyvett were the agents for an important house there, and some business had arisen which rendered it expedient that one of the firm should proceed thither. This was actually the case, and Mr. Lyvett had been thinking of despatching his eldest son.

Frederick Lyvett scarcely knew whether to be pleased or annoyed. Were there no Sophia May in the case, he would have been gratified beyond measure. But a young man's desire for adventure overcame even his love, and he departed in high spirits, after vowing eternal fidelity to her.

Sophia May was stunned by the blow. So sudden had been the announcement, so urgent the business, that Frederick had received but two days' notice before he was off. His only remonstrance to his father had been, that there was "no time to get his traps together." However, the time was made to be sufficient, and on the day but one following the first announcement, he and his "traps" were escorted by Mr. Lyvett himself down to Liverpool, to join the good ship *The Skimmer of the South*, then on the point of sailing. Not a whit dreamt Fred that his father knew as much about Sophia as he did.

The next scene was with Mr. and Mrs. May. On the return of Mr. Lyvett from Liverpool, they were ordered into the presence of himself and of Mr. Castlerosse. Old Mr. Lyvett had also come down in his carriage for the occasion, but he was feeble, and took no part in the proceedings. He sternly informed them that the fact of their having inveigled his son into a clandestine intimacy with their daughter was now known to him, and that Mr. Frederick's voyage to Valparaiso was undertaken to break off the diagrae. Terribly confused and ashamed, they knew not what to say, and in their perplexity they gathered what Mr. Lyvett had not intended to imply, for he was a man of strict veracity—namely, that Mr. Frederick was a party to the scheme, and that it was he, in especial, who wished to be rid of Sophia. The porter did venture upon a defence, as well as his confusion would allow—that Mr. Frederick had not been "invaydled" at all; that he had took to come of his own accord, and said he *would* come, whether or no; and he, May, humbly hoped the gentlemen would condescend to pardon him and his wife for what warn't no fault of theirs. Mr. Lyvett's pardoning consisted in handing May a certain amount of wages in lieu of notice, and ordering them all three to be out of the house by five o'clock that evening.

"It is not possible!" shrieked Sophia, when her father and mother descended to the kitchen dissolved in grief, "it is not true! Frederick Lyvett would never behave so infamously as to go off on the sly."

"But he has done it," angrily retorted the porter. "If you don't believe, you can go up and hear it from the gentlemen themselves. A pretty pass your tomfoolery, in getting him down here, has brought us to! I looked upon this house as my home for life."

"It's no such a fat home," raved Sophia.

"It's a better than we shall get again," sobbed Mrs. May. "I don't know how we are to get another. Mr. Lyvett says anybody as comes for a character he shall tell the reason we are turned off. Who will engage us, with a handsome girl like Sophiar, to turn young men's heads?"

"Who have done so much damage here," complained the unfortunate porter.

"I thought it was not all square," sighed poor Mrs. May, "and I have told Sophiar so, and she has snapped at me, like a rabid dog, for saying it. If it had been anybody else but a young Lyvett, I might have had faith, but, when you come to reflect on it, it was not probable for one of them. When a gentleman, whose family keeps their carriages and footmen in silk stockings, comes to lower himself down to their own servants and sit with them in their kitchen amongst the dirty ashes, as it were, from the up-stairs fires, it ain't to be expected but what he *will* take himself away, as soon as his whim's tired out."

"Don't you ever try it on again, Sophiar," gruffly interrupted the father.

She was sitting with a pale cheek and livid lips, leaning her elbow on the round table, vowing vengeance in her heart against Frederick Lyvett. It did not occur to her to suspect the truth: she fully believed he had really gone away to break with her, and she believed, and her hand clenched viciously at the thought, that his protestations of love were all false, and he had only been laughing at her in his sleeve the whole time of their acquaintance.

"This ain't packing up," sullenly interposed Mr. May.

"I can't pack up," returned Mrs. May, "I am too much shook. Whatever is to be done with the pianer?"

"They must fetch it away, wife. There ain't nothing else to be done with it."

"Oh," groaned Mrs. May, "I wish I was dead."

"Much use it is, wishing that," said the porter; "I'd recommend you to turn and pack up, instead. If the things bein't in the cart by five, we shall have 'em throwa in for us. I know our master; he sticks to his word when he's roused. You'd better begin with them pots and kettles. They can go in that empty case."

Mrs. May dried her eyes, and slowly rose. "Come, Sophiar," she said, "you must lend a helping hand to-day."

"I!" returned Sophia, in a tone of ineffable contempt. "I lend a helping hand with pots and kettles! You forget yourself, another. I will pack up my own things, and glad enough to do it, and be away from this horrid hole, but I shall soil my fingers with nothing else."

She sailed out of the kitchen as she spoke, and ascended to the top of the house. The porter departed to secure two rooms which were to let in the neighbourhood, and to bring in help to get away their goods in time. Later in the day, when they were engaged in the attics taking down the bedsteads, and Sophia was in the kitchen alone, somebody stole in at the door. It was Mr. Jones, whom we once saw just after he was articled—and Sophia too. His articles were done with now, but he remained in the office at a good salary, hoping a vague hope that he might sometime see on the door-posts "Lyvett, Castlerosse, Lyvett, and Jones."

"My dear Miss May! I have so longed for a little conversation with you, and now that puppy Fred Lyvett's out of the way, I hope my turn has come. I adore you."

"What?" said Sophia, turning on him no pleasant expression. She was in an awful mood that day.

"I adore you, and——"

"Then take that," answered Sophia, dashing over him the contents of a wooden bowl, an apparent compound of grease and damp coffee-grounds. "And if you don't take yourself off you shall have this."

The other was a carving-knife, which she raised menacingly towards him. Mr. Jones, more chapfallen than he ever remembered to have been, retreated up the stairs, wondering how on earth he should get his hat out of the office, and himself and his shirt-front through the streets. Just then he met Mrs. May, carrying down some bedposts.

"Sakes alive, sir!" she uttered in astonishment, "whatever is the matter? I never saw anybody in such a pickle in my life."

"You may well ask what it is, Dame May!" spluttered Mr. Jones. "It is the work of your fury of a daughter. I addressed a polite word to her, as civilly as I could speak it, and she flung this poison over me—or whatever it is. It's well for the house that it's going to have a clearance, for I believe she's gone mad."

"What did you do that for, Sophiar?" demanded Mrs. May, when she reached the kitchen.

"Do what?"

"That to Mr. Jones."

"Because I pleased. And I won't be questioned."

"Whatever shall we do with you, if you are to behave like this?" exclaimed poor Mrs. May. "You'll murder somebody some day."

"Don't trouble yourself as to what you'll do with me. I shall leave home, and do something for myself."

"Where to go to? what to do?" quickly responded Mrs. May.

"I shall go out as governess. My mind is made up."

"As governess?" repeated the mother. "Well, Sophiar, if I don't believe you have just hit it," she added, after a pause. "There's many a respectable tradesman's family would be glad of you to help educate their girls."

"Very likely," remarked Sophia. "But I shall enter a nobleman's."

Mrs. May was petrified. "You can never get admittance to a nobleman's house, child—as a governess."

"You'll see," coolly returned Sophia.

And so shall we.

ANGLING IN FRANCE.*

A WORK on French angling is very acceptable. Practically, we know something of the running streams of *la belle France*, and of its great stagnant waters; but many an amateur, like ourselves, would be glad to know more. It is pleasant to dwell upon the peculiarities of a country in connexion with a favourite sport, both in regard to the produce, the ways and means, the whereabouts, and the local systems. Such a book is also a step in the right way, even although there is not yet material enough in angling in France to make up a volume without the aid of reference to that most unsportsmanlike proceeding—the net. M. L. Rouyer has, indeed, done well in his illustrations to represent two veritable badauds in blouse as engaged in so discreditable a proceeding as *déployant l'épervier*, or "throwing the casting-net."

Let the morose and selfish utilitarian say what he will, the art of angling is one of the most agreeable and morally improving in the entire range of rural sports. Were so innocent, and yet so beneficial, a practice more cultivated in France, depend upon it there would be much less political excitement. The energy and zeal of our Continental friends and allies would find a new outlet, and they might exhaust even some of their military ardour in the pursuit of trout and salmon. They would, at the same time, acquire a more lively sense of the beauties of external nature, and a keener relish for the sympathies which they

* *La Pêche à la ligne et au filet dans les eaux douces de la France.* Par N. Guillemard.

awaken in the human breast. Such a pursuit would first open to them the pleasures, known only to a few, of mingling the spiritual and contemplative with the manly and active; and to saunter by the banks of the river and the brook would become to them redolent, as it is to all true Waltonians, of the most refreshing pleasures and charming associations.

When national sports and pastimes are in strict accordance with all that is improving in body and in mind, they cannot be too sedulously cultivated among the bulk of the people. And in a country like England, where angling is almost a trait in the manners, it is amusing to find Mr. Guillemard girding his loins to the task of upholding that which even the bustling worldly American acknowledges to produce gentleness of spirit and serenity of mind, by quotations from a tract, "*De Venatione Piscatione*," &c., published in 1625! He might have gone at once back to anti-historical times, and transferred to his pages the placid countenances of the Egyptians angling on the painted walls of the Theban tombs. Olden arguments in favour of fishing are, indeed, unanswerable. The deluge was the saturnalia of the finny tribe; Tobit expelled the demon Asmodeus with the fumes arising from the heart and liver of a great fish captured in the Tigris, and which Bochart absurdly deemed to be a shark; it was more likely a trionyx; Jonah was preserved in a fish's belly; and our Saviour selected his disciples from among humble fishermen.

Modern arguments are of a different and less irresistible character. They are generally tinged with the writer's own mode of viewing the subject; some love angling, simply for the pleasures which it brings with it, regardless of the results; others only regard it in proportion, not to the goodness, but to the size of the fish they catch. The paradise of many a bloated cockney angler is a punt, a barrel of ground-bait, a gallon of beer, and a barbel every six hours. Now, to a Frenchman the great question is the *cuisine*. M. Guillemard's arguments are, that a salmon or a fine trout can bear comparison with a pheasant or a woodcock; a good *matelote* of barbel, carp, or eel, makes no bad show by the side of a civet of hare; and a good fry of round and plump gudgeons is not to be despised, even when set against a *brochette* of thrushes and larks!

The art of angling, M. Guillemard tells us, is generally considered in France to be a pastime only suited for those of small means. It is high time that such a prejudice should be uprooted. M. Guillemard does his best to bring about the result. He tells his countrymen that angling in England is considered to be a *sport* in every way worthy of a *gentleman*. The two words being in vogue just now on the Continent, may have their effect. Not only, he says, is there nothing *improper* in the pastime, but the means of carrying it out are got up with that *luxe de confort* with which the English delight to surround themselves. The last two English words printed in italics, as we have given them, are a little more hazardous than the first. The luxury of comfort might apply to the Melton Mowbray pies, but it can scarcely be said to do so to the tackle and gear.

M. Guillemard is, however, zealous in the cause. He looks upon the migration of this taste for angling to the other side of La Manche, as one of the most desirable results of the alliance. As to the fear of ridicule, that, he intimates, must be discarded by "a holy and a happy

insurrection." He appeals to statesmen, financiers, poets, authors, artists, and even to the masters of the world, by quoting anglers from among their own ranks. Ovid, Trajan, Louis le Débonnaire, Boileau, Walter Scott, J. Lafitte, Sir Humphrey Davy, *Olivier* Goldsmith (how old Noll would have laughed to find himself so styled), Rossini, Tulou, and Habeneck.

Had our author "sweetened his discourse," as gentle Izaak Walton would say, from the pages of "The Compleat Angler," he could not have found much more to say in fewer words. Among the resources at the command of him whom Langbaine delighted to call "the common father of all anglers," were Drayton's *Poly-Olbion*, *Sonnets and Secrets of Angling*, Phineas Fletcher's *Purple Island* and *Piscatory Eclogues*. M. Guillemard can also discourse in goodly company :

Has it ever happened to you to go by water from Paris to Rouen? a delicious journey, in the course of which the most charming scenes and fresh landscapes develop themselves to your vision, while your mind conjures up, at the sight of the old places that witnessed them, the memory of chivalrous times and of the simple chronicles of the middle ages. At the expiration of nearly the first half of the journey, where the still threatening ruins of the château Gaillard, the remains of the heroic fortress of Roche-Guyon, and the brow of the hill of the two lovers confront you, remark a village built upon the slope of a long range of hills, whose houses are for the most part hewn out of the solid rock, and which is protected by the same hills from "the outrages of the north;" it is *Hautille*, a little known hamlet, where the author of the "*Lutrin*" and of the "*Art Poétique*" used often to pass a few days with his nephew, the illustrious *Dongois*. Nowhere are the banks of the *Seine* more graceful or more coquettish. Read, whilst you admire those enchanting banks, the first verses of the poet's sixth epistle. Never was a picture more seductive and more faithful. Do you see that high beach shaded by willows, "which no one planted there?" it is there that the legislator of *Parnassus* did not disdain to come sometimes and throw in his line; he tells us so himself :

"Quelquefois aux appâts d'un hameçon perfide
J'amorce en badinant le poisson trop avide."

Who knows how many fine verses were inspired by this admirable nature and grateful leisure, which the *Pelletiers* and the *Cotins* would have sneered at?

Before starting, however, upon angling trips in France, a word ament "civilised fish." The idea seems strange, but it is no less true. M. Guillemard attests that not only are the fish of Paris difficult to catch, but whether their education is transmitted by sight, hearing, or some unknown sense, certain it is that there exist in the *Seine* thousands of fish that have never felt the prick of a hook, and that are yet not the less cautious and mistrustful, from herding with those who have. Those who have compared angling as it now is in the *Thames*, from *Windsor* downwards to *Richmond*, with the sport they have had in some remote unfrequented river or lake, will imagine what angling is in the *Seine* at Paris, with some forty or fifty gamins and blouses ranged in a file along a favourite parapet, angling, squabbling, and, we grieve to say it, sometimes swearing. They are not all gentle brethren of the rod and line. They have not studied *Swammerdam* or *Bacon*, or they would have known that fish hear, and, as Izaak Walton said, the use he would make of that knowledge would be, "to advise anglers to be patient and forbear swearing, lest they be heard and catch no fish."

Do you wish to enjoy at one and the same time the charms of the most picturesque solitude and of an abundant catch of roach? Come with me, and spend a day in that beautiful valley where the Essonne gives movement and life to so many branches of industry. Not many miles from Paris the desert awaits you, the most fishy rivers call you to their banks. Scarcely have you quitted the railway of Corbeil, barely have you passed the wealthy factories of Corbeil and the smiling village of Mennecey, than vast forests of reeds, resembling the pampas or savannahs of America, spread themselves before you. Never did a more abrupt or a more complete contrast separate two worlds that differ so much the one from the other: there all noise and motion, here stillness and silence; but a moment ago the locomotive roared and the great hydraulic wheel set the myriad of iron arms of the machinery at work; now everything is at rest, not a sound is heard, and if, at times, the wind comes to animate the solitude, the vast field of reeds and rushes alone bends and murmurs before its breath. There, at the bottom of the valley, which embraces some twenty miles in length and from two to three in width, and which the Essonne traverses in its peaceful current, time has deposited deep layers of turf, which the industry of man has in part turned to account. Here and there, extensive excavations, produced by the extraction of this valuable combustible, have been filled by the waters of the heavens, and by the infiltration of the river. In these basins, hollowed out by the hand of man, and communicating, by numerous cuts, with the bed of the Essonne, roach abound, and are an easy prey. In the bosom of these solitudes, animated by the flight of numerous birds of passage, embalmed by the fragrance of an aquatic vegetation (mint?), you will appreciate better than elsewhere how seductive is the amusement to which I invite you, sufficiently exciting to leave you little leisure, and yet not so absorbing as to rob you of the pleasures of thought and of the contemplation of nature.

The kind of country here described may be seen as you travel along the railway from Boulogne to Paris, in the valleys of the Canche, Somme, and Oise, but more particularly in that of the Somme; and these great turf-ponds and lagoons abound in other fish besides roach, many of which attain a very large size.

For example, almost wherever you find roach (*gardons*) there are also dace, bream, perch, pike, and eels. Whilst the roach, however, seldom weigh more than three pounds, bream are often caught in the same ponds of upwards of five pounds in weight. The French consider the bream (*brème*) when caught in clear running water as affording a delicate viand of excellent flavour. The fish is not esteemed in this country, where little or no attention has been paid to the culinary preparation of fresh-water fish, with the exception of salmon-trout and eels. Small bream go largely in the general small fry known as *blanchaille*, something like our whitebait, under the designation of *henriots*. French anglers, it is to be observed, fish for bream and roach with gentils (*asticots*), but they consider that dace prefer the cadis (*porto-bois*).

An essentially French fish—French in two senses of the word, first, because it is not met with in England; and, secondly, because it is angled for in a fashion seldom practised in this country—is the *cheverne* or *chevenne* (*Cyprinus jesus* of Linn.), also called *juène*. It is to be observed, that when we give the French names to guide the amateur, on the authority of M. Guillemard, in no country do names of fish vary locally more than in France. It seems as if, while Burgundians, Alsations, Auvergnats, Gascons, Bretons, Normans, and the various other populations have been merged into France, the fish alone have preserved their old names. Those used by M. Guillemard are many of them un-

familiar to us, who have fished the great marshes and running streams of Picardy. They are, in fact, best known on the Seine. The *chevesne* is called in other provinces *chaboisseau*, *garbotteau*, *têtard*, *vilain*, and still more commonly *ménier*, from its frequenting the rapids below mills. This cyprinus, which is a strong and robust fish, frequents clear running streams with a gravelly bottom, and abounds where there are deep back waters, or piles of bridges, or falls, whether natural or artificial. The chief bait used for it by the native untutored rustic is the cockchafer, which is allowed simply to float down on the surface of the stream. When the season of cockchafers is gone by, just as many are killed with a grasshopper, a bluebottle-fly, a cherry, or even a grape, which are allowed to float in a similar manner. This is a system of angling very common in France, and a peasant lad, with a short line and a mere hazel twig for a rod, will in the season of mayflies capture as many trout, by simply letting the fly float down the river, as the most expert amateur well armed with all that modern improvements have encumbered a simple art. The *chevesne* is fished for in deep water with worm or gentil, and coagulated blood is said to be a very killing bait.

To turn from large fish (for the *chevesne* attains considerable dimensions) to small, the French are very partial to gudgeons. It is well known that large and coarse sea fish, such as the conger eel, are cut up into little bits and fried to represent this delicacy when sought for by the epicurean, as he imagines fresh from the running stream at St. Cloud and St. Germain. It is wise, then, to catch one's own gudgeons; and as the French have a proverb which smacks at once of the culinary and piscatorial arts, that "*tel qui cherchait une friture a rencontré l'élément d'une matelote*," so when an angler goes to fish for gudgeons in rivers frequented by *chevesnes* that will bite at anything, even at the lead with which you sound the river, or the gudgeon after you have hooked it, it is well to be prepared for larger game. The French angler thinks a great deal of a gudgeon. "Go out a shooting," he says; "kill dozens of sparrows, linnets, or chaffinches, and you will still be *bredouille*; but a single quail saves you from that humiliating qualification. The gudgeon is, so to say, the quail of anglers; it is small game, it is true, but it is an aquatic game of excellent quality." Gudgeons, it is well known, can be made to assemble in one spot by stirring up the bottom of the stream. Our author recommends the angler to walk into the middle of the river, but not much over the waist, so as to have the free use of the arms, and then to disturb the bottom with the feet while the angling is carried on from above. We should beg to be excused from putting this recommendation into practice.

As with the Thames angler, barbel is considered by the Parisian to constitute the glory of his basket, and the *pièce de résistance* de toute *matelote* un peu respectable. It is certainly the only way to eat it, for, although undoubtedly the *barbeau*, or, as it is more commonly called, *barbillon*, is a noble and handsome fish, it is very tasteless, and must be baked with veal-stuffing, or stewed in wine, to be made in any way palatable. Fishing for barbel, which can only be done successfully with ground bait, is decidedly one of the least exciting of all descriptions of angling. The lively Frenchman, accordingly, proposes an ingenious modification. It is to take a book in hand and attach a bell to the rod; the first ring will tell you to lay the book aside, and a continuous ring

will intimate that it is time to pull the barbel from out of the depths of the stream! The French also kill barbel with night-lines baited with old Gruyère cheese, cut into pieces the size of a dice.

The carp is another fish much beloved by the Parisians, who, it is well known, eat more fresh-water fish than they do sea fish—a state of things which may, however, be expected to undergo great changes with the introduction of railroad conveyance from the coast. There are carps in the basins of Fontainebleau that are said to have lived in the time of Louis XIV. No wonder if naturalists are right when they say that the carp lives sometimes for two centuries. The place where they are most fished, near Paris, are the étang of Saclé, near Jouy, and the étang of Trappes, both of which supply water to Versailles. They are also caught in the Marne, weighing upwards of ten pounds. Tench are not so much in esteem. M. Guillemard asserts that in France this fish varies much in colour, and that he has seen it in ponds watered by running streams, more particularly in the Département de la Creuze, of a light colour, with a silvery and pearly lustre.

The pike, so despised by Ausonius, stands high in favour with M. Guillemard. It is, he tells us, admitted to the best tables, of which it constitutes the chief ornament! Associated with the perch, they have in France a little fish not much larger than a gudgeon, which is called *grémille*, or *perche goujonnière*, and which is even more highly esteemed than the gudgeon itself. It is, however, very scarce, having been as yet only found in a few localities, more particularly at the junction of the Eure and the Seine at Pont de l'Arche.

M. Guillemard ranks salmon-trout and a few rarer fish among what he calls *poissons exceptionels*. The French, as a rule, do not practise fly-fishing. "Every year," our author remarks, "amateurs, more especially from England, reap abundant harvests from the banks of our flowing streams. It is a curious spectacle, and one very humiliating to our national self-love, to see the looks of stupid wonder with which some contemplate, without being able to understand, by what magic art 'these honourable gentlemen,' by whipping the air with their long lines, succeed so easily in filling their baskets."

French salmon are said to exhibit a peculiarity that is not observed elsewhere. They ascend from the sea, up the great rivers, to their tributaries, without being seen in the passage. Nay, French salmon are so adventurous that they ascend the rivers till there is no more water; and M. Guillemard assures us that he captured an enormous fish, imprisoned in a little rocky basin, near the sources of the Cure, not far from Vezelay, in Burgundy. Salmon pass by the Seine and the Loire to get to the Yonne or the Allier, yet salmon are not caught at Paris, Nantes, or even Orleans. The first evil is manifestly the greatest. It is an insult to Paris *port de mer*. M. Guillemard has remained, he tells us, to vindicate the honour of the capital of the civilised world, for hours together on the Pont des Arts, "car, notez que de toute nécessité les saumon passent sous le Pont des Arts, et je déclare que je n'ai jamais aperçu la queue d'un saumon." This settles the question; salmon evidently pass from the sea and the mouths of the great rivers to their smaller tributaries without having, by some mystery or other, to pass the intermediary stages of the journey. M. Guillemard thinks he has solved the mystery. They travel, he says, by night!

A few hundred salmon are caught every year in the Yonne, at Sens, and at Joigny. They are also occasionally caught at the fall at Marly, in the Seine. Higher up they become still more common, and they frequent the Allier in such numbers that there are regular fisheries at Pont du Château and Bec d'Allier. They ascend the Haute Loire nearly up to Puy (2100 feet above the level of the sea), and they get into Switzerland by the Rhine. The waters, however, that are most frequented by salmon are the shorter streams that percolate through Armorica; and the most renowned salmon fishery in France is that which has been established on the Aulne, near Châteaulin, in Finistère. But, as in other countries, the produce of the rivers has been much affected in France by the rapacity of dealers and poachers, and the resources of the angler keep diminishing every year.

It is a generally admitted rule that wherever you find salmon you also find trout, but the reverse does not hold good, not only in regard to trout but also to salmon-trout. The latter excellent fish abound in the charming river of Vanne, near Sens, where there are no salmon. Trout, again, frequent some rivers and avoid others that are in close proximity, and that for reasons which the microscope or even chemistry has failed to detect, yet which instinct apprises them of at once. Thus the tributaries of the Yonne, the Loire, and the Vanne abound in trout; whilst the Serain, which flows between the two, and at nearly equal distance from either, does not contain one. They do not prosper in navigable rivers, and it is only in the smaller tributaries of the Seine and of the Loire that they abound. Trout-fishing commences on the Seine beyond Troyes, and becomes good at Bar-sur-Seine, improving as the angler proceeds higher up the river. M. Guillemard does not believe that trout can ascend the perpendicular column of a waterfall like a bird, but they can, he asserts from ocular testimony, leap up a cataract by resting their tails on a stone or rocky point; then, taking them in their mouths, and leaving go suddenly, the muscular distension acts like a spring, and throws them upwards to the next landing. Oftentimes they fail, and have to begin over and over again.

The grayling has a pretty name with the French. They call it *Fombre*.

Effugiens oculos oculi levis umbra natatu,

said Ausonius, and the poetic idea of the old Bordeaux angler, that it flies away like a shadow, seems to have been embodied in the language as the actual name of the fish. It is also called umber in England, where the verse of Decius is generally translated,

The umbra swift, escapes the quickest eye.

The umber, or grayling, is rare in France, frequenting almost solely the lakes and rivers of the Puy-de-Dôme, of the Cantal, and of the Haute Loire; hence it is often more particularly called *Fombre d'Auvergne*. The Italians call it *temelo*, and Eugenio Raimondi says that the most killing bait is neither more nor less than "animaletto così infesto all'uomo e alla donna"—an idea that quite destroys the poetry associated with this rare and mysterious tenant of mountain streams.

The French rivers are, like ours, frequented by many fish that do not

take a bait, or at least so rarely, as not to come within the legitimate scope of the angler. The largest of these fish, the sturgeon, is often netted in the Garonne, the Doubs, the Loire, the Rhine, and other rivers. It has even been caught near Paris, but very rarely, so much so, that the last capture of a large sturgeon was made the subject of a vaudeville called "Cadet Roussel Esturgeon." The shad (*alose*) is another fish of the same description, which in France wanders from the sea far up the rivers, and has been taken at Sens and Joigny, in the Yonne, and in the Allier up the Limagne. Although a bony fish, the shad is in esteem on the Continent, where, when broiled and laid on a dish of sorrel prepared like spinach, we are told, "*l'alose se présente très honorablement sur les meilleures tables.*" The lamprey, also, comes under the category of fish that do not take a bait. Lampreys abound in France; it was in that country that our Henry I. died of a surfeit. The fatal lampreys were obtained from the Andelle; the English king being at that time at Lyons-la-Forêt, some fifteen miles from Elbeuf. Smelts are as much appreciated in France as with us. They are met with in quantities in the Seine, from the rocks of Tancarville up to the promontory of the "Two Lovers," near the Pont de l'Arche. The loach is also much esteemed. Some gourmands drown it in wine or milk before committing it to the frying-pan. The French distinguish between *la loche franche*, which is found in rivulets, and *la loche*, which is found in rivers, and which is said to be a very inferior fish, distinguished from the former by a little fork-like appendage beneath the eyes.

One of the favourite and easiest descriptions of fishing practised in France is capturing crayfish by the hand. These estimable crustaceans abound in most clear running streams, living in holes immediately under the banks. All that is requisite to catch them is simply to put the arm into the water and the hand into the holes, when one of two things happens, you catch the crayfish, or, as more frequently happens, he catches you. As you, however, are the stronger of the two, the result is the capture of the crustacean, for as you, upon being pinched, withdraw your hand hastily, the fresh-water lobster clings tenaciously to his prey, and thus you draw him out of his hole at the mere temporary inconvenience of having your fingers squeezed for a short time as if by a vice.

But there is another kind of fishing, also, that is almost peculiarly French, and which is not attended by the same inconvenience, and that is *la pêche de la grenouille*. This is the way in which it is recommended to be carried into practice:

FROG-FISHING IN FRANCE.

If you are acquainted with a pond in your neighbourhood which abounds in frogs, that is the place to which you must at once accompany me. We shall not catch many trout—that I can forewarn you; but be patient; Paris was not built in a day. Provide yourself with a line, or a stout, long string will do, to which you affix a hook, No. 12 or 14, and which is itself made fast to a flexible cane or wand; then fasten to the hook the petal of a field poppy, or, what is still better, a little bit of scarlet cloth, taking care that it does not envelop the point of the hook, and play with this bait on the surface of the water, at the distance of a few feet from the banks, or rushes, or weeds, that border the pond where you see the frogs. You will not have played with it a few moments before you will see the inhabitants of the pond raise their heads,

fix their great golden eyes upon it, and hurry in hasty rivalry to the capture. Their anxiety is something wondrous to behold; they come from all directions, bolt against one another, and struggle which shall be the first to secure the appetising bait. If you on your side are quick in seizing each individual as he comes up in his turn, you will soon have realised an abundant harvest of these estimable batrachians; while the tumbles made by the frogs in endeavouring to reach the bait, and the fantastic dances executed by the long legs of those that you have hooked, will in the mean time render the sport one of the most diverting that it is possible to conceive.

It appears that "the estimable batrachian" here alluded to has intellectual capacity enough to learn by experience as well as fish, and that he refuses after a time the coarse but tempting bait above described. In proof of this, M. Guillemard relates the following anecdote: "A charming young lady, Mademoiselle Claire L., used to amuse herself by fishing for frogs in the basin in the garden; but as her exquisite sensibility would not allow her to put them to death, after having amused herself for a while in seeing the batrachians execute *entrechats* at the extremity of the line, she would throw them back again into the water. After pursuing this amusement for a few days, she found that the bait had no longer any charms in their eyes. In vain she agitated the most brilliant colours over the surface of the water, and imitated the flapping of a butterfly's wings in the most natural manner possible; the frogs would not bite, and after having for some time watched the proceeding with their great wondering eyes, they would withdraw, with an expression of contempt, that seemed to say, 'You shan't catch us again!'"

It is evident that angling is still in its infancy in France. It is certain, however, that a change has taken place in that respect; the passion for imitating the "sport" of the English "gentleman" has extended even to "the simple art," and many of our tackle manufacturers now export largely to Paris. M. Guillemard's book may be rather considered as a sign of the times than, as its author assumes, an initiative movement. Meantime, the English amateur angler will be glad to know where, in these days of railroads, there is capital sport within a day's journey; and even the Continental traveller will not disdain the information that in almost every department in France (*la Seine* alone excepted) one or more of those quick-flowing, clear streams will be met with, which abound in trout. The rivers of the coast are fullest of fish, but they are rivalled by others, more especially in the hilly districts, and by some in the interior; even in the *Seine* and *Oise* at Chambly, near Pontoise, and at the *ru de Meru*, at Milly sur l'Ecole.

THE ANTI-PALMERSTON CONFEDERACY.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

THE magazine has an advantage over the diurnal press; like the ephemeron, the latter lives but a day before its successor walks over its remains. The former survives thirty successive days on the library-table, remaining accessible for reference until it is transferred to the shelf. Referring to our last number, we see there anticipated the kind of spirit the Opposition has since displayed. We there stated that the aim of the party led by the placid Earl of Derby and the fixed, "unchangeable" Mr. Disraeli would be revenge, if not victory; and that the Minister would be assailed either for one purpose or the other, even if the assailants became the iconoclasts of their own misshapen gods. We did not bargain for all that since took place, because we should have been reluctant to depress so low on the scale our estimate of the reputation of any public men as they have depressed themselves. We could not imagine the scene recently enacted by four discordant parties, actuated by nearly as many different views, some of whom we believe mistaken, others ambitious; but the fiercest in spleen, if the most imbecile for mischief, considered alone, suddenly reinforced by a party numerically inconsiderable, if ambitious in display of ability. To this the Opposition of which we speak tendered its forgiving embraces on their forsaking the urn of their late master, trampling on their cypress crowns, and consenting to play double-sides amid the popular derision, and significant whispers of "jubilee, cajolery," from their new-old friends, who winked on each other at the same time as the recruits fell into the ranks.

That the Opposition should have been envious at the Minister's success in justifying the public confidence was natural, and death alone extinguishes envy. But the mere exhibition of the feeling, and proceeding to analogous action, are different things. Shattered and discordant, Lord Derby's party in point of strength by no means corresponded either with its blustering attitude, the magniloquence of its intentions, or its desire to effect mischief. When Lord Palmerston, demanded by the popular voice, came into power to restore order from almost remediless confusion, Lord Derby's friends, crestfallen and hopeless, said among themselves: "No matter, if we come in we can effect nothing just now. Let Palmerston do the work. Matters are bad in the Crimea, beyond our skill to cure; he may square them with his experience better than we can; and as soon as he has got all well into trim, let us set at work, undermine, and, kicking him out, direct the machine he has made run smoothly." Perhaps they calculated even then on gaining over the double-sided party of Mr. Gladstone, displaying thus the measure of their patriotism, their innate selfishness, and their incompetence, to hold office alone. What cared they for the welfare of the people? They consoled themselves with the hope of profiting from the victory won by others, in the ruin of those who gained it. How mentally small—how murky the spirits of those who exhibited the *ære perennius*—the everlasting front of

brass in contemplating a mode of proceeding so insulting to public opinion, and so bold in violation of honest principle.

We must here do justice to some of the higher-minded Conservatives who followed their leader with reluctance, and to others who refused to follow him at all, by their revulsion to such ungenerous measures, not abandoning their own political sentiments. They could not stoop to dangle in the Derby train through any slough into which its recklessness might lead them. A meeting of the Opposition leaders took place, and after a little politic coquetry on the part of the followers of the late Sir Robert Peel, the defection of Mr. Gladstone and his friends was announced, that gentleman figuring foremost in the harlequinade. We thought of the line spoken by Scaramouche when we heard of the defection of the fair-spoken ex-Chancellor: "*Il y a pourtant des jours ou tu es si laid, si laid!*"

The game opened when the present Chancellor of the Exchequer made his financial statement. Mr. Gladstone now displayed himself, seeing his own prospective financial scheme, which was to be immortal in the idea of the right honourable gentleman, sorely mutilated. Bitter was the speech delivered upon that occasion. But it was most unreasonable in Mr. Gladstone to imagine that the successors in his old office should follow his measures to the letter. There was, to be sure, the consideration that so far he had supported the ministry. In consequence, he exhibited the cloven foot to its full expansion—"Reject my old scheme, and I will try and overturn your new one." He had deserted his old friends to vindicate Sir Robert Peel's great national and popular measure, when attacked, both politically and personally, with such malice as no minister ever before encountered, and by an assailant, too, who had repeated every political creed in turn, so that the creed he at present professes became the only one left him, clad as he is in Joseph's coat of many colours. Lashed as poor Sir Robert had been for conferring the inestimable benefit of free-trade upon the nation, how could his small band of friends, the double-sides, do better than join Lord Derby and their late calumniators? They saved their honour, perhaps, by the reflection, that the party to which they had returned was their first love. What if that party had pronounced the national ruin to be free-trade, libelled Peel and his friends for supporting that measure, and declared it hemlock and acornite to the country's prosperity, may not hungry men eat their words? What if the party got into place for a moment by gorging the morsel it had just declared to be poison, and declared on their consciences they believed it an amazing strengthener of the national vitality? Their political profligacy was so intolerable that even Lord Derby's own parliament turned him out of office, and Lord Palmerston had no occasion, mongrel parliament as it was, to dissolve it. Until Mr. Gladstone found the pear ripe, he preserved his political chastity. At last a too strong temptation led his blushing virtue into the arms of the calumniators of his old friend. Perhaps the honourable gentleman, considering that life is short, and forgiveness a Christian duty, especially when a convenience, wished to raise himself above the vulgar level. He sighed for a name, like him who set fire to a temple for that purpose. Peel was no more; the dead come not back to tell tales in our time; or upbraid us with fearful truths. The ghost of Banquo is a legend.

Thus situated in regard to the state of the two great parties in the House, one slightly reinforced, those of less importance could only operate by throwing their strength on one side or the other, according to the prevalence of certain opinions or interests, as has been too often a custom among political men enamoured of strange, but profitable, doctrines.

The division on the finance question overthrew Mr. Gladstone's hopes at the opening of the confederacy. Its first effort was defeated by a majority of eighty in favour of the government, notwithstanding the honourable gentleman's eloquence, for he is unquestionably an eloquent speaker. He had in vain ambled over to the camp of his late enemies and upheld the glory of political adulteration. It must have been an afflicting reflection to himself that his desertion of Lord Palmerston was thus profitless, he gaining nothing more than an enrolment of his achievement among the deformities of statesmen. We can fancy the right honourable gentleman justifying himself in his closet, and soliloquising: "Have they not become free-traders since the death of my dear friend, Sir Robert? What were their motives to me formerly, if they agree now?" Chewing the cud of his disappointment, we hear him add, "Does not my right orthodox faith teach me to forgive all men everything (except heresy)? And the step I have taken, is it not right orthodox, religious, good? What casuist will dispute its goodness with me? I should like to meet him!" We can fancy the self-satisfaction conferred by such a sense of a "good" act. We remember Canning's facetious simile in exposition of the word "good":

So youthful Horner roll'd the roguish eye,
Cull'd the dark plum from out the Christmas pie,
And cried in self-applause—"How good a boy am I!"

This defeat in the Commons was followed by one proportionably disastrous in the House of Lords. A majority voted against a motion of Lord Derby, equivalent to a censure upon ministers for the outbreak with China. The result showed that the Opposition had no chance of success there. The desire of office was too clearly the paramount object of the anti-ministerialists, and the Chinese war their *cheval de bataille*. The true merits of the case had little to do in the question. In vain the head of the versatile house of Stanley tried to make the worse appear the better reason; his lordship argued well for one who embraces the expedient of preference to that of right, and deems it more likely to profit from chance than the fastidiousness that reconciles its pursuits to fairness or consistency. The feebleness of his lordship's followers in the argument, and his own unscrupulous bitterness of spirit, as usual, were visible impediments to his object. His speech, reckless and eloquent, half angry from having a certain taint of incredulity of success, arising, we presume, from the recollection of many lost games of fast and loose, was striking. It showed how well words may be made use of to conceal hopes and make ambition plausible in vain:

So down the hill the Derby dilly glides,
Scanty of passengers, save chance outsiders.

Unluckily a majority of thirty-six in the way upset the vehicle.

The speeches of the law lords were only remarkable for their coin-

dence with the interests of the side of the House upon which they sat. The conviction drawn from such speeches, by those unlucky enough to go to law, that the opinions of lawyers upon the statutes are as variable as the weather, is not very consoling. Lord Lyndhurst showed no diminution of power or ability in arguing on the side of his latest political affection. The Bishop of Oxford spoke against the government, as might be expected, considering how much certain recent episcopal appointments must be considered as retarding the march of Oxford towards Rome, *viâ* Littlemore. Vain was the prelatial thunder to prevent a division favourable to Lord Palmerston's cabinet. What "bell, book, and candle" might have done after times past so wielded, we do not presume to guess. Lord Derby took nothing by his labour but the consolatory application to himself once used by Falstaff: "It was my vocation, Hal!"

Thus far things bore an aspect highly favourable to the administration, supported as the foregoing divisions were by the unmistakable feeling of the public.

Mr. Cobden having moved a resolution condemning the Chinese war, Mr. Disraeli, with breathless eagerness and his accustomed tenacity of the principle of "any means to an end," declared the vote should be considered one of censure on ministers. What the honourable gentleman saw could not be carried by his own party in a straightforward line, he adroitly hoped to obtain by one that was crooked. The motion of Mr. Cobden had a different object in view, namely, to condemn all war. On this ground, from forty to fifty members voted with Mr. Cobden, who would not vote from Mr. Disraeli's object any more than for his resumption of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. He knows this, and the weakness of his own political animalculæ; but with his customary aim of revenge, if not victory, he turned the motion to account by the aid of those who repudiated his doctrines. Besides Mr. Cobden's peace party, there was that of the late friends of Sir Robert Peel. They dried up their liquid sorrows—sorrows like those of the dame of Ephesus. Solaced by the consideration of their old love, all past quarrels were forgiven. This last party, on the eve of fusion, consented to be swallowed up or amalgamated with the more numerous body attached to Lord Derby's standard and that of his man Friday in the Commons. Led by Mr. Gladstone, this band of "heroes," as Mr. Disraeli would phrase it, must cause two leaders hereafter in the House to one party, for there cannot but be a rivalry between such ambitious personages. The one character so profitable to study for the inconsistency of an unprincipled political career, and the other in addition to that virtue, as a beautiful example of the transitory nature of political weeping.

Unluckily, the object of Mr. Cobden was to support his Peace Society ideas, which cannot be realised, let the honourable gentleman and his friends think as they may; we sincerely wish they could. The Petersburg embassy from Birmingham to the Czar Nicholas had no effect on the late war. The pugnacity of man, like that of insects and animals, is a part of his nature: a puzzle to the good in the ordination of the mundane economy. In the present case, the philanthropic Tartar Yeh, who, with his name, so well answers the Quakers "nay" in the matter, became the adopted of well-meaning and too sanguine oppositionists, especially where bohea and souchong were likely to be troubled. How it might be if

cotton were at stake in the question we presume not to decide. As it was, the wrongs of Yeh with the Opposition should be put into Sapphic verse by the idle laureate, to accompany the "Needy Knife-grinder" of the Eton boys. The pathetic was never brought in before for so fraudulent a purpose as composing a parliamentary majority, nor were white handkerchiefs in double allowance so much in request, undertaker fashion, as while Yeh's woes were recounting. The tears of Mr. Gladstone and his friends, dried from excess of grief for Peel's treatment by the Opposition, would have flowed afresh but for the exhaustion of their stock, and the great Yeh of Canton would have had their benefit. Happy martyr Yeh, so to move a European senate—an incident that can only be derived from his Tartar nourishment on mare's milk through a long ancestry, and to repasts on saddled steak. British sympathy with horses no one can deny, after Palmer's execution, nor the generous and gentle nature of the nobler animal of the two. Mr. Gladstone must have felt this when he took his friends across the House, with "Newly Let" chalked on their backs, and affected to regard Mr. Cobden as an ally—a chieftain to whom they looked with most complacent countenances, in the hope of permanent aid towards future majorities. What did it matter that they formerly rubbed their noses against the moon when the plebeian free-trader was mentioned, born to ruin the landed interest—but now! who was not eager to coalesce with Mr. Cobden? Who of them did not think he would be a tower of strength to their cause? Who was there of those who looked so scornfully a little while ago at the honourable gentleman, who would not fraternise with him? We shall soon have "The Cobden" to follow "The Coningsby" by Mr. Disraeli. No accession of strength must be scorned in the hope to overturn an administration under which England signally flourished and triumphed, while in wealth and prosperity standing at a height before unequalled in her glorious annals. But the confederacy will not be strengthened by Mr. Cobden in the way the Disraelites desire. Some of them, indeed, deny any desire of combination. They assert that the late appearance of it was a spontaneous union, the result of a natural sensibility for an unfortunate Tartar, the revered and injured Yeh, handed over by the ministry to those tigers Bowring and Seymour. The feeling of an indignant humanity alone bound the anti-ministerialists together in spontaneous sympathy. The meeting at Lord Derby's, therefore, seems to have occurred exactly as happened with the burglar of the sister island, who, breaking into a house at midnight, and being asked how he got in, declared it was by accident. Their spontaneity of motive, too, reminds us of the three strangers to each other who went to steal a calf, met for the purpose at the right spot, at the same moment, with unparalleled unanimity of purpose, and then agreed to carry off the animal jointly, however they might settle about the spoil afterwards.

Mr. Gladstone's resignation to a fusion with his old calumniators is worthy of his forgiving faith. He continually reminds us of Congreve's *Maskwell* as to his part in the farce he enacted. "Excellent *Maskwell*, thou wert certainly meant for a statesman or a Jesuit, but thou art too honest for one, and too pious for the other."

Mr. Disraeli clings to his hope of place like his circumcised but indescribable hero Alroy. That son of Abraham or Ismael—we do not know

which—says, “I fancy I gaze on the Land of Promise. Often in my dreams a sunny spot, the bright memorial of a *roving* hour, will rise upon my sight, and when I awake I feel as if I had been in Canaan. Why am I not?” Palmerston’s carriage stops the way to the Canaan of Mr. Disraeli’s dreams and romances—an event equally as unfortunate for one descendant of the circumcision as for the other, and sadly in the way of his ideal patriotism, long given to *roving*, as he has been, from Dan—must we add O’Connell?—to Derby, his Beersheba. We fear once more that Mr. Cobden will prove a faithless guide for the right honourable gentleman to the Land of Promise, unless the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer bring with him some sweeping measure equal to a reduction of the navy and army to the American standard, apportion the revenues to those of the American commonwealth, or support universal suffrage, the *beau idéal* of many persons in England. Who can tell what bargain Mr. Disraeli and his party may not strike to get a glimpse of his Canaan once more—what new tricks may they not be willing to play?

There is still the party of Lord John Russell for Mr. Disraeli’s solicitation, if Mr. Cobden be deaf to his appeal. Here Mr. Disraeli will be unfortunate. Lord John Russell is too proud; he trades only for himself, and will not enter into a partnership. Lord John’s views for himself were a principal cause of Lord Palmerston’s defeat on the China question. With the smallest horizon of clear vision, and an ambition that would lead him across the Rubicon, or, more correctly, according to Sydney Smith, “to accept the command of the Channel fleet,” without being able either to box the compass or take an altitude, his pride would not suffer him to fraternise with any company not aristocratic alone, but any, aristocratic or not, likely to refuse him a license to play the first fiddle. Lord John voted against Lord Palmerston not because he did not remember that Lord Palmerston had given his ministry his every vote, although, under a miserable court intrigue, he had turned Lord Palmerston out of office, in place of doing his lordship justice against all miserable intriguers. It is convenient upon a pinch to remember to forget. Lord John has made to himself great reverses: his political life draws rapidly towards a close, but his lordship has presumptuous hopes still. Sir J. Bowring, so unjustly aspersed, was appointed under his lordship’s administration. Lord John played Brummell on the present occasion, and “cut” him, though he did not go so far as to say, “Who is he?” Another and a loftier disposition, and a more elevated spirit, would have recollected his own errors at Vienna, had Sir John Bowring been guilty of any, and sympathised with him; but Lord John is not fond of standing by any case of ill luck, whether right or wrong: he has no taste for unfortunate people. Like Mr. Disraeli, the noble lord, too, has his Canaan. It is wise not to embarrass ourselves in a time of rapid political change, when we are looking out for prizes to windward.

In the debate in the House of Lords, Lord Ellenborough used the term “the Doctor” (Dr. Bowring), as it struck us, in the way of a sneer. Whatever are the merits or demerits of Sir J. Bowring in the China affair, he had a claim to that courtesy which every man of talent has with or without the sovereign’s appointment. Had Lord Ellenborough begun life in a merchant’s office, he would—for all the world can judge by his actions and abilities—have been there still. His lordship owes his position to

accident. Sir John Bowring raised himself by attention to the duties of his station, by hard labour, and much mercantile experience. He is one of the best linguists, as respects the living languages, that we possess. His lordship's feats as a land lord of the Admiralty, and his sobriquet of the tame elephant, are, we believe, all his claims to public notice. Sir F. Thesiger took up the same strain in the Lower House; but Sir Frederick is a lawyer, and few regard what lawyers say. Neither birth nor wealth can impart intellectual or administrative abilities. Nature alone confers talent without the slightest regard to artificial position, to the holder of which she usually deals her favours very sparingly indeed. Lord Palmerston vindicated Sir John Bowring with his accustomed generosity towards an absent and unheard public servant.

Lord Palmerston, with a true sense of his constitutional duty, determined to appeal to the people. The parties into which the House of Commons is divided rendered it impossible for the government to proceed satisfactorily in any other way. Who could be certain that future measures of importance would be carried? The parliament, too, was near its natural end. The blunders of the last ministers had been remedied, costly as they were in blood and treasure. Success—full and complete success—had attended the measures of the administration. The war was most honourably terminated, our trade and finances were flourishing in a degree beyond all previous example. A large amount of war taxes was taken off, and another year would have seen still further reductions in our expenditure. All this was effected in the teeth of a harassing Opposition. Lord Palmerston had reached the point where he could say to the people of England—not to the court, but to the people—"I have nearly completed the task with which you entrusted me. I hope I have acted to your satisfaction thus far." The reply to this was the contented aspect of the country, domestic peace, augmented commerce, and the general indignation at the treatment he had received.

Things being in the state thus described, it had been thought a good opportunity by the Opposition to begin the operations contemplated for turning out the premier—contemplated when he was called into office as before stated. Palmerston had squared matters better with his experience than Lord Derby and his friends could possibly have done with or without any. He had got all into working order. This was the time to "set at work and undermine him." We never desire to see a House of Commons without an Opposition. It keeps a government on the alert, and is every way wholesome for the country, but then we must have an Opposition which does not exist for its own ends alone; we must have an honourable, high-minded, fair Opposition, let its political colour be what it may. It must have some pretension to loftiness of character, be bound honestly to some principle, and not play the *gironette*, now sojourning in a political refuge for the destitute, now associating with any vagrant that will follow its camp to Persia, China, or Lord Derby's drawing-room—not to be enrolled only to say "No" to an administration, and not recruited to undermine it for certain exclusive ends. The objects should be public, disinterested, and intelligible. It should not exist solely to obtain power, and not deceive all but its own chosen creatures, selected to practise political falsehood for self-salutary objects. To be otherwise, it is as if the people of England had no claim, on the part of ministers,

to truth and honest dealing. Thus, in the debate on the China question, we recently saw how extensive was the hypocrisy that affected such wonderful regard for the Chinese—of whom the loudest speakers knew nothing—who were so ostensibly indignant at our functionaries, but who really cared little more about the matter any way, if the affectation of a marvellous indignation—admirably feigned, in some cases, we admit—would not secure place for themselves and their patrons.

One word more of Lord John Russell. We have noticed his late conduct towards the premier and Sir John Bowring. We have mentioned the common ministerial Opposition—the Cobdenite and Gladstonite parties; that of Lord John Russell, in addition, exhibited his own remarkable inconsistency, consisting of a few Whigs, not perhaps much more numerous than the followers of Mr. Gladstone. Lord John's name was once a tower of strength to his own promulgated views. We have always thought that Lord John, who could not forsake the colour of his house, was still one who bore himself, as much as any public man, with a view to himself alone. He was not absolutely to be depended upon when placed in certain positions. His ambition soared too high for his diminutive stature, aspiring to the clouds when it should walk the earth. Thus Lord John was to us very measured, and exceedingly capricious. He would deny a thing upon principle, which could not well be gainsaid, and to your surprise you find Lord John himself the first gainsayer. Until his Vienna slip Lord John in luck escaped censure, and stood high in the opinion of many persons, who have altered their judgments since that event. Then the awkward finality avowal was recalled to mind, and his lordship's convenient appeal to an oblivion of the past. We remember when Lord Brougham wrote to him, "As soon as you had possession of the court your famous declaration of November, 1837, opened men's eyes. Your subsequent opposition to all the motions in favour of the negroes, and your resistance even to the attempts for checking the newly-abolished slave trade, widened the breach between yourself and the country." Lord John played much of this game on the corn-law question. He stood to the eight shillings duty until he went out of office, and only when in opposition came round to the total abolition. Lord John denied the use of the word "final" in the finality affair, in stating that the Reform Bill conceded everything that was to be conceded. Lord Brougham said that his lordship seemed not to understand the precise meaning of "final." "Nor do I," added Lord Brougham, "as applied to any work of frail and erring man, but that the questions of extended franchise, secret vote, and shortened parliaments are precluded by the arrangements of 1832, as if by some compact then made with the country." This Lord Brougham denied altogether. Who so warm with the Dissenters when out of place as Lord John Russell, yet "as soon as he had possession of the court," to use Lord Brougham's phrase, how starch and distant he grew towards them. They had served his purpose. We are apt to forget the ladder when we tread the roof of the house. A long observation of Lord John makes us think there is some truth also in the following remark of Lord Brougham: "On this and on many other questions, the course taken was that your advocates always pretended to the public that you were a mighty deal more liberal than you ever dreamed of being, and that it was no fault of yours if you did not show it in your

conduct. Nor was any contradiction ever given to such beneficial misrepresentations." We quote to show that Lord John has not uniformly been above common-place considerations when in office, and that he was sometimes not above them when out, however his lordship might have it appear so. When we consider that Lord Palmerston treated him most handsomely after his suicidal conduct at Vienna, the sacrifice of aid to the premier on Mr. Cobden's motion was paltry, when he might justly and gratefully have repaired the breach made by the apostasy of the double-sides party. We can only guess at motives by acts. Did his lordship fear that the forty or fifty liberal members who voted for Mr. Cobden's motion might be lost to him if he voted for the ministers? Has Lord John always a certain contingency before him? Our respect for the good which Lord John has done, whatever was the motive, prevents our classing his opposition to Lord Palmerston on the same ground as that of Lord Derby's train. The latter—many of them—would have proclaimed Charles's sooty horse at Charing-cross the white horse mentioned in the Revelations, if it fitted their purpose; men of dried consciences as they are, following their leader so exactly in conscience and act, that if he went on one leg, like the Eastern king Gor, they would all go on one leg too.

There is an all-important difference between an honest opposition, Conservative or Liberal, as it may happen, and that which may be justly characterised as factious. The last consists of several parties with no common object, one working for place, another groping after the realisation of some abstract truth; this from disappointed hopes, and that from the desire of power, or from personal animosity; and all thus apparently diverse in object, pregnant with the same result—the downfal of an administration. Such an opposition may be justly styled anarchical, every faction going for itself and none for the people: Mr. Disraeli and his hungry band, Mr. Gladstone and his double-sides, Mr. Cobden and his Yehites, and Lord John Russell and his Bedford followers, unanimous in aim alone at the downfal of a ministry called to power by the people, just, too, at the consummation of an arduous task. There can be but one opinion as to what the public think of its fairness. Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone, it is true, may be said now to become one party, linked rib to rib, tendon to tendon, in Siamese twinship—striking examples of Christian forgiveness for a mutual interest, and, considering daggers were so lately drawn between them, showing that nothing but a fellow feeling of mischief towards the government could have induced them to metamorphose their late antipathy into fraternal affection. Mr. Cobden, guided by no principle of that sound legislation which should belong to the practical and well versed in commerce and cotton, has never shone out of his familiar sphere. He has signally failed when he has attempted to handle subjects beyond the limits of the Island. He knows nothing of foreign politics. His failure about Russia and her finances was glaring. The honourable gentleman is not a universal genius; he is not a genius at all. We are rarely what we think ourselves to be. We are not aware of a single branch of political knowledge beyond that which first brought him before the public, in which he excels any other member of the House of Commons. What has the honourable gentleman done or said out of the free-trade question which entitles his opinion to deference? Lord John Russell, repudiated in the City of London for the part he b

taken among the factious, has come forth, in the front of the cold shoulder given him, with an address, according to his usual phraseology when out of place, about reform and "all that sort of thing,"—a tub flung out to a whale, as all the world sees. When in with the court, as we have already stated so clearly after Lord Brougham, we heard little of reform from the noble lord. Some plead the noble lord's services in 1832, and will again untruly ascribe the Reform Bill to him in place of Earl Grey, because he introduced it into the Commons. Lord Grey, in or out of place, for forty years stood by a reform in parliament, and contemplated a much fuller measure of reform than suited Lord John and some of his friends, by whom it was cut and clipped to obtain their suffrages—that bill which Lord John, in a moment perhaps of too much candour, pronounced a "finality." Ever, when premier, cold, formal, contented, marvellously pleased with things as he finds them, and ready then to let "well" alone; out of place, reform ever on his lips, the charm of the noble lord's popularity, the talisman of restored power. There lies the difference between his lordship when in sound political health and in political indisposition, recalling the old couplet:

The devil was ill, the devil a monk would be;
The devil was well, the devil a monk was he!

Now, we are not inclined to see Lord Palmerston made a sacrifice in this way to factious hopes of any kind. Let the minister have fair play, and not be handed over to shipwreck, for the gratification of collective factions, the moment he has completed the task assigned him by the British people. Let the people of England, who teach other nations how to live, teach such malcontents at their own doors that they have both the will and the power to do justice to the services of a minister as well as to those of the humblest subject.

Into the merits of the Canton question, about which all are unanimous, except those who hope to profit by the reverse, we shall not go. The question has been discussed by the press and the public, and the aggregate weight is in favour of the government. Every one who has lived in the East, all who have only visited it, those who have studied the character of the Chinese by documentary testimony—all, in short, who do not keep one eye shut in regard to the outbreak there—are of one opinion on the matter, and that opinion unfavourable to the Tartar saint, very little in the way of consenting to his canonisation, although headless Englishmen and poisoned bowls speak his merits loudly. The submission to the smallest insult the Chinese regard as the result of pusillanimity, while they never miss an opportunity of inflicting insult when unresented—perhaps we should rather say the Tartar officials, for the people of Chinese blood are generally quiet and harmless. Every foreigner is treated by the mandarins, or official men, with contempt as a barbarian. If the owner of the Hong-Kong vessel was an English colonial resident, he had a right to protection under the British flag—to protection, in every possible manner, back to his home if his license had expired. The Opposition lawyers say such persons should have documents of naturalisation. They argue as if the British dominions were within the inns of court, as if the mother country in Europe transmitted its ancient customs, laws, and high modern civilisation to countries inhabited by savages, and used them as a rule of intercourse with nations of most dissimilar habits, or semi-civilised. Letters of naturalisation to a hundred millions of East Indians, to

the Cape Hottentots, to New Zealanders, and Australians! Only let us fancy such a thing. The idea is worthy the denizen of an inn of court. The British flag that has "braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze," is the true protection of every man, native or foreign, who sails under its shadow, and will be so, we trust, for a thousand years more. Time was when every flag in the narrow seas was lowered to us, and though we do not in more enlightened times justify such a usurpation of power, that flag must still protect our own men, natives or colonists, and foreigners too, unless the last be demanded in the form prescribed by mutual treaties. In dealing with barbarians, mistakes, which could be explained between civilised nations and overlooked, must not be overlooked with them. They must not be suffered to haul down the British flag, or trample a British deck for a wanton purpose. That flag must protect from violence the crew of every nation that sails under it; that flag must hallow the deck as it hallows its own freeborn soil; on every sea, in every port, under the glare of noon or in the still midnight darkness, amid the icy mountains of the Polar Ocean, or under the burning line—in all it must protect its own, and shield the stranger until superior authority decide regarding him. Barbarians are to learn civilisation from the civilised, not to become their instructors. If they will not learn, they must pay for it by experience. The mutation of any people in a state of barbarism in our time is a change towards civilisation, not towards augmented barbarism. In the course of such a change the equitable agent is the power which enforces its demands, and exhibits an example, which by being copied may impart ameliorating usages to untutored races, impracticable to be any other way inculcated. Our firmness is instruction, our strictness in demanding an adherence to simple agreements to the very letter is the training to further advancement. Nothing was more injurious in the Canton relations with England than the submission to the non-fulfilment by that district alone of the treaty last made with the Chinese government. We now see the effect of our mistaken conduct.

As the amusement of the masquerade is over when people show their faces, so the confederacy against Lord Palmerston's administration being unmasked, has lost all but the darkness of its complexion. It no longer diverts and misrepresents, but appeals to its motley supporters to obtain it grace in the sight of the people. The dissolution of parliament is awkward for the Opposition. In all parts of the country indignation is expressed, that while the measures of a successful and fair administration were consolidating, their progress should be interrupted by faction, and a pretended care for the public welfare, called a saving patriotism by some—patriotism in wax, to be moulded into the form most agreeable to party selfishness. From the state of the public mind, Lord Derby will take little by what has occurred. The English people are just and generous in the main, and cannot but penetrate into the motives which have brought about the present state of things.

The displacement of Lord Palmerston would be a public calamity. On the Continent this is felt to be the case as well as at home. If, however, he has guided the state vessel with Lord Derby's crew in the Lower House—if with such an example of the lack of public confidence his own parliament looks the last noble lord so full in the face—the aspect of a new parliament cannot well be contemplated as meeting his aspirations for entering the Treasury once more.

If London throw out Lord John Russell—and the citizens threaten it,—if Mr. Cobden leave the West Riding of York, as it is asserted he will do,—and we know not how many more representatives are threatened to be displaced, we shall see Lord Palmerston unshackled, with a parliament of his own. We shall see the leaders in the Upper House, and in the Lower—"tel maître tel valet!"—compelled to return to their old work again without driving the successful minister from his post, or obtaining the guidance of the machine which they were incapable of getting into working order, not being able to steal Lord Palmerston's clothes, as Mr. Disraeli would phrase it. This may increase the ferocity of the aspirant parties, and quicken Mr. Disraeli's pointed periods,—even now losing effect from their commonness,—but by no means convince the people of England that their state affairs cannot be most effectively and honestly conducted without the eloquence of the head of the house of Stanley, or the screaming sarcasms from under the many-coloured coat of Mr. Disraeli.

A SWEDISH VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD IN THE YEARS

1851, 1852, 1853.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. BUSHBY.

San Francisco, July, 1852.

WE sailed from Honolulu on the 3rd of July, but it was long before the American coast in the vicinity of San Francisco became visible to us. At length the high, rocky shore rose, as it were, out of the fog, which, like a heavy white drapery, had enveloped it, and before us stood that far-famed entrance, which is rightly called the "Golden Gate." For beyond that port what rich treasures do not those valleys contain, glittering through, or swept along by the rushing streams, sparkling on the surface or embedded in the soil. What a vast site whence to obtain the means for that circulation needed to increase the commerce and the wealth of the world! What stirring life, what plans and calculations, what industry and what vice!

Passing through the straits, of about two English miles in breadth, and three in length, we reached that harbour which, stretching about seventy-five miles from north to south, might form a reservoir for all the fleets in the world, and anchored off Sancelito, a little colony about an hour's sail from San Francisco, and to the north of the creek called the "Whaler's Harbour." Close to us lay the hilly land, its mountains bare of vegetation, and yellow from the action of the burning sun, with deep valleys between them, in the openings of which stood, here and there, a dwelling-house, apparently *impromptu* erections, as everything undertaken by the hand of man appears to be in California. On the other side stretched the spacious harbour, pretty equally divided by small straits into three coves, enclosed by rough shores, covered with hills of several thousand feet in height, generally veiled by an impenetrable haze, or a thick fog, and filled with several islands, some laden with low brushwood, others almost barren, and guano-white from the millions of birds who dwell on them, protected from the violent blasts that have here free scope to distress at times un-

fortunate navigators. Towards the south, beyond a jutting tongue of land, and between two hills that tower over the low coast, are to be seen the white houses of that San Francisco, whose name stands printed with golden letters in the dreams of so many persons; where a new paradise is thought to have been discovered, and which has proved the grave of so many smiling hopes, and is still, and will long remain an arena for the display of the wildest passions. The frigate remained for eight days at Sancelito, as it required some repairs, but you may believe it was not long before we visited San Francisco. Would that I had the power to give you a sufficiently vivid description of this receptacle of European luxury and misery, of riches and poverty, prosperity and despair, of vain exertions, and of momentary or chance successes.

In order to visit California, and still more to judge of it, one must encourage a peculiar frame of mind; avoid all comparisons with other places and people, and emancipate one's self from all ideas of social order and conventional manners. One wanders here amidst sheer illusions and the frail erections of a moment. The magnificence and beauty which seems to dazzle the beholder, hide but emptiness and wretchedness; the solid, or that which presents itself as such, sinks into nothing upon the smallest investigation. San Francisco is an enormous humbug—a caricature of greatness, a mockery of prosperity. It makes one's heart ache to see so much depravity, so much misery. I should think no other spot in the world presents such various objects to awaken curiosity and serious reflection as this place, where so many are bewitched and lulled into pleasing dreams, so many pursue the phantom of enjoyment, and the phantom of fortune.

Here stands a town, with from seventy to eighty thousand inhabitants, apparently glittering in commercial riches and golden splendour, enclosing within its enchanted palaces fabulous wealth, and offering all that industry and ingenuity can collect of what is costly and refined from all parts of the world; hither pour in streams, like surging waves, the population of Europe, Asia, and America; and this city, containing so many things, so many people, is but the creation of six years! Three years ago there was nothing here but a row of tents; fire consumed the newly-erected dwellings, and ashes strewed the city of a year; but, like a phoenix, it has arisen and spread forth its mighty wings, until it has become this great metropolis of vainglory, this Eldorado of the New World.

San Francisco lies, in shape like an amphitheatre, between two high, wooded hills, that stretch out towards the sea upon a slanting, sandy strip of land, which terminates, further out, in a line of quicksand. The upper part of the town rests, as it were, against these hills, while the other part is built upon stakes, or upon the wrecks of ships in the sea itself, which even rushes into the empty spaces in the lower streets. The whole of the lower part of the town is built only upon rubbish, thrown hurriedly among the stakes, and upon which, also, several handsome stone houses have, from time to time, been erected—houses that, having a foundation so far from solid, often fall in the course of a few months. There are no streets here, only bridges, which, carelessly erected at first, are full of holes and broken planks, as dangerous to man and beast as ugly to behold. Four or five of these bridges lead out towards the sea, and are called "wharfs." In the vicinity of these lie innumerable ships,

and a mass of steam-boats of every possible kind, from the stately clipper ship to the tiny little sloop—visitors from all parts of the world, from which a perfect forest of many-coloured flags are to be seen waving in the wind.

Hauled up among the houses in this part of the town are here and there to be met with the hulk of an old vessel—the only thing ancient where all else is new—converted into a “storeship,” or magazine for all sorts of goods. It would seem that the proprietors of these goods consider them to be safer in such strange receptacles than in warehouses in the interior of the town, on account of the great risk and frequency of fires. It often happens that the owner of such merchandise leaves it to betake himself to the gold mines, where, dying unknown, his unclaimed property is sold off by auction, for the benefit of the person who had it in charge. The streets in the better part of the town are wide, and cross each other at right angles; they are either sandy, like the roads, or covered with planks placed crossways, like the bridges, but never paved or laid with stones. The houses in these streets are most grotesque in their odd variety. Now one sees a small, wooden tenement of one or two stories, next to it a handsome brick mansion, in the English style; then comes a large, iron house, like a gigantic beehive; but all these houses, whether of wood, stone, canvas, or iron, are every one devoted to the same purpose—they are all stores or shops. In strolling even through the principal streets, one's eye is fatigued with the vast numbers of placards and signboards, which abound here on an unprecedented scale. The walls, the roofs, nay, from the very chimney-tops down to the foundation, the houses are covered with flags, printed announcements, and absurd paintings, descriptive of the trades or occupations, and names of the inhabitants. And what profusion of wares in the interiors! Yonder lie heaps of jewels, and gold worked into the finest forms; close by, the same valuable metal in massive lumps. Here, one is attracted by the scent of the most delicate perfumery; there, clothes of every description, from the most fashionable and elegant to the coarsest and most homely, invite the attention of purchasers. And these are plentiful in a country where washing is so enormously expensive, that ship-loads of soiled linen are sent to China or to the Sandwich Islands, to be washed and returned clean; and where repairs of all kinds cost so much, that it is quite as cheap to buy a pair of new shoes as to have an old pair mended. Nor is this peculiar to shoes; it extends to all articles of clothing.

Other streets are full of restaurants, and of tents where refreshments are taken standing. One hears everywhere the racket of billiard-balls and the noise of skittle-grounds, and on all sides the shrill “This way, gentlemen!” of the auctioneer, who is selling goods to the highest bidder. If to all this be added the gambling-houses, which flourish in frightful numbers in all the streets, from which issue, mingling with the tones of music from very tolerable orchestras, the sounds of the rattling of dice, the chinking of gold and silver pieces, the croupier's exhortation to “make your game, gentlemen!” and the wild laughter or deep curses of the players, the glare of light, the crowd, the agitation, the noise around, —if you can fancy all this, you will have some idea of the ferment, the chaos, the roguery that prevail here, and the spirit of speculation that meets one at every turn.

Here are to be seen people from all countries, and of all tongues. Chinese, with their white garments, their broad-brimmed hats that look like umbrellas, their pig-tails, and their thick-soled shoes; *swells* from Europe, with their modern jaunty dress, their coxcombical walk, and mocking air; gold-washers from "*up the country*," with their dishevelled hair, long beards, enormous boots, and torn clothes, looking very like highwaymen; pedlars, with their insinuating manners, and well-brushed coats, principally Germans; sailors chewing their quids of tobacco, with their little hats stuck on one side of the head, their carelessly knotted neckerchiefs, and their faces often glowing from recently imbibed potations;—in a word, take San Francisco all in all, it is a most extraordinary mosaic, impossible to describe correctly.

There is no great display of public buildings at San Francisco. The churches are very few in number, and by no means handsome. No lofty spire arises towards heaven in a town filled only with all that is earthly; a few places dedicated to the worship of God are fitted up in old ships lying in the harbour, but, truth to tell, the worshippers seem to be very scanty in number. Nor are the theatres in general particularly handsome on the outside; the "Jenny Lind Theatre," however, is a substantial stone building, of good proportions, and tolerably fair architectural design. But even the histrionic art is not much valued in a place where the price-current and the auction catalogue are the most approved studies. Nor does literature flourish here: the very newspapers are filled with the most barefaced advertisements and impudent puffs, all inserted in the hope of gaining money. Every house is provided with numerous water-buckets, to be filled in case of fire; a misfortune which has so often occurred (generally the work of incendiaries), that every precaution is now taken to guard against it. Within the above-mentioned Jenny Lind Theatre is an open space, in the centre of which is erected a high tribune; a sort of court of judicature is held here, where justice is dispensed in a very summary way. For the administration of the laws in San Francisco partakes of the same fortuitous nature that prevails in all else. People seem to be convinced of the truth of the old saying, "*Summum jus summa injuria*," and to be of the same way of thinking as the well-known professor at Upsala, who remarked, "Justice, my friend, is relative." Law is one of the most expensive articles of luxury here; one cannot offer a lawyer less than twenty dollars for an hour's consultation. Until lately there was no regular police in the town, and as robbery and murder were the order of the day, several of the more respectable individuals formed themselves into a "Committee of Safety." Thieves were caught, murderers were imprisoned, and many a scoundrel whom the mighty arm of the law could not reach, was hung without ceremony on the nearest lamp-post. Lynch law was resorted to with all its terrible severity, with all its fearful haste, leaving not a moment for one parting prayer—but to it must thanks be given that safety is now almost insured. One can—I tried it myself—leave one's luggage in the street, on the wharf, on a steam-boat, or in any other public place, and find it again uninjured in the same spot. The police, however, are now well organised, as strong, and as much upon the alert as in any European town.

But the gambling-houses, which abound here, still retain their lawless character. It is sad to visit these nests of iniquity—these torture-chambers

of the soul! How often has not laboriously earned gold been swallowed up in the abyss of the gambling-table! How often has not the sight of the empty purse led to despair and guilt! It is not for amusement's or form's sake that yon players are girded with wide belts, from which protrude the muzzles of pistols and revolvers. Not unfrequently are these carried to settle with the unfair bankers, who are likewise armed; and instances have been known where no less than six shots have been fired before the dispute has ended by the one being bespattered with the heart's blood of the other. But the fatal weapons are not always turned against the false bankers, who, besides the many artifices in which they are so well skilled, often enter into secret plots with the restaurateurs to drug the drink of the customers, that plunder may be carried on the more easily, and without any fear of punishment. How frequently have not these pistols been pointed by their owners against themselves! Here, as in every place where the demon of play renders man less rational than the brutes, all that remains sometimes of the promising youth who had quitted his kindred and his friends to labour for a competence to be enjoyed in future years, of the once respectable man, or fine fellow, who, in the delirium of gambling, has forgotten wife and child, is a raving maniac, or a blood-stained corpse.

My impressions of San Francisco, I do not deny, were in the highest degree displeasing, nay, revolting. Everything savours of a race against time, of a craving for gain, of the grasp of avarice, and of fraud, imposture, or illusion. No incentive is found here but the love of money; the glitter of gold outshines everything else. Mammon is the idol to which all sacrifice here, and in whose service men put forth all their energies, and even become clever and wise.

We fell in here with some Swedes, who received us with the greatest hospitality, and to whom the arrival of a frigate from their dear native home was as unexpected a pleasure as the sight of our countrymen in this distant land was to ourselves. We were told that above five hundred Swedes had emigrated to this country; and though some of these were leading lives by no means reputable, the greater number were engaged in honest and thriving business, and were far from casting any slur upon the Swedish name.

During our stay at San Francisco, which was about twelve days, two events engaged the public attention, and as they were characteristic of America I shall briefly mention them. The one was the election of President of the United States; flags waved in all directions, placards were affixed everywhere, and the salutes, expressive of the public joy, were so energetic, that panes of glass were broken in a great many windows. But three days after this outburst of enthusiasm, arrived the intelligence of the death of Henry Clay, the great statesman and eloquent speaker. The signboards were immediately covered with crape, and the shops and houses were hung with black; the flags were hoisted half-mast high, and many of the inhabitants put on mourning, as they do with us on the occasion of a monarch's death. Yet it was merely a citizen without a long line of ancestry, without high official position, without military renown, and without wealth, who had descended into the grave. But still it was a patriot of whom his native country was proud, because his whole life had been devoted to promote its good; it was a name honoured over the whole extent of the republic; and from north to south, from the Atlantic

to the Pacific, every one grieved for his loss and cherished his memory. What a spur to the exertion of individuals, when a whole country can thus unite to bear witness to the superiority of one man!

Heartily tired of San Francisco, I longed to visit the interior of the country, where I might behold a little of North American scenery, and where I might acquire some knowledge of the gold-digging, which had lured so many from their homes. Accordingly, I betook myself one afternoon to the "Pacific Wharf," where three steamers were about to start for Sacramento. In Europe, steam-boats generally take their departure in the morning, so that the passengers should have daylight to see the shores they are passing. But here, in this land of business, the travelling is done by night, that not a moment of the day may be lost which might be employed in money-making. I speedily found myself on board the *Antelope*—but, heavens! in what company! I fancied myself cast into a modern Noah's ark, where, though there was no zoological museum, there was a veritable ethnographical cabinet, with specimens from all parts of the world—amongst them oddities of all kinds. After some time and trouble in threading my way through the dense crowd with their strange physiognomies, I succeeded in finding a place on deck whereon to stretch myself, among a knot of jabbering Chinese, who had their portmanteaus for their pillows. I had left all my professional dignity behind with my messmates in the *Eugenie*, and neither myself nor my purse were the worse for this. Travelling in California is extremely expensive; a journey of eight days will cost as much here as would be spent in six months' travelling in Sweden.

We steered up the bay, whose north-east corner forms the mouth of the mighty Sacramento river. From the islands which we passed uprose millions of birds, scared by the sound of the steamer. The coast was lofty and imposing, but bare and ugly. We passed close to the town of VALLEJO, where a general of the same name lived some few years ago like a little king, and, rich in his immense droves of cattle, undertook to build a metropolis, with public offices, and a college, but he was nearly ruined by the speculation, and was reduced, if not to positive beggary, at least to comparative poverty. We touched at Benicia, a Californian military station, and shortly after we found ourselves in the river, which is about as broad as the Thames at London, or the Rhine at Cologne. The shores here are low, and thickly lined with willows, among which are mingled tall poplar-trees; on either side stretch apparently interminable green plains, that seem only lost in the distant horizon. Farther up, the river becomes narrower, and the coast higher; and here and there the appearance of a dwelling-house shows that the country is not uninhabited. How different, in the course of a few years, may not these immense plains become, if cultivated by industrious agriculturists, who will seek to find their wealth from other productions than gold, and will exchange the hammer and spade of the gold-digger for the quiet plough! Thriving towns will then embellish the banks of this majestic river, and there, where but a few years ago the beaver built undisturbed and unobserved his curious dwelling, will roll the mighty stream of human population.

We arrived at Sacramento at about three o'clock in the morning, and I availed myself of the dawning light of day to look about me a little in this new scene.

FRANCE UNDER LOUIS XVIII.*

WE have already seen by what a curious chain of circumstances the fate of Marshal Marmont became attached to that of the Bourbons, and it is gratifying to find, in the present volume, that he served his new master more faithfully than he had done the old. The main cause for this may be found in the fact that his vanity was flattered by the representatives of the ancient régime; and he found himself suddenly a great man among the countless small celebrities who aspired to power as the reward for their fidelity. The provisional government which was established between the abdication of Napoleon and the return of Louis was entrusted to men entirely subservient to personal interests, and quite innocent of any generous or patriotic feelings. The principal actor among them was M. de Talleyrand, and any description of his character would be superfluous at the present day. He was neither so bad nor so capable a man as people have thought proper to represent him. His experience of mankind enabled him to invent new methods of corruption unknown before his time; but although well suited for any crafty piece of diplomacy, he was perfectly useless as the head of a government. He was, in short, a most useful instrument in the hands of an established authority, but he never was suited to take the initiative, owing to his want of firmness. The other members of the government were mere nonentities, whose very existence is forgotten at the present day. Hence it is not surprising that grievous errors were committed. In the first place, they quite neglected the army, which had been the first to recognise their authority. The consequence was, that the desertion from the ranks assumed such gigantic proportions, that Marmont became seriously alarmed for the safety of the nation, and consulted Marshals Ney and Macdonald on the subject. They agreed in his views, and demanded a conference with the provisional government. After numerous delays, Marmont succeeded in obtaining an interview, which ended in his threatening to throw the Abbé Louis out of window for using improper language to him. It is needless to add, that this very soon broke up the conference, and the condition of the army remained a moot point.

Another subject which troubled Marmont at this period was the retention of the tricolor cockade. Talleyrand was of the contrary opinion; and although Marmont received a promise from the Emperor Alexander that an article should appear in the *Moniteur* to the effect that the white cockade had been employed as a sign of momentary rallying, but that, as the whole of France was now agreed on the return of the Bourbons, it would give way to the colours beneath which such great deeds had been achieved, Talleyrand gained the day in the following fashion:

The provisional government wrote to Marshal Jourdan, commanding at Rouen, that my corps d'armée had assumed the white cockade, which was not the case, and he, at the same instant, issued a general order that it should be worn by his troops. When I returned to this point, they replied that I was

* *Memoires du Maréchal Marmont. Vol. VII. Paris: Perrotin.*

very tenacious, for the *doyen* of the armies of the republic had given the example. Marshal Jourdan had no idea of the part he was coaxed into playing; he had not foreseen that he would become the instrument of the émigrés. This great change, whose consequences were so grave, was, therefore, effected by a species of jugglery. Faithful to my convictions, I retained this cockade, and wore it when I went to meet Monsieur at the barrière on the 12th April. The next day, as not a single person still adhered to it, I took it off.

On the arrival of Monsieur he was received with the utmost enthusiasm, not emanating, however, from any affection for the Bourbons, for that generation hardly knew their name. The favourable reception merely expressed the feeling of weariness felt with the fallen power, whose oppression during the last years had been unendurable. The presence of the Bourbons seemed, consequently, to afford a guarantee of a species of freedom for the future. In the mean while, the man who had once been the idol of France was gnawing his heartstrings at Fontainebleau, whence he set out for Elba, accompanied by commissioners representing the various sovereigns of Europe. From the report of Count Waldburg-Truchsess, representative of Prussia, we are enabled to furnish some curious details about his journey to the coast:

About a quarter of a league on the other side of Orgon, Napoleon thought it indispensable to take the precaution of disguising himself: he put on a shabby blue great-coat, a civilian's hat with a white cockade, and mounted a post-horse to gallop before his carriage, thus wishing to pass for a courier. As we could not keep up with him, we arrived at St. Canal some considerable time after him. Ignorant of the means he had employed to conceal himself from the people, we fancied him in the greatest danger, for his carriage was surrounded by furious men trying to open the doors; they were, fortunately, securely closed, and this saved General Bertrand. The obstinacy of the women astounded us still more; they begged us to give him up to them, saying, "He has so well deserved it, that we only ask what is right."

At about two miles from St. Canal we caught up the emperor's carriage, which soon after stopped at a poor inn situated on the high road, and called "La Calade." We followed it, and here learned for the first time the masquerade he had employed, by means of which he had arrived here in safety. He had only been accompanied by one courier, and his suite, from the general down to the *marmiteux*, had mounted the white cockade, with which they must have provided themselves beforehand. His valet-de-chambre came to meet us, and begged us to address the emperor as Colonel Campbell, for he had passed himself off to the hostess as such. We promised to do so, and I was the first to enter a sort of bedroom, where I was struck to find the former sovereign of the world plunged in profound reflections, and resting his head on his hands. I did not recognise him at first, and drew near him. He started up on hearing a footstep. He made me a sign to say nothing, ordered me to sit down near him, and all the time the hostess was in the room he only spoke of indifferent matters. But when she went out he returned to his old position. I considered it advisable to leave him alone, but he begged us to come in at intervals, that his presence might not be suspected.

We told him that we had been informed Colonel Campbell had passed through this very place the previous day for Toulon, so then he resolved to take the name of Lord Burgherst.

We sat down to table; but as the dinner had not been prepared by his own cooks, he could not make up his mind to take any nourishment, through fear of being poisoned. Still, on seeing us eat with good appetite, he was ashamed to let us see the fears which assailed him, and took everything that was offered him: he pretended to taste it, but sent away his plate without tasting. His

dinner was composed of some bread, and a bottle of wine, which was fetched from his carriage, and shared with us.

He spoke a great deal, and was remarkably amiable. When we were alone, he explained to us how he believed his life was in danger; he was persuaded that the French government had taken measures to have him carried off or assassinated. A thousand projects crossed his mind about the manner in which he could save himself. He devised schemes, too, to deceive the townspeople at Aix, for we had been advised a large crowd was awaiting him at the post-station. He then declared he thought it best to return to Lyons, and there select another route by which to reach Italy. We could in no case have assented to this project, and we tried to induce him to travel direct to Toulon, or *via* Digne to Fréjus. We strove to convince him it was impossible that the French government could have formed such perfidious plans against his safety without instructing us, and that the populace, in spite of the indecent language it employed, would not be guilty of a crime of such a nature. In order to persuade us then how well-founded his apprehensions were, he told us what had passed between him and the hostess, who had not recognised him. "Well," she said to him, "have you met Bonaparte?" "No," he had replied. "I am curious," she continued, "to see whether he can save himself. I still believe the people will massacre him; and it must be allowed he has well deserved it, the rascal. Tell me then, is he going to embark for his island?" "Yes." "He will be drowned, eh?" "I hope so," Napoleon replied. "You see, therefore," he added, "to what danger I am exposed."

Then he began to weary us once more with his fears and want of resolution. He begged us even to examine whether there was not a masked door by which he could escape, or if the window, the shutters of which he had closed on arriving, were too high for him to jump out, and so escape. The window was protected by iron bars outside, and I placed him in a state of great embarrassment by communicating this discovery. At the least noise he trembled and changed colour. After dinner we left him to his reflections, entering the room from time to time, according to his expressed desire.

A good many persons had collected at this inn; the majority had come from Aix, suspecting that our lengthened stay was occasioned by the presence of the emperor. We tried to make them believe that he had gone before us; but they would not listen to our statements. They assured us they did not wish to do him any harm, but only see what effect his misfortunes had produced on him; at the most they would only address a few reproaches to him, or tell him the truth, which he had so rarely heard. We did all we could to turn them from this design, and succeeded in calming them. A person, who appeared to us a man of some social station, offered to maintain order and tranquillity at Aix, if we would entrust him with a letter to the mayor of that town. General Koller communicated this offer to the emperor, who received it with pleasure. This person was sent with a letter to the magistrate, and returned with the assurance that excellent arrangements had been made by the mayor, which would prevent all disturbance. General Scherwaloff's aide-de-camp came to tell us that the people who had collected in the streets had almost all retired, and the emperor resolved to start at midnight.

Through an exaggerated prudence he took fresh measures to evade recognition. He induced General Scherwaloff's aide-de-camp to put on the blue great-coat and hat, in which he had himself arrived at the inn, in order, doubtlessly, that, in case of need, he might pass for him. Bonaparte, who had now decided on passing as an Austrian colonel, put on General Koller's uniform and the St. Theresa order the general wore, put my travelling-cap on his head, and wrapped himself in General Scherwaloff's cloak. After the commissioners of the allied powers had thus equipped him, the carriages were ordered to the door, but, before going down stairs, we rehearsed in our room the order in which we were to proceed. General Drouot opened the procession; then came the *soi-disant* emperor, General Scherwaloff's aide-de-camp, then General Koller, the

emperor, General Scherwaloff, and myself, who had the honour of forming the rear-guard, to which the emperor's suite tacked itself on.

Thus we passed through the baffled crowd, who took extreme pains to try and discover among us the man whom they called *their tyrant*. The aide-de-camp took Napoleon's place in his carriage, and the emperor set off with General Koller in his calèche. A few gendarmes, sent to Aix by the mayor's orders, dissolved the crowd which tried to surround us, and we continued our journey in perfect safety.

But though the emperor had been removed, the *début* of the Bourbons was attended by great difficulties, and at the outset Monsieur was guilty of an act calculated to alienate the affection of the nation. On the 25th of April he signed a treaty by which France gave back fifty-four strong places, defended by 10,000 guns, which she still held in Germany, Poland, Italy, and Belgium. It seemed, in fact, as if they desired to prevent the desires of the sovereigns of Europe, and that the surplus beyond what they regarded as their patrimony was oppressive to them; in short, that they thought it beneath them to be the successors of Napoleon, instead of the heirs of Louis XVI. And yet, had it not been for Napoleon, what would have become of their patrimony? The great qualities which Napoleon was endowed with, enabled him to master the Revolution and re-establish the throne. Had it not been for the reckless way he followed the dictates of his ambition, he would, probably, never have handed it over to the Bourbons; but, at any rate, they should have felt gratitude towards him for the faithful way in which he managed and improved their hereditary property. They were led by their *entourage*; and, as the path suggested harmonised most fully with their private feelings, they paved the way unconsciously for their own downfall. Time, that healing salve, has enabled Frenchmen to judge dispassionately of the Bourbons and the Bonapartes; and the present dynasty is sufficient proof of the judgment they have passed on history.

Marmont speaks very disparagingly of the émigrés who returned to France with the Bourbons, and in this only endorses the general opinion entertained of them. It is true they were conversant with the usages of society, polished in their manners, and kind in their conversation; on the other hand, they were greedy, egotistic, frequently without talent or elevated sentiments, utterly ignorant of business, men, and things; but not without a certain degree of importance, owing to their skill in detecting the passions of their master whom they combined to flatter. The only exception was M. de Blacas, whose portrait Marmont thus sketches:

M. de Blacas was born in 1772, of a very old Provençal family, but had no fortune. Tall and well made, endowed with external advantages, smiled upon by elderly ladies, and of very frivolous character, he started in life with the profession of *homme aimable*, and his success dispensed with his seeking a career. The Revolution having forced him to emigrate at a very early age, he lived at first by trade, and his decided taste for the fine arts fixed his residence in Italy. At Florence he acted as cicerone to M. d'Avaray, who was all-powerful with Louis XVIII. Pleased with his intelligence, and touched by his position, M. d'Avaray took him back with him as secretary. From that moment he lived with the king, whom he only quitted during the Emigration for short intervals. On the death of M. d'Avaray, he succeeded to his post, and was thus entrusted with the management of the king's modest fortune, and the direction of the few political affairs in which his position allowed him to mix. The king never felt any attraction towards him. This pedantry in trifling matters rendered him

personally disagreeable, and the inferiority of his mind and education singularly injured the consideration he enjoyed with the king.

Such was M. de Blacas in 1814, at the period of the king's return. His position, however, gave him importance; and the spirit of currying favour, unfortunately so common and active in France, added much to it. M. de Blacas, endowed with a narrow mind, but sufficiently just in all that did not affect his prejudices, and possessing intense pride, was the type of the émigrés of Coblenz. He shared their self-sufficiency and contempt for all that was not themselves. The Empire and its brilliancy had passed away, without affecting him. He had not taken it into account, for France, in his eyes, had not ceased to exist at Stockwell. . . . After tracing the defects of M. de Blacas, I must add that his character was not deficient in truth or a certain dignity: his word deserved confidence. M. de Blacas, often accused wrongfully of the faults of the government, which every man of position knew belonged to Louis XVIII., never tried to justify himself. He repeatedly took on himself all that might have injured the king. But his pride and unbounded insolence spoiled his good qualities. In reference to him, a very clever man said that he knew nothing worse than *parvenus* with a long line of ancestry.

He soon contrived to accumulate an immense fortune. In 1814, it was founded by a share of the farming of the gaming tables; and in 1815, on returning from Ghent, the king, who was obliged to leave him at Mons, left in his hands seven or eight millions which he no longer required. M. de Blacas put them to good interest, and saved a great deal of money when sent as envoy to Rome. In 1819, on M. Decazes becoming all-powerful, he arrived suddenly at Paris, under the excuse of affairs connected with the Concordat; and, it is said, refused to go back till that sum was regularly settled on him. This version is the only one that can explain the fortune he left, which at his death amounted to fifteen millions.*

Louis XVIII. set out with immense success in his new career. He bought friends by cheap compliments and gracefully-turned allusions. Thus, on seeing that Marmont still carried his arm in a scarf, he hoped that it would soon recover its strength to serve the king. Bernadotte, too, came to pay his court, and in his strong Gascon accent said to our author, "My dear Marmont, when a man has commanded in ten battles, he belongs to the family of kings." At the same time he gave Monsieur an excellent piece of advice, when he told him that a hand of steel, clothed in a velvet glove, was required to govern the French. But, in spite of his good advice, Bernadotte remained only a few days at court, for the following reasons :

During the campaign of 1814, General Maison, afterwards made a marshal by Charles X., commanded a *corps d'armée* in Flanders, opposed to the army of the Prince Royal of Sweden. Maison had been for a long time confidential aide-de-camp to Bernadotte. He entered into secret relations with him, and tried to move him by showing the misfortunes to which France was a prey. Bernadotte felt them, and entered into Maison's ideas, finally declaring, in writing to Maison, that he was ready to embrace the cause of France with his army. He would disarm the Prussian corps under his orders, and join our ranks with his Swedes. The only condition he made was a written promise from Napoleon, by which the emperor pledged himself to secure Bernadotte a kingdom, in case his conduct deprived him of his claims to the throne of Sweden. Napoleon, on being informed of these proposals, gladly accepted them, but with the restriction that

* We must add, in defence of M. de Blacas, that Véron, in the third volume of his *Mémoires d'un Bourgeois*, states that, after the Revolution of 1830, the Duke of Blacas offered Charles X. the fortune which he owed to the kindness of the royal family.

the pledge should be signed by his brother Joseph, and not by himself. This was declaring positively enough his intention of freeing himself personally from any obligation. Of course, such a condition put an end to the negotiation. Napoleon, possessed of Bernadotte's handwriting, suffered it to fall into the hands of the Emperor Alexander. When Bernadotte paid his respects to the latter at Paris, he was received in a most freezing manner. Alexander gave him back the damning paper, with the remark that, as he never would forget his conduct in 1812, he would dismiss from his mind all recollection of this last fault, and would never mention it to him again, but requested Bernadotte, at the same time, to leave Paris as soon as possible.*

Marmont received information that Talleyrand was negotiating a contract with Ouvrard to feed and keep 30,000 Russians, who were intended to remain in Paris for several years. He immediately proceeded to the king, who, to his credit, jumped up from his easy-chair, exclaiming, "Good Heavens! what infamy!" After a lengthened conversation, he thanked Marmont for his zeal, and begged him to come and give him good advice, in these words, strange enough in a royal mouth: "You must feel that the man who holds the handle of the frying-pan is often greatly embarrassed, and has a good deal to think about before deciding on what steps to take; but the opinions of an honest man are always worth knowing." Another great mistake was committed by the royalist party: a portion of the Old Guard was garrisoned in Paris, and they mounted guard as before at the palace; but they were dismissed, and their duties performed by a detachment of cavalry from the National Guard, composed of young gentlemen, who came to offer their services and ask employment. Had the Bourbons reflected, they would have found a good omen for the future in the fact that these veteran soldiers hastened to rally round their sovereign. It was, consequently, unjust to deprive them of a right which they had acquired at the price of their blood, and unwise to render them dissatisfied. Had the Old Guard been devoted to the sovereign, the rest of the army would have followed, for, when the head is satisfied, the rest may be easily contented. But, as if determined to array the entire army against him, Louis XVIII. restored the old Gardes du Corps—a body of officers performing the duties of privates. They were selected from young men of family who had not served, and the rumour soon spread that all the general officers of the army would be dismissed, causing great dissatisfaction naturally, and a great amount of regret for past times, when a commission was the reward of brave deeds in the field, and not the accidental appanage of noble birth. But before proceeding further, let us give a sketch of Louis XVIII. in Marmont's words:

Louis XVIII. was a composite of very opposite qualities and defects. He presented the greatest contrasts in his habits and his character. Having adopted some new ideas, he had something of the *doctinaire* about him; but his habits and manners were quite of Versailles, and reminded me of his early years. Thus a perpetual combat was going on in his mind between the necessities in which he was placed, his opinions, and his tastes. These conflicts frequently rendered the progress of his government uncertain and vacillating. His mind, a great deal too much lauded, and, in reality, far from extensive, was often incorrect. His

* This very pretty anecdote Marmont assures us he had from Marshal Maison's aide-de-camp, who informed him that the marshal made no secret of the affair, but repeatedly spoke about it.

prodigious memory and his immense literary education gave him the means to perform the most extraordinary *tours de force*, and dazzle his audience; but he was frequently incompetent for the slightest discussion. His brain, adapted to retain everything, produced nothing. His character possessed moderation, but little frankness and sufficient kindness. He had seductiveness in his manners, grace in his language, and a power and authority in his look, which I never found to such an extent in others. He was known to be weak, and for all that he was imposing. He was generous enough, and even grand and delicate in bestowing his bounty. His Bourbon pride was so exaggerated and absurd, that, though he owed so much to the sovereigns of Europe, he presumed on two occasions to take the *pas* of them in his own palace. Once when the Emperor of Austria, the Emperor Alexander, and the King of Prussia were dining with him, he seated himself at table before them. On another occasion, when they went into a balcony to see the troops defile, he had a fauteuil placed for himself and chairs for them. The sovereigns remained standing, and it was supposed that the king was seated in the easy-chair in consequence of his infirmities.

Solemn as he was in petty matters, Louis XVIII. fancied he could produce admiration by phrases pretentiously uttered, but often very absurd. His organisation was incomplete and strange. With a good head and stomach, the rest of his body was so badly adapted, that at an early age he could scarce walk. It is known, in other respects, with what parsimony and rigour nature treated him; but, spite of that, he made great pretension to faculties he never possessed. . . . He was fond of licentious stories. . . . As he had seen much, he knew a host of anecdotes, which he told pleasantly. But those who, like myself, were personally near him for a long period, knew them by heart; and though he could not have been ignorant of this, he never spared us. He was eminently polite, and played the host to perfection.

He was pedantic, and wished to be rhetorical in his way of expressing himself, and yet he was not a perfect French scholar. I have heard him say so himself; and though he certainly spoke very well, he was in the right, for I remarked now and then faults in his language. His character was weak, and he required to be governed; but he had the first degree of strength, which renders a man faithful and obedient to the person whom he has chosen as a master. The height of weakness is to belong to the last person who speaks to us. He had a horror of forming a decision: it was a perfect punishment to him. Thus a skilful minister could not do better than offer him solutions ready made. When doubts were offered to his notice, he fell into a degree of indecision which often deferred a pressing result. They succeeded in obtaining his assent, but in a less advantageous manner. It was necessary to say to him, "Sire, such and such a thing must be done: there can be no hesitation, it is a clear affair." And then all was immediately settled.

Louis XVIII. was rather a man of sense than a man of talent. He had generous feelings in his heart, and goodness, when the passions of his *entourage* did not prevent him showing himself as he really was. His natural indolence, like his infirmities, agreed with the moderation of his character. He was not in the slightest superstitious, and his religious habits were rather the result of etiquette than of faith and conviction. He was not deficient in courage, but he possessed that passive courage peculiar to the Bourbons. His death was worthy of admiration. This prince was great and strong in those circumstances where so many men are weak: he saw his end approach with a calmness and resignation which inspired me at the period with profound admiration. At the moment of this great trial he displayed the stoicism of an ancient philosopher.

About this time Marmont was suffering doubly—in purse and in reputation; for his wife had left with a separation of *corps et biens*, while the most odious calumnies, as he calls them, were published with reference to his conduct at the surrender of Paris. We need not enter into any

examination of these purely personal matters, for our opinion as to the latter accusation would probably clash with that of our author; but we will proceed to the narrative of the events which preceded the return of Napoleon to regain his own. During the winter of 1814-15, several signs were visible that the agitation of minds in France was on the increase. An insurrection broke out at Lille and other towns in favour of the Duke of Orleans, while Napoleon sowed disaffection in all quarters, in which he was powerfully seconded by Marshal Soult, who neglected no measures which could produce general discontent. Napoleon cleverly took advantage of all these movements, but Marmont seems of opinion that there was no especial plot in his behalf. The reasons which may be assumed to have directed his views to France may be summarised as follows. He was acquainted with the public discontent, and knew that, with reference to himself, the discontent of yesterday in France is effaced by the discontent of the morrow. He had also been informed that the Bourbons had entrusted the authority to the most incompetent persons. The ministry of marine, the most important of all, in consequence of the surveillance to be maintained over Elba, was given to M. Beugnot, a most frivolous and incapable man. The police was in the hands of an honest man, but unfitted to detect culpable intentions. Lastly, M. de Talleyrand's obstinacy at the Congress of Vienna to deprive Murat of the kingdom of Naples, having induced the latter to set his army in motion, rumours of war had originated. The French government, being much disturbed by this, sent off fifty thousand men to the Alpine frontier, as a corps of observation. It is evident, from these considerations, that Napoleon was not mistaken when he decided on trying his fortune once again.

The confusion which this bold step produced in Paris was unexampled: Monsieur set out for Lyons, accompanied by the Duke of Orleans and the Duke of Tarento. Large bodies of troops were concentrated in that city, and the bridges over the Rhône only required to be blown up in order to check Napoleon's progress. Monsieur, however, was so moved by the tears of the mayor, that he saved the bridges and ruined himself. The royalists were soon very glad to beat an overhasty and not very dignified retreat. In the mean while, Marmont was pressing the king to take a very hazardous step—to shut himself up in the Tuileries, which would be put in a state of defence, and then beard the lion. It is a curious speculation as to what would have been the result of such a step; at any rate, it seems to us that Marmont was here laying a trap for his royal master, which he had the cleverness to avoid. With such a material guarantee in his hands, Marmont could have soon made his peace with his outraged benefactor, and not have been obliged to become one of those five hundred faithful servants who shared the exile of the count at Ghent, and one of the fifty thousand who returned from that city. The answer to this proposition, which Marmont received at second-hand, is one of the wittiest things Louis XVIII. ever said: "You wish me, I suppose, to seat myself in a curule chair (in allusion to the capture of Rome by Brennus). I am not of that opinion or temper."

Marmont, we are glad to see, is ready to apologise for Ney's conduct, though he justly reprehends his promise to bring back Napoleon in an iron cage. He seems of opinion that Ney left Paris in good faith, and

really intended to serve the king. But the feelings of his troops, that magic which ever accompanies the name and person of a chieftain under whom a man has served for many years, and lastly, the counsels of those who were near him, led him astray, and decided his conduct. How bitterly he expiated it, we all know; and though we may regret the execution of a misguided man, we have no right to find fault with the sentence passed on him. It was absolutely necessary that an example should be instituted, and no one, probably, could have been a more dangerous traitor than Ney, owing to the prestige of his name with the army.

Among other strange and rather suspicious suggestions proposed in this time of aberration, when every person's advice was asked but none followed, Soult proposed to collect all the officers living on half-pay residing in Paris, and form them into a corps, armed with muskets, to oppose Napoleon. Marmont quietly accused Soult to the king of being a traitor; but then, what was one among so many? At this moment, when no one could make up his mind what course to steer, each marshal tried to secure for himself a stock of political capital, based on the very narrowest platform of patriotic feeling. The king, however, did not think proper to tell any one what he proposed doing, but led them astray, till the time arrived when he decided on quitting the kingdom. No opposition was offered him, except by Marmont, who hankered for his stay in France, and even proposed Havre as his place of refuge, which he proposed to defend with the royal household! When the king declined this offer, Dunkirk was proposed, with equal want of success, and the king set off to Ghent, accompanied by about 300 *gardes du corps* and others. M. de Blacas then proposed they should retire to England, because, as Marmont charitably supposes, he wished to make sure of the fortune he had acquired during the ten months of his administration. If the king had followed his advice, he would probably have lost his crown for ever; however, fortunately for himself, he followed his own counsel, which proved the best.

Another thing that aided the royal cause materially was, that Napoleon had rather precipitated matters by not waiting until the Congress of Vienna had been dissolved. On the other hand, after arriving in Paris, he ruined his cause by his dilatoriness. It must be remembered that the army and not the nation had recalled Napoleon, and the army alone constituted his strength. Had he set out at once to recapture what have been called the natural frontiers of France, he would have succeeded almost without a blow, and have incorporated the Belgian army of 30,000 men, which had so recently constituted a portion of the French forces. Had he done this, conscripts would have rushed in search of what Sir F. Head would call "booty, beauty, and revenge." It seems a strange thing, it is true, to reproach Napoleon with not fighting; but under these circumstances he was wrong. The truth of the matter was, he was no longer the Napoleon of Austerlitz; he foreboded evil from the outset of the campaign, and did not strive to conceal it from his intimate friends. Decrès surprised him lost in reverie, from which he awoke, uttering the remarkable words, "*Et puis cela ira comme cela pourra!*"

As a curious instance of the carelessness which the Bourbon ministers displayed, we may mention that M. de Blacas left the whole of the papers in the king's cabinet, carefully sorted and docketed. Among them was

the correspondence between the king and his correspondents in France during the emigration, and, more important still, the secret treaty drawn up by France, England, and Austria, against Russia, in the event of the Emperor Alexander persisting in his designs on Poland. This treaty Napoleon sent to Alexander, in the hope of detaching him from the alliance; but it was of no assistance to him.

We will not venture to say a word on the battle of Waterloo; such an infinity of opinions have already been published on this moot point, that we can afford to pass over Marmont's. We may say, in two words, that though opposed to Napoleon, he was still a Frenchman; and though he does not go so far as to prove that it was a French victory, he tries very hard to show that it ought to have been won. It was all Grouchy's fault, but he had to expiate his fault in taking the Duke of Angoulême prisoner during the hundred days, and causing him to run a risk of his life. Of course, too, Marmont goes into a laboured comparison of Davoust's capitulation of Paris, and his own of the previous year; but this need not detain us; we will rather follow the king on his road to Paris, where he arrived under the protection of British bayonets, and animated with a very wholesome degree of reverence for his turbulent nation. Fouché, who was appointed minister of police much against the king's wish, secured him a favourable reception, and soon after hoped for his reward in a peerage. But the king was obstinate, and replied: "When under the pressure of circumstances, a king may be forced to take such a man as minister, on the condition of getting rid of him again soon; but it would not do to give him a permanent position by admitting him to the Chamber of Peers." The last public act of Napoleon on his arrival in Paris was to summon Davoust, and tell him that he required a levy of 400,000 men. Davoust brutally replied, "You will not have them, and you can no longer reign." The Duke of Vicenza refused him the horses he asked for: such was the gratitude he received from men whom he had overloaded with favours! Amidst such gross ingratitude, we are glad to find that Marmont did not engage at all in the campaign; and he must have felt a degree of pride on being told that Napoleon had expressed his belief that his old friend was incapable of such infamy as fighting against his greatest benefactor. One more anecdote and we take leave of Napoleon, so far as Marmont is concerned:

Before entering on the campaign of 1815, Napoleon asked General Bernard, head of the topographical department, for the map of France as well as those of the northern frontier. His mania for large maps was exaggerated, and, he added, "Have you nothing larger than this?"

"No, sire; it is the only map which can be consulted, for it is on the same scale as that of the Low Countries."

"And that is the whole of France?"

"Yes, sire."

He contemplated it for some minutes with folded arms, and said, "Pauvre France! ce n'est pas l'affaire d'un déjeuner!"

With the return of the king, severe measures were instituted against the *régicides relaps*, as those persons were called who had accepted any office during the Hundred Days. In this, as in everything else, the royalists committed grave errors; more especially in trying to institute degrees of criminality among the troops. It must not be forgotten that

the majority of the faithful adherents had merely not served against the king because Napoleon was not willing to employ them ; hence it was naturally remarked, on seeing the men who were loaded with favours, " If we must resemble those individuals, in order to be distinguished by the Bourbons, we do not require their favours." Hence, there was a general feeling that honour was a disgrace, which was a bad omen for the foundation of authority. The army, which had fallen back on the Loire, formed a compact mass, but Louis XVIII. preferred the protection afforded him by foreigners to that of his countrymen. The army was disbanded, and the mournful task was entrusted to Marshal Gouvion de St. Cyr. The infantry corps received the name of legions, because it was intended to attach to each of them a detachment of cavalry and artillery. This Marmont calls an absurd scheme, because, though it is true that, in war, the arms must be mixed, it has been proved by experience that the arms must be separated during peace for the sake of the requisite instruction. If this view be correct, our proposed camp will not perform the services anticipated from them. Before the new organisation was proceeded with, one hundred and fifty thousand old soldiers were disbanded, and peaceably returned to their homes without the slightest disorder. The following remark of Marmont's on the subject of the occupation appears to us to contain considerable truth :

It is impossible, at this point, to refrain from making a comparison between the two Restorations. In the first, a large portion of the conquered country was taken from us ; still, some fragments remained to us. In the second, even the territory of ancient France was assailed, and all exertions were made to lay open our frontier, to place us at the mercy of those who might wish to attack us. In 1814, not a single object of art was removed, not one of our trophies retaken, and the victors respected the property which victory alone had given us. In 1815, everything was carried off, and the enemy went even so far as to make arrangements to destroy the monuments of public utility, on account of the names they bore (the bridges of Austerlitz and Jena), as if they could compel time to retrograde and efface the reminiscences of history. In 1814, property was respected, and no contribution imposed as reprisal for the immense sums we had raised in Europe for ten years, and the ravages which everywhere marked our passage. In 1815, nearly two milliards were transferred from our coffers into those of the foreigners. The Bourbons were received on the first occasion with joy and hope ; on the second, as a necessity. The circumstances of the first Restoration were due to the prompt manner in which the country severed itself from the interests of Napoleon. It was, therefore, perfectly patriotic ; and even if there were corruption and private interest among some leaders, all was generosity among the masses. In the second, a powerful faction having been substituted for the nation, the necessity to overthrow it served as a pretext for vengeance and cupidity. This faction, which frequently described itself as animated with the most patriotic sentiments, never thought of any one save itself.

A man, by calling himself a right thinker, was ready for anything. The same individual would solicit the command of a regiment, a sous-préfecture, or a judgeship. The confusion was immeasurable, but such a state of things produced the natural results. The administration was entrusted to the most incompetent men ; the regimental colonels were selected from men who had never served, and the tribunals, after a pretended purification, were filled with passionate partisans. But Marmont had one fortunate event happen to him : although he was deprived of his possessions in Hanover, Westphalia, and Pomerania, he trusted to the

generosity of the Emperor of Austria to allow him to retain his estates in Illyria. The emperor displayed a degree of liberality of which we should hardly have thought a Hapsburg capable. He immediately acknowledged Marmont's claim to them, and also ordered the whole of the back rents to be paid him. This little matter being thus satisfactorily settled, Marmont of course had to think of the best way to spend the money, and eventually decided on sinking it in agriculture. In this laudable design he was perfectly successful, and consummated his ruin by setting a number of forges to work, in which his money went like—smoke.

Ney and Labédoyère had been executed, and the turn came for Lavalette to mount the scaffold. Marmont made great exertions to save him, and even risked the king's displeasure by introducing his wife into the palace. But it was of no use to the prisoner: the king was firm, and the Duchess of Angoulême turned from the suppliant with a look expressive of concentrated fury. At the last moment, Madame Lavalette performed that noble action which has immortalised her: she changed clothes with her husband, and he succeeded in escaping. Unfortunately, the emotions to which she was subjected overpowered her, and she became deranged, never recovering during her life. Marmont adds, that this lady's conduct was still more admirable, because, far from being happy, though young, well born, and handsome, she was deserted by her husband, who was ugly, short statured, and low born, and, in addition, paid particular attention to other women.

At this period the ladies of the court played a very important part; among them we may mention the Countess of Escars and the Duchess of Duras. The latter has become a celebrity, for she proved that even a duchess could write absurd books, which, however, created a tremendous sensation at the time of their appearance. But if any of our readers desire a correct appreciation of literary France at the Restoration, let them read "*Ourika*," "*Edouard*," or "*Olivier*." But we must apologise: no one ought to read the last-named, for the plot is one of the most horrible and indecent which can be imagined, and only proves that duchesses can write *saletés* which would not be forgiven a *bourgeoise*. Another lady, of a very different stamp, was Madame de Staël:

Madame de Staël was still living, and still received company, but evidences of a speedy dissolution were only too apparent. She is so well known for her talent, her books, and all that has been published about her, that it is almost superfluous to speak about them. Napoleon heightened her reputation by persecuting her. It is remarkable how much he feared her influence. She possessed, it is true, a power of speech and an extraordinary mind, and her conversation produced almost always a universal enthusiasm. I saw her before her exile, and as she took a great fancy for me, I became one of her most constant visitors—a circumstance which perhaps displayed my courage, regard being had to my position. Her political principles were absolute, and certainly very dangerous. She contributed, in 1814, to throw us into doctrinaire views, in which all was speculation, ideology, theory, and uncertainty. In spite of her talent, she could be successfully combated by a series of arguments, her gentle logic offering her antagonist easy points of attack. It was only necessary to prevent her changing the original question, a powerful method which she employed with success when she was embarrassed. On restricting her to regular argument—and being on guard against her brilliant and fertile imagination, she resisted and even conquered. Owing to a degree of timidity verging

troonery, she could be easily terrified. A good woman at heart, and faithful to her affections, she inspired in her children a profound love and admiration, and so great a respect for her memory, that powerful monetary arguments could not induce them to mistake her intentions.

The new ministry had at its head the Duke of Richelieu, who had fought with the Russians against the Turks, and eventually became the founder of Odessa. His *collaborateurs* were M. Vaublanc, minister of the home department, who had such an exaggerated opinion of his own value, that he said the Chamber of 1815 had committed only one fault, but that was a very great one—it had not erected a statue to him. Next came M. de Marbois, keeper of the seals, whom Napoleon described as an honest man, a good treasurer, but an imbecile; he fancied no one can ever tell a falsehood. M. Corvetto, a lawyer at Ghent, was chancellor of the exchequer. The Duke of Feltre was minister of war, and spent his time in proving his descent from the Plantagenets. The last to be mentioned is M. Decazes, the minister of police, who demands a separate paragraph for himself:

M. Decazes belonged by birth to the bourgeoisie, and his profession was the magistracy. Born with talent, activity, and ambition, too young to have played a part in the Revolution, he only began to become somebody during the Empire. He occupied the modest post of secretary to Madame mère. Born in the south, where Bourbon opinions were forcibly expressed, he was favourable to the Restoration. He served the Bourbons faithfully in 1814, without having entered into the intrigues which called them to France. During the Hundred Days he revealed a great devotion to them. On the return of the king, being greatly praised for his activity and the sentiments which animated him, he was appointed prefect of police. The distrust inspired by Fouché, his chief, added to his importance, and immediate relations between himself and the king were soon established. M. Decazes pleased the king; his lively talents, his address, and the efforts he made to satisfy his curiosity and amuse him, proved successful. He pretended a boundless admiration for Louis XVIII's superior capacity, and was very careful, during the whole duration of his favour, to make the king understand that, as he was not and could never be anything but his pupil in politics, his success was exclusively the royal work. This species of flattery always succeeds with sovereigns. . . . Had he attained office with more experience, M. Decazes would have succeeded better. He was wrong to make an enemy in the heir to the throne. This unpardonable fault occasioned obstacles and embarrassments of every description. If he had sought to please him, he would have succeeded; but he threw down the gauntlet when negotiations would have saved him, and humoured a party which wished to destroy him, when he should have crushed it. He might have made an immense fortune, but he left the government in debt. His friends remained faithful to him in all his changes of fortune. I was always one of the number, because he possessed qualities rarely to be found.

Not long, and discontent again prevailed in France, exhibited in inopportune outbreaks, which only strengthened the hands of the invaders. In some cases it is more than probable, however, that the police acted as *agents provocateurs*. In Dauphiné a revolt broke out which was soon suppressed, and the leaders were executed; but the disturbances at Lyons, Marmont believes, were fostered by the Catholic Association in that city. But the authorities behaved with extreme severity; and Marmont, when sent down as commissioner to examine into the affair, was compelled to supersede several officials for extreme zeal. The disturbance this caused among the royalist circles of Paris was unprece-

dented; and the most tremendous accusations were brought against Marmont for his perfidy, which he was forced to reply to in print. The consequence was, that he received orders not to appear at court until further notice. However, the king soon forgave him again, and he was enabled once more to bask in the sunshine of the royal smiles.

The ensuing winter passed tranquilly until the 17th of February, when the Duke of Berri was so fearfully assassinated. This blow was the downfall of M. Decazes, who was accused by the royalists of being an accomplice. The king felt the sacrifice of his favourite minister deeply, for his confidence in him was only equalled by the affection he bore him. He always called him *mon fils* in his letters, and for a long time could not mention his name without tears. As his feelings must ever be expressed by some outward sign, on the day of M. Decazes's departure from Paris he ordered the sign and countersign in the palace to be *Elias* and *Chartres*, which recalled his favourite's Christian name, and the place where he would pass the night. At a later date, Marmont adds, maliciously, when Madame de Cayla entirely occupied the king's thoughts, on the days when she visited him he gave the name of *Zoé* or *Victoire*, each in turn, as the word for the day.

At the moment when the Duke of Berri was stabbed, he begged his wife to take care of herself, and of the pledge she bore in her bosom. Her hopes of becoming a mother were soon publicly announced, and filled the republican party with fury, and they tried to terrify the duchess into a miscarriage by exploding a petard in a passage leading from the Place du Carrousel into the Rue de Rivoli. Not long after, a conspiracy was formed in favour of Napoleon II., but the revelations of two of the conspirators enabled Marmont to check its outbreak. On the 29th of September, the Duke of Bordeaux was born, and the intelligence diffused universal joy through France. Some persons, however, were of a different opinion; among them the Duke of Wellington, who said, on hearing the guns which announced the birth of a prince, "That is the knell of legitimacy." The duchess displayed the most remarkable courage during the pangs of birth. She was determined that no suspicion should be cast on his legitimacy, and was prepared with witnesses to be present. Unfortunately, the child was born at three in the morning, and though warning was immediately sent to the witnesses, it was some time before they could make their appearance. But the duchess, feeling the importance of neglecting nothing which might secure her son's rights, asked the accoucheur whether any delay in the delivery would endanger her son's life. When he replied that she alone ran any danger, she resolutely waited until the necessary witnesses entered the room. Some persons in Paris criticised her conduct as devoid of delicacy; but in the interests of a dynasty, and the quiet of a nation, such considerations must disappear, and the Duchess of Berri behaved in a manner worthy of herself.

For the next few years Marmont remained in the country, losing his fortune in the way to which we have already alluded; and it is not till 1820, and the insurrection in Spain, that he finds any subject worth inscribing in his journal. France was selected as the representative of the Holy Alliance, to repress the tumults and assist King Ferdinand VII. An army of 100,000 men was organised, under the command of the Duke of Angoulême, and the blunders committed by the minist-

affords intense amusement to Marmont, imbued as he was with the old Napoleonic mode of managing affairs. The generals attached to the duke took advantage of his inexperience to enter into contracts for the commissariat with Ouvrard, who had engaged all the modes of transport beforehand. This caused great excitement in Paris, and the generals were openly blamed by a commission appointed to examine into the affair. The Duke of Angoulême never pardoned Marshal Macdonald, president of the commission, for making the truth known. Our experience seems to indicate that this is necessarily the fate of all commissions. The generals implicated demanded a trial by their peers, and the affair was soon hushed up. The Duke of Angoulême, however, attained some degree of popularity by this campaign, although, truth to tell, the French troops met with hardly any resistance. The passage of the Trocadero was the only interlude deserving the name of a serious action. A peculiar circumstance occurred here. The Prince of Carignan, who had been declared heir to the throne of Sardinia, and, in 1821, had been drawn into a political embroglio by some revolutionary intrigues, had determined to expiate his faults by fighting in the cause of legitimacy in Spain. He served as a volunteer in the French army. In the attack on the Trocadero fort, he marched with the grenadiers of the assailing columns, and, owing to his great height, was enabled to save several officers from drowning in the passage of the river. This was the Charles Albert who displayed the same courage at Novara, while preparing to expiate his faults once again by selling the cause of Italy to the Austrians.

The Duke of Angoulême returned to Paris, where he was fêted; and he deserved his reception, for his campaign, however trifling it might be, had given the Bourbons an army for the first time since the Restoration. In the mean while, the king's health had been gradually sinking, and all announced his approaching decease. The weakening of his faculties and the influence of Madame de Cayla had contributed to place Monsieur at the head of affairs. The king regarded the approach of death with the utmost calmness. He desired to know when the fatal moment would arrive, and asked Portal, his chief physician, whether his death would be accompanied by protracted suffering and a long confinement to his bed. Portal refused to reply, and spurned the idea of a speedy death. The king insisted, and commanded him to reply, adding that he was conscious his death was close at hand. Portal obeyed, and said to him, "Sire, you will suffer but little, and you can die in your easy-chair, if you like: at any rate, you will not be confined long to your bed." "All the better," the king replied: "I shall be saved from my brother's surplises, then." The poor king gradually grew weaker, till his body was doubled up, and his chin touched his knees. Life was almost extinct, but still he fulfilled the apparent duties of royalty. On the 11th of September he dined at table, when Marmont was present, and it was with great difficulty he could be raised to swallow a glass of liquor. On that day he had the first symptoms of absence of mind. Having done something to offend the Duchess of Angoulême, he remarked to her, on noticing it, with admirable calmness and angelic gentleness, "My niece, when a man is dying, he does not know exactly what he is doing." The same day, Madame de Cayla saw him for the last time, but did not quit his cabinet empty-handed. She induced him to sign an order authorising the purchase on

her behalf of the Hôtel de Montmorency, and seven hundred thousand francs were thus paid to gratify the selfishness of the king's mistress.

The king obstinately refused to take to his bed. On being pressed to do so, he replied, "It will be the official announcement of my approaching end; and in that case, until my death, the theatres would be closed, and the Bourse holiday-making. All business would be suspended; for the death of a king of France is a great affair. We must manage so that the burden may fall as lightly as possible on the people." He had also said that he expected to last till Thursday, and so he would be enabled to hold his council on Wednesday; but on the Sunday he took to his bed, never to rise again. On Tuesday, at about two in the afternoon, it was supposed that the last moment had arrived, and the priests came in to perform their last offices. The king remarked that he did not think matters had gone so far; but he ordered them to proceed. On the Thursday he expired at three in the morning. The king is dead! Long live the king! Such was his requiem.

The obsequies of the king were conducted according to the forms of etiquette and the consecrated usages. They were celebrated with great magnificence. All the troops garrisoned within reasonable distance were present. M. le Dauphin was selected to lead the procession. But, strangely enough, a discussion of prerogative and duty having arisen between the great almoner and the ordinary, there were no priests in the funeral procession of his most Christian majesty between the Tuileries and the church of Saint Denis. The remains of the late king were deposited at Saint Denis in a *chapelle ardente*. For a whole fortnight any person might enter and pray there. At last the inhumation took place. This ceremony, whose details have something poetical about them, and still bear the stamp of the middle ages, deserves a detailed account.

Everything on such an occasion recalls the origin of the sovereigns, who were formerly military chieftains, leading nations to war, and fighting at their head. Everything which belonged to the armour or personal ornaments of the king, and assumed to have been personally used by him, was collected. The symbols of public authority were added to them. Thus, from the spurs to the helmet of the king, from his lance to the sword and banner of France, all were borne by persons belonging to the court. These various objects were carried in a procession. At a certain period of the ceremony, the chief of the heralds called each person in turn, in these words: "Monsieur le —, bring the king's helmet," and so on. The person entrusted with it left his place, and, after making eight bows, threw the object he bore into the grave. The flag of the 1st regiment of the Royal Guards had been placed in my hands.

As the country never dies, two insignia, intended to represent its power—the flag and sword of France—are called the last, bent down over the tomb without being thrown in, and raised again, after the new sovereign has been proclaimed with shouts of "Vive le Roi!" M. de Talleyrand bore the flag of France. I am unaware whether his office of grand chamberlain invested him with this prerogative. If not, and if he had been specially selected, it might have been entrusted to some one who could better have guaranteed its preservation. This ceremony of the funeral of a king of France, which so many living persons have witnessed, had a great effect; for, although it is remote from our manners, it has something symbolical about it which depicts society, and indicates the basis on which it is founded. A magnificent catafalque was placed in the church; but its elegant form and the nature of its ornaments did not harmonise with a funeral ceremony. Such were the last attentions paid to Louis XVIII.

We are much better pleased with this volume of Marmont's Memoirs than any which have preceded it, for he shows himself throughout an advocate of constitutionalism, and is ready to risk the royal favour in d

fance of his country and its institutions. His behaviour at Lyons deserves all praise, and the resolute manner in which he protested against the brutality of the courts, and saved the wretched victims to police intrigues, evinces the goodness of his heart. We still are at issue with him for his conduct to Napoleon; and though allowing his accompaniment of the king to Ghent was the only course he could pursue with honour, after he had taken the first decided step, we cannot but think that his desertion of the emperor was actuated by private feelings rather than pure sentiments of patriotism. To him the Bourbons could only be a name, and nothing more; while with Napoleon he had fought and bled. To him he owed his success; and the least he could have done was to retire from public life at once, and not rush to join the famished crowd which besieged the king on the moment of his arrival. Whether his unwillingness to take a command against Napoleon was actuated by policy or generous feelings, it is impossible to decide; but we are inclined to believe the latter, for his character comes out in a far more amiable light with the downfall of his old friend and master. In short, from a consideration of the whole of the facts, as detailed by Marmont and derived from other sources, we are inclined to believe that a feeling of jealousy caused him to anticipate with delight the overthrow of Napoleon; but, as soon as it had taken place, better sentiments returned to his mind, and he forgot all his own grievances in the remembrance of the companion of his youth—his friend and greatest benefactor.

In his appreciation of Louis XVIII. and his court, on the other hand, Marmont is actuated by no feelings save those of hardly-veiled contempt; so he simply tells the truth, and the story of the Restoration is the clearest commentary on the events which have recently taken place in France, and terminated in the unanimous recal of a Napoleon. The first of that family might have governed the people harshly, but then he was a great man, whose victories redounded to the honour of France; while the Bourbons had the pretension to act as tyrants, while they did nothing which could induce the people to overlook the severity of their rule. King-ridden and priest-ridden, France soon revolted from the odious burden, and after enduring many throes, settled down into rational tranquillity and ease under the sceptre of the nephew of that great man, of whom Béranger tells us, in his *People's Memories*, that France will retain the memory for ever.

They will guard his name and glory :
His ! long mingled with the soil ;
Humble roofs, the homes of toil,
Will care to know no other story.
Village girls and swains will come
Begging some old matron grey :
"Grandam, tell us tales of home—
Home, as in the ancient day.
Though he brought us troubles grim,
Still the people love his name,
Adore his fame.
Grandam, tell us tales of him,
Tell us tales of him !"

EUTRAPELIA:

AN OMNIVERTICULAR LITERARIUM, CHIEFLY ILLUSTRATIVE OF
BARROW ON 'WIT.'

V.

THE "PAT ALLUSION."

§ 1.

But first it may be demanded, what the thing we speak of is, or what this facetiousness [EUTRAPELIA] doth impart? To which question I might reply, as Democritus did to him that asked the definition of a man, *It is that which we all see and know*: any one better apprehends what it is by acquaintance, than I can inform by description. It is indeed a thing so versatile and multiform, appearing in so many shapes, so many postures, so many garbs, so variously apprehended by several eyes and judgments, that it seemeth no less hard to settle a clear and certain notion thereof, than to make a portrait of Proteus, or to define the figure of the fleeting air. Sometimes it lieth in PAT ALLUSION to a known story, or in reasonable application of a trivial saying, or in forging an apposite tale: sometimes it playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense, or the affinity of their sound: sometimes it is wrapped in a dress of humorous expression: sometimes it lurketh under an odd similitude: sometimes it is lodged in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a quirkish reason, in a shrewd intimation, in cunningly diverting, or cleverly retorting an objection: sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech, in a tart irony, in a lusty hyperbole, in a startling metaphor, in a plausible reconciling of contradictions, or in acute nonsense: sometimes a scemical representation of persons or things, a counterfeit speech, a mimical look or gesture passeth for it: sometimes an affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness giveth it being: sometimes it riseth from a lucky hitting upon what is strange; sometimes from a crafty wresting obvious matter to the purpose: often it consisteth in one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how. Its ways are unaccountable and inexplicable, being answerable to the numberless roivings of fancy and windings of language. It is, in short, a manner of speaking out of the simple and plain way (such as reason teacheth and proveth things by), which by a pretty surprising uncouthness in conceit or expression doth affect and amuse the fancy, stirring in it some wonder, and breeding some delight thereto.—BARROW: *Sermon XIV.*

Now the variety of forms in which WIT so richly displays itself is a further point of resemblance between it and judgment. Still this common property has a different cause in each. The immediate judgment, or intelligent feeling, presents so great a variety of forms, because the human mind is not equally conversant in every province of thought, being generally familiar with some one in particular. But in the case of WIT, it is its very versatility, by which it suits itself to, and insinuates itself in every object of intellectual attention, that is the source of its manifold diversity. But that it would carry us far beyond our present limits, it would be highly instructive in a scientific point of view to take a survey of all the several forms in which this mental quality gushes forth in all the rich fulness of genius.—SCHLEGEL: *Philosophy of Language*. VI.

THE main portion of what is familiarly known as "Barrow on 'Wit,'" is comprised in the foregoing extract, quoted once for all as a heading to this present chapter. In his particularisation of the shifting phenomena under which *Eutrapelia* displays itself, the first aspect to which Doctor Isaac invites attention is, a "pat allusion." Let us accept his invitation. "Sometimes," then, "it [*Eutrapelia*] lieth in PAT ALLUSION to a known story."

Is that gruff and grim old gentleman, Cato Censor, too stiff and stern

an antique Roman, to apply to for an illustration? Polybius shall tell us otherwise. Polybius himself was engaged in negotiating the return of the Achæan hostages; and Cato, when the question was debated at considerable (*he thought needless*) length in the Senate, is said to have settled the matter by rising, and exclaiming, that they were losing their time in sitting a whole day to decide whether some old Greeks should be buried in Italy or in Achæa. "A few days after the permission had been given for the return of the hostages, Polybius sounded Cato as to the policy of applying to the Senate for another decree, that the hostages should on their return be restored to their former honours and position. Cato smiled, and said that Polybius resembled Ulysses, when he wished to re-enter the cave of the Cyclops, in order to recover the cap and girdle which he had left there."* This Odysseyan figure of speech was doubtless, whatever we may think of it, relished mightily by Cato Major's contemporary countrymen as a very "pat allusion" indeed. Possibly he may even have been nicknamed Eutrapelus, on the strength of it, for all that we can tell.

Horace makes pat allusion to a familiar lion-and-fox story, when excusing himself from dancing attendance in Rome, however much pressed thereto by the *populus Romanus*:

Olim quod vulpes ægroto cauta leoni
Respondit, referam: Quid me vestigia terrent
Omnia te adversum spectantia, nulla retrorsum.†

(Thus "imitated" by Pope:

. . . Faith, I shall give the answer Reynard gave:
"I cannot like, dread Sir, your royal cave:
Because I see, by all the tracks about,
Full many a beast goes in, but none comes out.")

But that they are too long to be considered as allusions, we might add the Sabine gentleman-farmer's introduction to the story beginning *Luculli miles collecta*, &c., and that, again, *Fuit haud ignobilis Argis*, in the second Epistle of the Second Book. Both of them have also been happily paraphrased, or parodied, by Pope—in the passages beginning respectively,

In Anna's wars, a soldier poor and old
Had dearly earned a little purse of gold——

and, in genuine Popish parlance,

There lived *in primo Georgii* (they record)
A worthy member, no small fool, a lord, &c.

But from Horace we bound at a stride, one seven-league-booted stride, to a not uncongenial soul, born and bred under quite other centuries' suns.

Montaigne, in his Essay on Solitude, discusses the peculiar danger of contagion from vice in a crowd; and commending the prudence of those merchants who are cautious as to the company with whom they embark in the same ship, enforces his wise saw (by "pat allusion") with an ancient instance: "And therefore it was that Bias pleasantly said to

* Polyb. XL.; Plut. Cato Major, IX. (See Sir Geo. Cornwall Lewis's Inquiry into the Credibility of the Early Roman History. I. ch. ii. § 4.)

† Horat. Ep. I. 1.

some, who, being with him in a dangerous storm, implored the assistance of the gods, 'Peace! speak softly, that they may not know you are here in my company.'"^{*}

Describing in another essay his habits of composition, Montaigne tells us he could very well spare both the company and the remembrance of books, partly lest they should interrupt his own method, and also because he found the best authors "too much humbled and discouraged" him, by suggesting a mortifying contrast between his authorship and theirs. "I am very much of the painter's mind, who having represented cocks most wretchedly ill, charged all his boys not to suffer any real cock to come into his shop; and had rather need to give myself a little lustre after the manner of Antigenides the musician, who, when he had to perform, took care beforehand that the auditory should, either before or after, be disgusted with some other ill musicians."[†] The candour and *bonhomie* of the confession itself, and his style of illustrating it, are eminently characteristic of Michael de Montaigne. He teems with stories of the kind here exemplified, sometimes rather promiscuously huddled together;—as he remarks, himself, in another place, "my stories taking their place according to their *patness*, and not always according to their age."[‡] So that he accounts it a "*pat* allusion," he is careless about the rest.

Equally fond of a story, but preferring the homely sort, is good old Hugh Latimer, Bishop and Martyr, whose Sermons, in this respect, are quite a repertory, or miscellany, or magazine, of contributions to *Eutrapelia*. "I had rather," he says, for instance, "ye should come of a naughty mind to hear the word of God for novelty, or for curiosity to hear some pastime, than to be away. I had rather ye should come as the tale is by the gentlewoman of London: one of her neighbours met her in the street, and said, 'Mistress, whither go ye?' 'Marry,' said she, 'I am going to St. Thomas of Acre's to the sermon; I could not sleep all this last night, and I am going now thither; I never failed of a good nap there.'"[§] What though the hearty prelate's story told against his cloth? It told in another way as he wished. He was never chary of telling stories that would tell.

Discoursing on another occasion, also before royalty, however, on corrupt doings on the bench, he says: "A good fellow on a time bade another of his friends to a breakfast, and said, 'If you will come, you shall be welcome; but I tell you beforehand, you shall have but slender fare: one dish, and that is all.' 'What is that?' said he. 'A pudding, and nothing else.' 'Marry,' said he, 'you cannot please me better; for of all meats that is for mine own tooth; you may draw me round about the town with a pudding.' These bribing magistrates and judges," adds the preacher, "follow gifts faster than the fellow would follow the pudding."^{||} We were nearly adding, so racily is it told, the Bishop's story[¶] about Tenterton steeple as the cause of Goodwin sands—"and even so, to my purpose, is preaching of God's word the cause of rebellion, as Tenterton steeple was cause Sandwich haven was destroyed"—but it is too long to

^{*} Montaigne's *Essays*, XXXVIII.

[†] *Ibid.* Book III. ch. v.

[‡] *Ibid.* ch. ix.

[§] Bp. Latimer's Sixth Sermon, preached before King Edward VI.

^{||} Latimer's Third Sermon, before King Edward VI.

[¶] See his Last Sermon before Edward VI.

be classified with "pat allusions," even in our lax construction of the category in question.

From Hugh of Worcester turn we, for "pat allusions to a known story," to *ce disin Williams* of Stratford-upon-Avon—that sublime *bar-bare*, Shakspeare, whose plays offer illustrations of every item in Barrow's sum total: our dulness or oversight it will be, if we fail to find them, at each stage of our progress.

The kind-hearted, free-spoken old humorist, *Lafew*, in "All's Well that Ends Well," makes "pat allusion" to the very well "known story" of the Fox and the Grapes, when meeting to the sick and desponding monarch the medical services of fair *Helena* :

Lafew. But my good lord, 'tis thus; Will you be cured
Of your infirmity?

King. No.

Lafew. O, will you eat

No grapes, my royal fox? yes, but you will

My noble grapes, an if my royal fox

Could reach them.*

Again: *Lucio's* allusion to the pirate story in the following colloquy :

Lucio. If the duke with the other dukes, come not to composition with the king of Hungary, why, then all the dukes fall upon the king.

1st Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the king of Hungary's.

2nd Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

2nd Gent. Thou shalt not steal?

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.†

The *Fool* in "Lear" alludes but too patly, too pathetically, to the story of the Old Man, his Son, and his Ass, when he shrewdly warns his poor disrowned master, nuncle, and gossip: "When thou cleavest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back over the dirt: Thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away."‡

And what sad humour in the same affectionate creature's allusion to the cockney story—when *Begun* has begun to follow *General* in insolent defiance of their foolish fond old sire, fourscore and upwards:

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but, down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels, when she put them in the paste alive, she rapped 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried, "Down, wantons, down." "Twas her brother, that in pure kindness to his horse, battered his hay.§

Many indeed of our Shakspearean illustrations of *eutrapelia*, in other of its modes or phases, will be drawn from scenes, like this, of a moving and tragical cast. For, as Thomas Hood says, there cannot be a more erroneous notion than that popular one, which appropriates to mirth and grief each its own peculiar stage, like the Parisian theatres, where one

* "All's Well that Ends Well." Act I. Sc. 2.

† "Measure for Measure." Act I. Sc. 2.

‡ "King Lear." Act I. Sc. 4.

§ Act II. Sc. 4.

house is devoted to tragedy and another to comedy ; whereas the world is a vast stage, whereon tragedy, comedy, and farce, are not only acting at once, but sometimes (in Hood's own case, many times) by the same performer. "Nevertheless, even Shakspeare, the best judge of man, next to his Maker, and the best acquainted with the human heart, has been moused at by some of his owlish critics, for his abrupt transitions from the pathetic to the humorous, as if such were not the very warp and woof of our variegated fabric."* So true is this true humorist's argument, that the domains of laughter and tears lie closely contiguous one to the other,—divided, not by an impassable frontier, as some suppose, but dubiously separated by a debatable land, leaving easy access to either territory, and, of course, subjecting the rival kingdoms to frequent incursions.

The *opera omnia* of Bacon, again, are a storehouse of illustrations *pour servir* to a treatise on Wit;—at least on Wit of a peculiar and Baconian Method-ical kind. In Wit, says Mr. Macaulay, if by wit be meant the power of perceiving analogies between things which appear to have nothing in common, Bacon never had an equal, not even Cowley, not even the author of *Hudibras*. "Indeed, he possessed this faculty, or rather this faculty possessed him, to a morbid degree. When he abandoned himself to it without reserve . . . the feats which he performed were not merely admirable, but portentous, and almost shocking. On those occasions we marvel at him as clowns on a fair-day marvel at a juggler, and can hardly help thinking that the devil must be in him."† We shall not have occasion to exemplify this morbid development, in its shocking or portentous degree. But an instance or two of his lordship's manner and habit of allusion to a known story may not be omitted.

Discoursing on the need of caution in varying physical experiments, and the fallacy of supposing "that upon increasing the quantity, the virtue should increase proportionably,"—after showing that too much, as well as too little, may frustrate the effect ("thus in smelting and refining of metals, it is a common error to increase the heat of the furnace, or the quantity of the flux; but, if these exceed a due proportion, they prejudice the operation"), he goes on to say: "Men should therefore remember how *Æsop's* housewife was deceived, who expected that by doubling her feed, her hen should lay two eggs a day; but the hen grew fat, and laid none."‡

Censuring the disdain some men show for "small and trifling" experiments, he says: "Finally, as touching this contempt, in natural history, of things either vulgar, or base, or over-subtle, and in their beginnings unprofitable, let that speech of the poor woman to a swollen prince, who would have thrown aside her petition as something unworthy and beneath his majesty, be taken for an oracle, 'Do you then give over to be a king!'"§

He concludes with pat allusion to a story from ancient mythology his description of old men and their characteristics: "also they improve

* "Tylney Hall," vol. iii. ch. iii.

† Macaulay's *Essays*: "Lord Bacon."

‡ Bacon: *De Augmentis Scientiarum*. Book V. ch. ii.

§ Bacon: *Novum Organum*. Aphor. CXXI.

[with years] in garrulity and ostentation, for they seek the fruit of speech while they are less able for action; so as it was not absurd that the poets feigned old Tithon to be turned into a grasshopper.*

Ancient story was in those days the main source whence matter for pat allusions was derived—and such allusions nearly always told. Much admired at the time, as a gracefully turned piece of polite *eutrapelia*, was Jean Bertaut's allusion to Iphigenia in the following lines. Bertaut—born within a few years of Malherbe, and like Malherbe of Norman birth—enjoyed a pleasant asylum, during the disastrous times of the League, in an abbey belonging to the Cardinal de Bourbon, on a favoured spot in Anjou, which continued exempt from the horrors of civil war. Giving expression in a sonnet to the gratitude of the inhabitants, who offered the cardinal a present of fruit, Bertaut said that it was indeed presenting little to one to whom they owed all, that it was “payer d'une humble offrande une dette infinie:”

Vous qui savez qu'ainsi l'on sert les Immortels,
Pensez que c'est encor au pied de leurs autels
Présenter une biche au lieu d'Iphigénie.†

Æsop and his fables presented a more generally appreciable fund of “known stories,” to which pat allusions might be made à discrétion, or ad libitum, with fair surety of success. “Marriage,” saith Selden, “is a desperate thing. The frogs in Æsop were extreme wise; they had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the well, because they could not get out again.”‡

So, when *Fashioner* in Ben Jonson's comedy runs and embraces *Pennyboy, junior*, with the salutation, “O noble master!”—that young gentleman shakes him off with the rebuff—

How now, Æsop's ass!
Because I play with Tom, must I needs run
Into *your* rude embraces? stand you still, sir;
Clowns' fawnings are a horse's salutations.§

What service that ass of Æsop's|| has wrought in his day!—for poets and prosemen, big, little, and middle-sized—nor is he past work yet, old and worn-out though he seem to be. Still is he in requisition for the newspaper leader and the magazine article. America's chiefest historian finds him available, to illustrate Gibbon's style when imitating the patriarch of Ferney: “He affected, as he tells us, the light festive raillery of Voltaire. But his cumbrous imitation of the mercurial Frenchman may remind one, to make use of a homely simile, of the ass in Æsop's fable, who frisked upon his master in imitation of the sportive gambols of the spaniel.”¶

Among the shoals (to speak rudely, perhaps, yet literally) of authors

* Bacon: *Instauratio Magna*. Part III.

† “Délices de la Poésie française.”

‡ Selden's Table-Talk.

§ “The Staple of News.” Act I. Sc. 1.

|| Even that “poor, lone, impossible monster abhorred,” the manufactured miracle of Frankenstein, has recourse, in his personal narrative, to “the ass and the lap-dog.” See chap. xii. of that wild romance of the Modern Prometheus.

¶ Prescott's Biographical and Critical Miscellanies.

and authoresses who have turned to account, in this way, that other twice-told, rather say twice-ten-thousandth-told, *Æsopic* tale of the Old Man, his Son, and his Ass, there occurs to us the notable instance of the Thrice Noble, Illustrious, and Excellent Princess, Margaret Duchess of Newcastle—who, in her *Life of her husband*, published in his lifetime, describes her philosophical and scholastic studies, “at which,” saith her Grace, “my readers did wonder, and thought it impossible that a woman could have so much learning and understanding in terms of art and scholastical expressions; so that I and my books [twelve folio volumes, by-the-by] are like the old apologue mentioned in *Æsop*, of a father and son who rid on an ass. . . . The old man,” she proceeds to remark, “seeing he could not please mankind in any manner, and having received so many blemishes and aspersions for the sake of his ass, was at last resolved to drown him when he came to the next bridge. But I am not so passionate to burn my writings for the various humours of mankind and for their finding fault.”* That would have been too asinine a trick. The “incomparable duchess” was not the woman to stumble at an Ass’s Bridge like that in *Æsop*.

But let rare Ben Jonson give us two more pat allusions, of his own scholarly sort. The *Host* of the New Inn remarks on *Ferret’s* dainty “reasons,” given in answer to *Lovell’s* “anxious inquiries:”

—He does give reasons,
As round as Gyges’ ring; which, say the ancients,
Was a hoop ring; and that is, round as a hoop.
Lov. You will have your rebus still, mine host.
Host. I must.†

And *Compass*, in another play, brings in the story of Archimedes when he introduces *Practice*, “my lady’s lawyer,” to *Captain Ironside*:

But master Practice here, my lady’s lawyer,
Or man of law (for that is the true writing),
A man so dedicate to his profession,
And the professions go along with it,
As scarce the thundering bruit of an invasion,
Another eighty-eight, threatening his country
With ruin, would no more work upon him,
Than Syracuse’s sack on Archimede.‡

Sir Walter Raleigh made a pat allusion, on what may be reckoned, however, no very appropriate occasion—*mais, que voulez-vous?* better men than he (not that we pronounce him a bad one) have indulged in *eutrapelia* under the same circumstances. It was the morning of his execution, and he was smoking his favourite weed (emphatically *his*), and they brought him, we are told, a cup of “excellent sack,” and asked how he liked it. Sir Walter answered, “As the fellow, that, drinking of St. Giles’s bowl, on his way to Tyburn, said, ‘that it was good drink, if a man might tarry by it.’”§

Here is a fragment from his contemporary, that master in satire and

* Epistle of Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, to her husband, the duke.

† “The New Inn.” Act I. Sc. 1.

‡ “The Magnetic Lady.” Act I. Sc. 1.

§ Curiousities of Literature. 2nd Series.

witty inventions, Dr. Donne. The satirist represents himself in bewilderment at the libellous enormities poured into his unwilling ear by a lying quidnunc—and makes this pat allusion to Odyssean story:

I mere amazed than Circe's prisoners, when
They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then
Becoming traitor, and methought I saw
One of our giant statutes ope his jaw
To suck me in for hearing him.*

Here again is one from a far better-known, if not a really greater satirist, glorious John to wit—in his onslaught on Shadwell, his sometime friend:

As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Swore by his sire, a mortal foe to Rome;
So Shadwell swore, nor should his vow be vain,
That he till death true dulness would maintain;
And, in his father's right, and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with sense.†

To which, add a specimen from Butler. (And here it may be remarked, as previously in the case of Shakspeare—different as was the “comic genius” of the two men—that the fault will be ours if we fail to adduce from Butler illustrations of all the forms into which Barrow distributes *eutrapelia*.)

If we should fail——
We fail!
But screw our “patience” to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail.

It should not be forgotten that Hazlitt explicitly asserts, that Butler “fulfils every one of Barrow's conditions of wit.” So we utter a *Nostræ culpæ* confession, at once, to anticipate objection, in case illustrations from the author of *Hudibras* be missing in these pages, when their presence is, on Hazlitt's authority, so entirely practicable.) The present specimen relates to the discovery that a mouse in the telescope was the whole and sole cause of the phenomenon which the philosophers, satirised by Butler, interpreted to be an elephant in the moon—the “pat allusion” being to the old-world story of parturient mountain and *ridiculus mus*:

He found a mouse was gotten in
The hollow tube, and, shut between
The two glass windows in restraint
Was swelled into an elephant;
And proved the virtuous occasion
Of all this learned dissertation:
And, as a mountain heretofore
Was great with child, they say, and bore
A silly mouse; this mouse, as strange,
Brought forth a mountain in exchange.‡

Take we next an example, *quantum valeat* (“and that not much,” perhaps), from La Rochefoucauld. “Détromper un homme préoccupé

* Satires of Dr. Donne. IV.

† Dryden: “Mac Flecknoe.”

‡ Samuel Butler's Poems: “The Elephant in the Moon.”

de son mérite," says the philosophic duke—(or it might be nearer the mark to call him the ducal *philosophe*; *philosophe* and *philosopher* differing by something more than a letter)—"est lui rendre un aussi mauvais office que celui que l'on rendit à ce fou d'Athènes qui croyait que tous les vaisseaux qui arrivaient dans le port étaient à lui."* Examining English readers may ask, where is the Wit, to say nothing of the Humour, in a passage such as this? But let them remember that Eutrapelia is a comprehensive term, and that many of Barrow's "conditions" are scarcely assignable to either Wit or Humour, as those words are now understood, but include just such examples of *esprit* as the maxim here cited. Thus Barrow himself would probably accept, in his category of "pat allusions," one so void of the humorous or merely facetious element as the following from Fontenelle's academical *éloges*: "In the last years of his life," it is of Cassini the enologist is treating, "he lost his sight; a misfortune which was common to him with the great Galileo; and perhaps for the same reason, because nice observations impose a severe tax upon the eyes. In the spirit of fable, these two great men who made so many discoveries in the heavens, resembled Tiresias, who became blind because he saw some secret of the gods."† For as Barrow understands and interprets "Wit," a broad grin is by no means a *sine quâ non* condition to all its modes of existence, and far from an indispensable test of its success.

In this way there is more to admire than laugh over in a certainly pat allusion by Matthew Green—who, paying gay and graceful homage to "the fair," winds up with these lines:

Shine but on age, you melt its snow;
Again free long-extinguished glow,
And charmed by witchery of eyes,
Blood long-congealed liquefies!
True miracle, and fairly done
By heads which are adored while on—

the allusion, a *curiosa felicitas* too, being of course to the untrue miracle of St. Januarius, of Neapolitan notoriety.

Addison points the moral of his apology for ignoring his detractors, and literary assailants,§ by pat allusion to the fable of Boccacini's traveller, who was so pestered with the noise of the grasshoppers in his ears, that he alighted from his horse in great wrath to kill them all. But this "was troubling himself to no manner of purpose: had he pursued his journey without taking notice of them, the troublesome insects would have died of themselves in a very few weeks, and he would have suffered nothing from them."||

Discouraging, again, on the prevalent profligacy of the age, Addison alludes to the misprint made in the Bible, in Charles the First's reign, by the Stationers' Company—who left out the *not* in several thousand copies of the Seventh Commandment—for which negligence they were

* Maximes de La Rochefoucauld. XCII.

† Fontenelle: *Eloge de Cassini*.

‡ The "common fry of scribblers," at least.

|| The *Spectator*, No. 355.

§ Green's Poems: "The Spleen."

fined heavily by Archbishop Laud: "By the practice of the world, which prevails in this degenerate age," the *Spectator* complains, "I am afraid that very many young profligates, of both sexes, are possessed of this spurious edition of the Bible, and observe the commandment according to that faulty reading."*

In his plea for the planting of trees, one of his arguments being that, unless some artificial system of the kind be adopted, to supply the deficiency of forest timber, "in a few ages the nation may be at a loss to supply itself with timber sufficient for the fleets of England,"—he meets hypothetical cavils at that argument with the remark, "I know, when a man talks of posterity, in matters of this nature, he is looked upon with an eye of ridicule by the cunning and selfish part of mankind. Most people," adds the *Spectator*, "are of the humour of an old fellow of a college, who, when he was pressed by the society to come into something that might redound to the good of their successors, grew very peevish: 'We are always doing,' says he, 'something for posterity; but I would fain see posterity do something for us.'"[†]

From the Fables of La Fontaine may be instanced his allusion to "the dog of Jean de Nivelles," whereby hangs (in rather hangdog fashion) a tale. The Fable of the Falcon and the Capon opens thus:

Une traîtresse voix bien souvent vous appelle;
Ne vous pressez donc nullement:
Ce n'était pas un sot, non, non, et croyez-m'en,
Que le chien de Jean de Nivelles.[‡]

His allusion is to the French proverb: "Il ressemble au chien de Jean de Nivelles, qui s'enfuit quand on l'appelle." The commentators tell us, however, that La Fontaine seems to have been unacquainted with the true origin of the proverb, of which the following account§ is given: Jean II., Duke of Montmorency, foreseeing a speedy rupture between Louis XI. and the Duke of Burgundy, summoned his two sons, Jean de Nivelles and Louis de Fosseuse, from Flanders, where they were in the enjoyment of considerable property, to come home and serve under the King of France. Neither of the twain gave heed to the summons. Their father, in his rage, treated them as *dogs*, and disinherited them.

Parliament is a place where the pat allusion is relished generally, and beyond the general. When the Bishops took an eager part, in their Whiggish zeal, against their impeached brother, the Jacobite Atterbury, there was great admiration felt for a fling at them and their tactics in Lord Bathurst's speech. Turning to their bench he exclaimed, that he could hardly account for the inveterate malice some persons bore the learned and ingenious Bishop of Rochester, unless they were possessed with the infatuation of the wild Indians, who fondly believe they will inherit not only the spoils, but even the abilities of any great enemy they kill.|| One prelate on this occasion—Wynne, of St. Asaph—had, we

* The *Spectator*, No. 579.

† Ibid. No. 539.

‡ La Fontaine: "Fables," livre viii. fable xxi.

§ See M. Walckenaer's notes to La Fontaine.

|| Lord Mahon's History of England, vol. ii. ch. xii.

are told, gone so far as to volunteer evidence against Atterbury, which, when close pressed, he was not able to maintain.

Pulteney was often very happy in this particular species of *eutrapelia*. When Sir Robert Walpole, in 1733, proposed to take half a million from the Sinking Fund (established by himself and Stanhope sixteen years previously) for the service of the current year,—"the Right Honourable Gentleman," said Pulteney, in the course of his strictures on any such proposal, "had once the vanity to call himself the Father of the Sinking Fund; but if Solomon's judgment was right, he who is thus for splitting and dividing the child can never be deemed to be the real father." In the same year was canvassed Sir Robert's violently opposed Excise scheme—so hotly denounced by all sorts and conditions of men, and in all orders and degrees of books, from Johnson's Dictionary and Bolingbroke's Craftsman downwards—a scheme of which that able and most influential senator, Sir John Barnard (whose every word on such a subject, weighed with others, whether or not well weighed by himself), declared, that it could not, even by pure malice, be represented as worse than it really was. Pulteney went to Ben Jonson, this time for his pat allusion. "It puts me in mind," he said, "of Sir Ephraim Mammon [Sir *Epicure*, he should have said, unless misreported in those non-reporting days] in the Alchemist: he was gulled out of his money by fine promises; he was promised the philosopher's stone, by which he was to get mountains of gold, and everything else he could wish; but all ended in some little charm for curing the itch."* And most likely Sir Robert, who was as ready to laugh at the sallies of his Majesty's Opposition as a later Premier, equally good-natured (Lord North), was to go to sleep over them—most likely the jovial Minister laughed "wi' the lave," when the House laughed and buzzed appreciation all round, alike at Ben Jonson's deluded knight, and at that drawing after the Judgment of Solomon.

* During this debate it was, that a pat allusion, but of no mirth-inducing character—an allusion that produced a grave sensation at the time, from the vehemence and audacity of the speaker—was made by Sir William Wyndham. Thundering, in the words of the historian, against corrupt motives and impending tyranny, he "evoked the shades of Empson and Dudley, those two unworthy favourites of old time. 'But what,' he added, 'was their fate? They had the misfortune to outlive their master, and his son, as soon as he came to the throne, took off both their heads!'—no obscure allusion to Frederick Prince of Wales, who was then present under the gallery," and was at daggers-drawn with his father and mother, as so many lively authors, from Horace Walpole the letter-writer to Mr. Thackeray the lecturer, have made clear enough.

INFORMATION RELATIVE TO MR. JOSHUA TUBBS AND CERTAIN MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY.

CAREFULLY COMPILED FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

By E. P. ROWSELL.

XIX.

THE ALDGATE PUMP AND GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

At a meeting of the Directors of the Aldgate Pump and General Life Assurance Company, held on the 19th of April, 18—

CAPTAIN SLASHING in the Chair,

the secretary drew attention to a very urgent claim of fourteen shillings and sixpence, housekeeper's charges, which there were no funds to meet.

Resolved,—That the secretary having been guilty of great impertinence in bringing a claim of any character or amount before this Board, knowing the strong feeling of the Board against claims, and the absence of all funds to defray them, be dismissed.

The following proposals for assurance were accepted :

Simon Softhead	£2000
Samuel Spoonney	500
Sampson Stoopid	1000

Mr. Gritriscal, Managing Director, reported receipt of ten guineas, inquiry fees, in cases where parties required loans from the company. Mr. Gritriscal stated he had kept the amount on account of arrears of salary, and had informed the applicants in each case that the company declined granting the loans, the security offered being unsatisfactory.

A premium just received having been handed into the Board-room by a clerk, was divided amongst the directors, and the Board adjourned.

The above minutes were read at the next meeting of the directors, and were confirmed. Business was proceeding, when the messenger of the company entered, and, labouring, evidently, under great excitement, announced "Mr. Joshua Tubbs."

Immense was the commotion. The directors rose in a body. Mr. Tubbs was their chairman, having been introduced by his friends, the solicitors of the company, Messrs. Butcher and Mangle (now, alas! reduced to G. Butcher). At their instance he had taken one hundred shares, and there stopped, for he had never come again to the office from that day to this, having, indeed, forgotten the whole affair. There was a profusion of bowing, and expressions of delight flowed from the lips of the astonished directors in abundance quite overwhelming.

Mr. Tubbs was placed in the chair, of course, though he declared he knew nothing at all about the business, which was very true; while, on the other hand, none but an idiot would remark upon that as any disqualification for being a director.

It was all very gratifying. The managing director, Mr. Gritriscal, was in vast force, and soon satisfied the mind of Mr. Tubbs that he was, indeed, a most fortunate man in being connected with such a flourishing institution. Mr. Gritriscal touched delicately upon the assurance which Mr. Tubbs might entertain, that as long as he (Mr. Gritriscal) was associated with the management, everything would continue to prosper, and all transactions would be characterised by that spirit of fairness and propriety which had animated him (Mr. Gritriscal) through life, and had obtained for him the esteem of his friends around and the public at large. Mr. Tubbs replied in a tone equally calculated to put the meeting in good humour; and altogether the proceedings were of a most exhilarating and encouraging description.

The directors were about adjourning, when the clerk again made his appearance with a letter, addressed to Mr. Gritriscal, which that gentleman read with sundry contortions of countenance, suggestive of internal spasms of a very painful character. He drew Captain Slashing aside, and thus whispered to him:

"As I'm alive, Slashing, old VanRuen's dead, and it's all up."

The captain's countenance assumed the hue of an inferior tallow candle.

"This is a letter from that fellow Butcher," continued Mr. Gritriscal, "enclosing certificate of death, and demanding the 5000*l.*, amount of policy which they hold."

"I—I'm going," faltered the captain.

"So am I," said Mr. Gritriscal; "but not just yet. Take it coolly. Get the other fellows aside, one by one, and tell them what's happened."

This the gallant captain did, and by the time the information had been imparted to all, there was as goodly a collection of palpitating hearts, quaking limbs, and nervous-looking eyes, as you might wish to see.

Strange to say, Mr. Tubbs noticed nothing wrong. Perhaps the imperturbable coolness of Mr. Gritriscal saved a discovery. That gentleman, in the quietest manner possible, observed that news had just reached him of a loss of 5000*l.*, for which it would be necessary to sign a cheque.

"Certainly, certainly," said Mr. Tubbs; "the larger the amount the more prompt we ought to be in paying it."

"Just my notion," chimed Captain Slashing. And he affixed his signature.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Tubbs, "what a blessing Life Assurance is, to be sure! Think, now, what a comfort this little bit of paper will be to this poor man's representatives."

"A great comfort, indeed," replied Mr. Gritriscal (grinning inwardly, as he remembered that the balance at the banker's was something under thirty shillings).

"Well, gentlemen, no more business to-day, I suppose?" said Mr. Tubbs, rising.

"No, sir; our business is *done*," said the managing director, significantly.

"Then I wish you good morning, gentlemen, and exceedingly proud and happy I am in having met you. I shall come frequently among you now. Good morning."

And with many shakings of hands Mr. Tubbs withdrew, and directly

he was gone the other directors went too. Then Mr. Gritrisal ran out, and gave some instructions to the clerk, and the clerk ran out and brought in a furniture-broker, and that worthy valued all the goods in the office, paid for them, and had them moved off in an hour. And when Mr. Gritrisal had seen the last of them, he, and the clerks and the messenger, severally took their hats and departed, and the life of the Aldgate Pump and General Insurance Company departed with them, leaving only a wretched corpse, in the shape of the denuded and deserted office, for the benefit of a vast host of mourners, *i. e.* creditors, who, like vultures, were quickly gathered around it.

It will be convenient to pursue the history of the policy-claim made by Mr. Butcher. The money not being paid (as he knew, of course, it would not be), Mr. Butcher sued the company for the amount, and obtained judgment, which, so far as the company was concerned, was not of much importance, there being nothing to seize. But the step was advantageous in this way, that following the wise and equitable provisions of the statute under which the company had been formed, Mr. Butcher was then enabled to apply for execution against any individual shareholder he pleased, and he did, accordingly, apply for execution against the only man worth anything in the whole concern, and who, to say the truth, he had himself brought in for the express purpose of slaying in this ghastly fashion when the sacrifice should be necessary, either for the payment of his (Mr. Butcher's) bill of costs against the reputable undertaking, or in respect of any other matter in which his interest might be involved.

Mr. Tubbs was prevented attending again at the office of the company, and was therefore in blissful ignorance of the dreary change it had undergone. He received notice of intention to apply for execution against him, but observing simply that it was a legal matter, he hastily enclosed it to Butcher, as his solicitor, to attend to for him. Butcher, of course, returned it, with a polite note, stating that as he was the plaintiff he could not act for the defendant. Mr. Tubbs had left town when this reply arrived, and through some oversight it was not forwarded.

About a fortnight after this "there was a sound of revelry by night," and Mr. Tubbs's domicile in Brunswick-square was radiant with light and overflowing with gay and cheerful guests. Mrs. Tubbs was giving a most delightful entertainment. Everything was charming. Mr. Tubbs looked around and luxuriated in the contrast which this brilliant spectacle afforded to the comparative poverty and the absolute insignificance of former years. He was going on a delightful tour upon the Continent, and had fixed to start to-morrow morning. So he was in especially good spirits to-night, and bade all his friends, with double force a hearty welcome.

But what is this slight bustle in the hall, and who are these not overgenteel-looking personages who require to see Mr. Tubbs on urgent business, and will not be denied? Alas! one is a sheriff's officer, and the other is his man Friday. They have a *ca. sa.* against Mr. Tubbs, and preferring his body to his goods they have come to take his body.

They have drawn the worthy man aside, and have told him their dismal purpose. He is seen to look incredulous, to become alarmed, to turn pale, to grow faint. He is assisted into another room. Shrieking

is heard. The guests are dreadfully affrighted. Somebody says Mr. Tubbs has been arrested for forgery; somebody says, "No, murder;" somebody suggests bigamy, and that his first wife has just reappeared; but at last a glimmer of truth escapes through a suggestion of Butcher (who was there actually as a guest), "That Tubbs may have got himself into some mess with a life office which has lately failed."

And then they all fade away, as ice before the sun. Enough for them there's something wrong. They had better go. They came to feast and revel. There will be no feasting and no revelling, and therefore they'll depart.

Poor Tubbs! On my honour I am sorry for him. He was a little selfish creature, and had been spoiled by prosperity, but I am sorry to see him ruined. I say "ruined;" for, mark you, reader, although he can pay this debt, and have plenty left, yet he is virtually ruined. He is one of those men who, fairly checked in prosperity, seem by some ill fate never to recover themselves. They struggle and clutch, but it is all useless; they glide quickly and more quickly towards the Falls of Poverty, and presently, with a faint cry, they are over, and are seen no more.

Oh, Goddess Fortune! you are so very fickle, so very inconstant, pettish, uncertain. You smile upon me, and I am at your feet. You give me your hand, and I am in ecstasies. I bask in your favour, and revel in your protection, when, lo! I look up, and oh, horror! your brow is suddenly contracted, your aspect is fierce, your teeth are set with malignant rage, and in a moment the soft hand which I have been fondling is withdrawn, and, clutching my throat with a giant's force, it hurls me straight into the arms of the demon RUIN behind me, who has been all along watching and grinning at me, knowing that I should be turned over to him at last.

XX.

BUTCHER FOR FISHBENT.

—"YOUR opinion is requested whether, the said Barclay VanRuen being dead, his said daughter, Rosa VanRuen, becomes entitled to the said property?"

So closed a most elaborately-drawn case, submitted by Mr. Butcher to those very eminent members of the long robe, Mr. Mylud, Q.C., and Mr. Yerhonor.

Then followed the opinion :

"The case is beset with difficulties. We have referred to the case of "*Bakerboy versus Butcherboy*" (see Popgun's *Reports*, No. 9), but the circumstances are not analogous. Our first impression has been that the said Rosa VanRuen *did* become entitled on the death of her father, and that impression may be correct. We are bound, however, to acknowledge that it may also be wrong. Nevertheless, our view inclines that way. In such a matter great doubt must, of necessity, prevail. This is our decided opinion.

(Signed)

" MARK MYLUD.

" HUGH YERHONOR."

"Humph!" granted Mr. Butcher, on reading this clear and convincing statement. "That girl may have a chance, then, after all. It's worth while to look after her."

So he wrote to the address where she had lived with her father, but no answer came.

A summons brought into Mr. Butcher's presence next morning Mr. Cleanwristband, one of his clerks.

"These twenty writs issued yesterday?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the ten executions?"

"Yes, sir; six men left in possession, and four bodies taken."

Mr. Butcher smiled pleasantly.

"Tubbs paid, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir; all done, and he's out."

"Humph! he won't be free long. Cleanwristband, just step down to that man VanRusen's address, and learn what's become of his daughter."

"Yes, sir. Mr. Harry Butcher, sir, is in the office."

"Oh, he can come in. Come in, Harry."

Mr. Cleanwristband departed, and Mr. Harry Butcher entered.

How often it is that money-making, business-loving fathers have money-spending, business-hating sons. You could see directly that Harry Butcher was not a young gentleman likely to look at a sovereign twice before he spent it. The free movement of his full blue eye was delicious to look upon, after you had been chilled by the sinister scrutiny of his father's grey optics. His faults, detected at the first glance, were the very opposite of his father's dark features. With such good points as he possessed, his respected living parent certainly had no concern. He inherited them from that other parent who had long since fallen asleep.

They were accustomed to quarrel dreadfully; but, nevertheless, Butcher was very proud of his son.

"Harry," he said, as the young man came in with a light, easy air, "open any word, you'll be too late. Have you prepared your address to the electors of Fishbont. You know I've made up my mind to get you into parliament at this election close at hand."

"There, there!" cried Harry Butcher. "I've brought it. It's cost me three hours' hard labour, and the loss of a ride with Emily Christian to boot."

"Pshaw," cried his father, angrily. "What do you want with Emily Christian? Old Christian's as poor as a church mouse. Now, pray don't go playing the fool in that quarter."

"And what may playing the fool in this case mean?" asked Harry, reddening. "I—I—very much admire Emily Christian. She's a very nice girl. I'm not in love with her, of course. Certainly not. But she is a very nice girl—she is the nicest girl——"

"Oh, this won't do at all," interrupted his father, who had been perusing the paper his son had given him. "Why, Harry, you've no more idea of these things than a cat. Who in the world would say such things as these in an address to a constituency: 'Amongst my varied qualifications for becoming your representative, I may mention I am

as good a player at billiards, my men of Fishbent, as you could desire to see. My knowledge of horseflesh is not at all to be despised, I can assure you; and in the broadsword exercise——' Oh, really, Harry, this is too ridiculous."

"Well, now, didn't you say I was to mention everything I could do well. What could I say? I know nothing of politics—I know nothing of parties,—I don't know High Church from Low Church,—I know nothing about law,—nothing about taxation, except that it's something very disgusting."

"Didn't I tell you, Harry, to keep on about Reform?"

"Well, don't you see I've pitched it in strongly at the beginning about Reform? Haven't I said I'll reform everything and everybody——?"

"Except yourself," muttered Butcher, grimly.

"Except myself, of course. That which may be very good for others may not suit me, you know."

"Just so. Well, well, leave the thing with me—I'll see to it. This wind-up about 'sound principles of religion and virtue, in which I have been nurtured,' is not so bad. It will take with the old ladies."

"Ah, that's it, and I'll find something else to take with the young ones," replied Harry, carelessly, as he sauntered out.

"Yes," muttered Mr. Butcher to himself, "there are a good many old ladies in Fishbent, and we must be mindful of them. Harry must at once send a subscription to the Ojibbeway Indian Christian Conversion and Provident Clothing Fund Society. It will have a good effect. That wasn't a bad idea of Harry's, 'Sound principles of religion and virtue in which I have been nurtured.' I think we might add, 'Charity and brotherly kindness,' with advantage. There" (writing the words), "that makes it rather more forcible. Halloa, what's that uproar?"

There were sounds of mourning and crying in the clerks' office. A clerk hastened to obey Mr. Butcher's angry summons.

"What is that disgraceful noise, Wiggles!"

"I'm sorry for it, sir; we can't stop her. It's Mrs. Riches, whose goods have been taken in execution this morning, and whose child has just died."

"Confound the woman. How can I help it? But stay, to get rid of her, say I'll speak to the plaintiff and see what I can do."

"We are the plaintiffs, sir. The execution is for costs."

"Oh, turn her out of the place, then—drat her—we can't be made beggars of, for her sake. Put her out at once."

"Yes," murmured Mr. Butcher, resuming his task—"The sound principles of religion, virtue, charity, and brotherly kindness in which I have been nurtured"—yes, it reads very well, Harry, and is very true, my boy, too—very true."

XXI.

THE ELECTION FOR FISHBENT.

Two days after this, the following address to the electors of Fishbent appeared in the daily papers :

"GENTLEMEN,—I appear before you as a candidate for a seat in parliament to represent your time-honoured, influential, and enlightened borough.

"I am a candidate for most thorough reform.

"Firstly, in regard to the Law. I think that the salaries of the Lord Chancellor and judges should be materially reduced, and that in event of its being decided on appeal in any case that a wrong judgment has been delivered, the judge declared guilty of such error should forfeit half a year's salary. I am in hopes that by such an upright and equitable arrangement the whole of the salaries in question might be saved to the nation.

"Secondly, in regard to the Church. I propose to withdraw all remuneration from the head dignitaries of the Church. It is my view that the honour of their respective positions should be to them sufficient reward. I would not object, however, to the archbishop and bishops taking a few pupils, if they were so minded.

"Thirdly, in regard to the Army. I propose that, in time of peace, the soldiery do duty as policemen, an expedient which would greatly lessen taxation, and prove, I am sure, in every way highly satisfactory.

"The remainder of my sentiments, gentlemen, on important points, I shall have the pleasure of communicating to you when I meet you on the hustings, and, in the mean time,

"I am, your devoted servant,

"JOSHUA TUBBS."

"What!" shouted Mr. Butcher, when he read this "Confound the little wretch. So the first use he has made of his freedom has been to put out an opposition to my son. He shall regret it—he shall."

But though Mr. Tubbs did regret it afterwards, and bitterly, yet there was no stopping him from going to the poll at the forthcoming election. Mr. Harry Butcher issued his address, and even outdid Mr. Tubbs in his promises of reform. Pure and immaculate would be everything and everybody if Mr. H. Butcher could have his way—so said his emissaries as they talked in dark corners with doubting voters, and exhibited to them conclusive reasons why they should support their employer. Then Mr. Tubbs made speeches everywhere where he could get an audience, and declared his success was certain; and Mr. Harry Butcher did the same, announcing his assurance of being elected by an enormous majority. In very truth, each candidate was all things to all men. Did Mr. Tubbs meet a Fishbenter with warlike notions, he said to that Fishbenter, with a fine, hearty, John Bull spirit, "I love peace, sir, but it must be honourable peace; it must be peace which brings no blush on my cheek nor Britannia's. Our beloved country, sir, must be respected. She is

the queen of nations, sir, and she must behave as such." On the other hand, did Mr. Tubbs hold sweet converse with meek-minded Fishbenters, he would say, "Gentlemen, I abhor war. It is unchristian; it is horrible. Why should we ever go to war? Why should not quarrels between nations be submitted to an enlightened and impartial jury, composed of half a dozen men from each of the conflicting countries? There would be a glorious spectacle! Fancy the great cause set down for hearing at Westminster Hall. England *versus* Russia. Splendid speeches—wonderful summing up—then the verdict—for the plaintiff of course. There would have been a creditable way of settling the late dispute—there would have been a splendid moral effect produced throughout the universe!"

Mr. Harry Butcher was not idle. He, too, harangued, and pleaded, and insinuated, chatted, smiled, fawned, and flattered—did everything but bribe, of course. His party was more that of the young blood in the borough, while Mr. Tubbs's supporters were the old, grave, sedate men, who shook their heads, saying, "Mr. Butcher was a fine young fellow, but Mr. Tubbs was the man of weight, had more ballast, and so was more the man to represent the mighty interests of the borough of Fishbent."

All the public-houses were taken, we need not say, by the supporters of one or other of the candidates, and nothing met the eye but enormous posters, the number, size, and brilliancy of which, one would have supposed, had some mysterious connexion with the vehement assertions and solemn exhortations they were the means of conveying to the wondering crowd. "Are you an Englishman?—then vote for Tubbs!" "Will you support religion, order, and reduced tea duty?—then your man is Butcher!" "Tubbs, and no taxes!" "Butcher, and high wages and a big loaf!" These, and a multitude of other stirring observations of like character, adorned every inch of wall in the place, and even the bodies of sundry unfortunates, who, throughout the day of election, were engaged in the intellectual occupation of parading the streets in gangs, wrapped up, so to speak, in placards and handbills.

A little behind—a little ahead—neck and neck. Bring them up to the poll—bring them up. Never mind that this intelligent voter is drunk, or that that worthy constituent is more than half an idiot—poll your men! England requires every man to do his duty, and the Fishbenters must exercise their privilege, and thereby express their opinions upon all the great questions of the day. Neck and neck still, and only half an hour left! Have they not all polled? No; the men in Messrs. Swizzlewind's yard are yet "doubtful;" they will decide the election.

These men have been talked to, and coaxed, and joked with the whole day; but they are conscientious men, and are slow in making up their minds. They want thoroughly to understand the merits of the respective candidates before they decide how they will vote. Mr. Harry Butcher has addressed them in a long speech, and his agents have explained the speech to them quietly afterwards; but what they still say is, that "they don't see it!" Mr. Tubbs has operated upon them in the same way, but they have told him likewise, that "they don't see it!" Behold him now, after another long oration, scanning anxiously their passive countenances.

"This is your duty, gentlemen," shouts Mr. Tubbs, the last remnant of breath being expended in the effort—"will you perform it?"

Still that same reply from the jelly-looking foreman, who acts and speaks for the body.

"We're anxious to do our duty, sir; but just at this moment—excuse us—we don't see it!"

A hurried conference takes place between Mr. Tubbs and his principal agent. Then the latter takes the foreman away for a few minutes. Something passes between them—some words, if you like—and the foreman returns to his comrades, who draw around him. He returns to his position in front.

"We have talked the matter over, sir, and are very happy to say that now we see it!"

"Bravo, my men," said Mr. Tubbs; "away with you, my fine fellows, to the poll."

And away they were jogging, when, behold! an emissary of Mr. Harry Butcher, who had just arrived, violently laid hold of the foreman, and, before he could make the slightest resistance, dragged him quite aside from the crowd, and whispering most energetically in his ear, shook him cordially by the hand.

Back came the foreman.

"Hold hard, mates, for a minute," he cried; "a word with some of you." And in spite of the vehement protestations of the Tubbs party, a hurried consultation took place among them.

"Hurra for Butcher! Hurra for the man of the people! Butcher's the man for Fishbent!" were the sounds which next moment astounded the Tubbs party, and almost caused Mr. Tubbs to faint.

"Vote for Butcher! The Swizzlewinds vote for Butcher! Hurra for Butcher!" shouted the jelly foreman, till he almost burst a blood-vessel.

"Why—why," vociferated Mr. Tubbs—"you said you saw it, you vagabonds."

"So we did, sir," answered the foreman, with a grin—"in quite a different light to what you did; we see'd it in Mr. Butcher's light."

Mr. Tubbs sank back, fairly overcome.

"Hurra for Butcher! Hurra for Butcher!" resounded on all sides.

"We all vote for Butcher," shouted the foreman, as they approached the polling-place. "Butcher is the man for the country, for Fishbent, and for Swizzlewind's men—so we vote for him."

There was an end of it. Butcher was elected by a majority of forty-nine, and Tubbs, when he had returned home, had another *scire facias* served upon him in connexion with the Aldgate Pump and General Life Assurance Company.

THE BATHS OF LUCCA.

BY FLORENTIA.

V.

The Castle of Bargilio and its Legend.

A curse, not loud but deep,
Was registered above.

On the highest point of the loftiest mountain visible from our villa, appears a ruin so diminished in size from its altitude, that it might pass for a mere rocky protuberance, unless pointed out as the Castle of Bargilio. I had often contemplated this mountain eyrie, and longed to explore a spot so romantically situated, around which such an atmosphere of strange unearthly legends are said to float, but the road was long and difficult, and from time to time the excursion had been delayed. At last a day was fixed, in the month of September, and early in the morning I started on my favourite gray pony, accompanied by a guide on foot.

It was a splendid morning, a glorious sun shining over the freshened forests, still moist and dewy from heavy rain on the previous day. The surrounding woods were completely bathed in the bright sun that shone and sparkled on every leaf, and lit up the whole valley with a joyous brightness quite exhilarating.

Borge, through which we had to pass, is clean and quite handsome for a country town, with one wide street that displays very respectable shops. There are such a number of *farmacia*, or chemists, one would imagine the inhabitants, far from following Shakspeare's advice of "throwing physic to the dogs," actually must live on it; then there are no end of cafés, with neat little marble tables, and a curtain at the entrance to keep out the sun and admit the air; and shops with vast displays of wooden shoes for the peasants, and candle-manufactories, and, in a word, all the accessories of a most thriving little place. The high street passed, we turned off abruptly to the right up a paved path through a narrow lane bordered by high green banks, passing through most luxuriant vineyards, where the plants, exposed to a southern aspect, were loaded with fruit. Among the vines were interspersed, here and there, large groves of olives, now covered with white berries, while fig-trees black with fruit, cherry and apple-trees were dotted about among pumpkins, beans, and maize.

A deep ravine broke these luxuriant field gardens, along which flowed a mountain torrent; both sides were clothed by chestnut woods, while little streams crossed our road, running down the sides of the glen in numerous delicate cascades into the stream below, giving a fresh emerald colour to the turf over which they flowed. Nothing is more charming than this gurgling and rushing of water among the unbroken solitudes of the forests.

On we went over the roughly paved way, through changing scenes of Eden-like beauty, until we arrived at a small village. Graceful women were assembled round a well, and bore away the water in large copper vessels, which, spite of the weight, they carried exactly poised on their heads, stepping with that Juno-like air and deportment universal among

all the young Italians. Nothing is ever placed in the arms, which hang down or move in eloquent pantomime as they converse together; all conceivable weights are placed on the head, from an enormous load of wood to the smallest pitcher of milk. As we emerged from the miserable hovels composing the village, a vast valley, shut in by rising heights, opened before us, while towering high above, quite up in the sky, Bargilio was visible, looking, perhaps, if anything, a trifle farther off than when we started, and mocking apparently all efforts to reach it. All the population of the village, consisting of dreadful old crones, with heads so rough that they never for years could have felt a brush, and pretty young girls, as neat as the utmost care could make them, were busily engaged in carding flax.

After a steep and long ascent, we did seem to have neared Bargilio a little, as the ruined walls were now much more distinct, and the barren rock on which it stands began to assume somewhat of its real proportions. A deep wood covered the rocks, overgrown with moss and lichens, and in the thickest of the forest a solitary church appeared, in a position so solitary and desolate that it certainly did puzzle one to imagine where any possible congregation could be found, unless the ghosts from the neighbouring castle resorted there. Carefully threading my way over the dangerous ascent, where one false step might have hurled me thousands of feet below, over pointed rocks, when certain death must have been inevitable, I reached a small cultivated space, where a few corn-fields and a miserable hovel announced something living, rude as it might be.

On a precipitate rocky eminence rising abruptly out of the damp grass, stood the ruins of the old castle, consisting in a single round tower, surrounded by high walls rising in the midst of rugged rocks jutting out in rude, misshapen masses all around it. There it stood, scathed, weather-beaten, the sport of the winds, the rains, and the winter snows; not a tree, not a shrub, scarcely a blade of grass growing near it. Flights of rooks were hovering about, cawing sadly in the breeze that sighed through the apertures in the tower. I felt so impressed with the awful and mysterious aspect of the place, that, for a moment, I hesitated mounting the rock in order to approach it. A half-naked woman, who was tending some sheep in the hollow of the rocks, ran down on seeing us approach, and stared at me with all the curiosity of a savage. She was perfectly browned by the wind and the sun, but although bare-legged and ill-clothed, wore the golden earrings so beloved by the peasantry, that I believe they would positively go naked to purchase them. After dismounting from my sure-footed little pony, I asked this damsel if she would conduct me the nearest way over the rocks to the castle above, which she willingly undertook to do, and I proceeded under her guidance. After many slips and a few falls, I reached the platform on which it stands. Here the peasant abruptly left me, and, sitting down on a pile of rocks, I found myself face to face with this weird old ruin. The wildness and singularity of its aspect had not been exaggerated: it was a place to see in a dream as the abode of some giant or necromancer. That those old walls could look so strange and ghostlike without some fearful tale connected with them, was impossible; and, gazing upon the frowning pile before me, I firmly believed all I had at various times heard concerning it.

As to the antiquity of Bargilio, Heaven forefend that I should weary myself or my reader with any such researches, but at the same time it invests the castle with greater interest to know that its antiquity is really fabulous. No one knows how it came there, who built it, or for what purpose. Perhaps the devil had a hand in its construction, as he appears to have been always busy in and about the Bagni, from the earliest times until now. It might have been a Roman watch-tower, and have stood on that rock since the days that Rome gave laws to the universe. This is quite immaterial; but now that I am seated opposite the walls, I must relate the legend that invested it with so mysterious a charm in my imagination.

Bargilio, about the twelfth century, became the property and stronghold of the Panciatici family, who owned vast mountain districts in this part of the Apennines. One of the chiefs of this house lived here about that period in great honour and renown; many vassals owned his sway, and he could send forth a goodly array of knights whenever called on by his liege the emperor to assist him. Neither the republics of Lucca or Pisa troubled him; he mixed not in their broils and internal wars, but lived feared and honoured within his castle walls, while his serfs and vassals cultivated the fertile spots among the mountains, certain to reap the harvests that they sowed. But death at last cut off the old lord of Bargilio, and, although in a green old age, he died suddenly, and not without certain suspicions of foul play; but as his eldest son was living with him at the time, and immediately assumed his father's honours and power, no person dared canvass so dangerous a subject. The new lord was a stern, hard man, whom all feared, and no one loved; he had none of the jovial glee and merry humour of his father, whom he in no way resembled, but sat, sombre and severe, in his high chair in the principal hall, speaking but little, and giving his thoughts to no one. He was like an old man before his time, bowed down with care and anxiety, and delighted neither in the chase, nor in war, nor in exercising his knights, but ever sat brooding in the old hall, where the coloured windows threw a fitful light on his stern face. He had a younger brother, who was away fighting in Hungary under the emperor's standard when the old lord died; but he never wrote to him, or sent him any messenger to announce their parent's death. People began to say that the younger brother must have fallen in the wars against the Turks, or been at least made a slave of and carried away into the Paynim's land; and as the present lord never named him, and had caused all that belonged to him to be destroyed, it was thought he would not be ill pleased if such were the case. But it fell out otherwise: for one day, as the Lord of Bargilio sat in his hall over against the window, as was his wont, a bugle sounded from below. He started up, and walking out on the rocky platform before the entrance, saw a small company of two or three knights winding up the rocky path to the castle. Again the bugle sounded, and, whether there was anything that displeased him, or that he recognised the sound, the lord frowned darkly, and laid his hand on the hilt of his dagger.

In a little space the comers had approached the castle, and were conducted to the hall. A fair, tall, comely man entered first; but sorrow, and grief, and rage were on his brow as he approached, for he was the long absent younger brother, and he had first heard that his father, whom he loved dearly, was no more.

As the brothers stood face to face, a scowl of rage and defiance was visible in both their countenances, only that the elder looked like a real devil, and the younger like a bright angel angered by the sins of wicked men.

"And why," said the younger, speaking through his clenched teeth, "did you not tell me that my dear father was dead? Why was I not to soothe his dying pillow—him whom I loved so well? Curses on you, for an unnatural brother."

"Speak to me with the respect due to your lord and your elder, or by St. Christopher I will fell you to the earth, fair-haired minion," replied the other.

"I will neither speak with respect, nor treat you as my elder," exclaimed the other, maddened by the scorn and pride of the lord, who sat swelling in the great chair where his old father had sat; "I will speak the truth before God and the Virgin, words that I would never have uttered while my father lived to disturb his peace, but which now I will blow from the topmost turret of this castle to the four winds of heaven. Knights approach; men, soldiers, vassals, all draw nigh—bear me; what I have to say brooks no delay." The hall had gradually filled with the various retainers drawn hither by curiosity and the news of the younger son's return, for he was much loved, and many fervent blessings were invoked on his fair face. "Yes," continued he, "I will speak. You, false-hearted traitor, concealed my father's death from me that you might seize the castle and the treasures, which you knew not to be yours, hoping I had fallen in battle."

"Beware," uttered the lord, in a hollow voice—"beware! You may yet be silent, and withdraw; if at once you leave, the road is yet open to you."

"I go! I fly! no, by Heaven! I am come, and I shall stay to claim my rightful birthright. This is my castle, these are my vassals. You, *you* are the lowest among them, for the blood that flows in your veins is crossed with a base leman's breed. You are a bastard, and you know it; and thus I mark the brow that ought and shall bow in the dust before my father's rightful son."

And he flung full in the face of the lord, now pale with passion, his iron glove, that, leaving a bloody stain on his white forehead, fell to the ground with a crash. The Lord of Bargilio started from his chair and glared at his brother with the fury of a demon. He spoke no word, but drew his sword from its scabbard, and motioned to the other in significant gestures that he must fight.

"I know not," said the younger, "that I, a high-born knight, chief of the Panciatichi, ought to honour such a one as you are by measuring swords with him—such a false villain ought to be too proud to die by the hand of my esquire; but right is might, and I care not. So come on, Sir Bastard, and receive your due."

A deadly fight commenced—a fight for life and death; no one dared to interrupt the brothers as they dealt deadly blows of hate and rage. For a time neither obtained a decided advantage, but at last it was evident that the Lord of Bargilio was the better man—he dealt his blows with a surer and steadier aim. Perhaps his brother was fatigued by his long journey, but so it was, and all looked with horror when they saw the younger's sword snap short off at the hilt. The lord now pressed on

him, giving him no time to draw his dagger. He dealt him a furious blow on the head, and in a moment his fair hair was deluged in blood, and he lay extended on the pavement. A groan broke from all present at the dismal sight, but a stern frown from the lord silenced them, as, wiping his sword, he reseated himself.

There was a solemn silence. The mortally wounded man raised himself on one arm and gazed at the Lord of Bargilio, who sat with unmoved visage. "God is just," said he, in a faint voice, "and my death shall be avenged. Thou hast slain me, false bastard. But the curse of a murdered man falls on thee and on thy blood for ever. In this world and the next I will torment thee and thine. *Remember*——" And fixing his dying eyes on the lord, he sank back and died.

Horror fell on all present at the sight of one they loved lying a corpse, and at the dreadful words he had uttered. Even the stern lord quivered and turned pale as he listened to the malediction; but, recovering himself, he rose and said, pointing to his brother's corpse,

"Instantly remove that carrion, and fling it down the caves under the castle, and drive those strangers"—pointing to his brother's attendants—"from these mountains; if within one hour they are within hail, they shall answer for it with their lives."

From this time it was evident that a curse had fallen on Bargilio and all it contained. The lord seldom left his own apartment, and never remained in the great hall one instant alone, always avoiding his father's chair, before which his brother had fallen, with a shudder of horror. He grew paler and thinner and more morose; he neither slept nor eat like other men, and started at every noise. It was clear that his life had become a burden to him. Strange noises were heard in the castle, and at dead of night groans proceeded from the great hall that made the vassals tremble in their beds.

About this time a fresh crusade was preached by the monks and hermits, and every man who could bear arms was exhorted to use them in the service of God, and to recover the Holy Sepulchre, which deed would expiate all and every sin, and ensure eternal joy and happiness to the guiltiest sinner. The hermits penetrated even to the heights of Bargilio, and the lord heard their words as they preached on a ledge of rocks, before the village. The next day he departed, no one knew how or where, but as his armour was also missing, and his sword and dagger, and the horse that he loved best was gone, it was held for certain that he had joined the crusaders, being unable any longer to endure the torture of remaining in a place where his brother's blood called out daily against him. After his departure, no one would remain in the castle, and even to ascend the eminence after dark was more than the stoutest man cared to attempt. The noises and the groans became worse and worse. Lights gleamed from the great hall when there was no moon, and could be seen all over the mountains, and figures were seen at the windows resembling two knights in armour fighting furiously, and marvellously like the brothers. Then would be heard piercing cries and groans, and the castle bell would of itself toll for half an hour together.

All these tales were related by the serfs who dwelt at the foot of the hill. The castle gradually fell into bad repair, as no one cared to enter a place that seemed given over to the Evil One. None knew what had

become of the proud lord, or if he were alive or dead. Years passed away, and a fresh generation had sprung up, who, not having witnessed the former scenes, looked with less dread at the old fortress that frowned on the top of the rock. News, too, came that the Lord of Bargilio had fallen by the hand of the infidels before the walls of Jerusalem, and that he had sent, in token of his death, a signet ring to his next of kin, who was expected to come and claim the rich heritage awaiting him. After some months a brilliant retinue arrived at the castle, who soon put all things in order, repaired the walls, new-furnished and decorated the old hall with shields, and armour, and swords, and the choicest tapestry. When all was in order, the new heir, by name Lorenzo Panciatichi, arrived, and there were rejoicings and revels, and hunts on the mountains, and jousts in the valley, and all kinds of mirth. He was an open-handed, open-hearted man, with a happy smile on his face, and a kind word to all who approached him, so that he was beloved by every one. The old men who remembered the stern lord shook their heads, and said he was strangely like him who had died, and whose bones would not rest until blood had been spilt for blood, and that such a likeness boded him no good. They said, too, that they had heard the curse, and that it clung still to the castle and to the name. But they were only laughed at by the young and gay, and looked on as old dotards that knew not what they said, and whose strange tales were but sport to the rest; so they held their peace, and joy was the order of the day, and the old castle rang with sounds of merriment and wassail day and night. After a time, Lorenzo grew tired of so wild a life, and sought in marriage a virtuous maiden, who was beautiful as well as good, and dwelt with her father in the castle of Lucchio, not far distant among the mountains towards Ponte Nero, whose ruins are yet to be seen on the top of a high rock. They were married, and loved each other truly, for Lorenzo was so good and kind, no woman he cared to please could refuse him her heart; and so virtuous and pious a life did he lead with his noble wife, that even the old peasants said Heaven in mercy would surely forget the curse. Nothing was wanting to the perfect happiness of this virtuous pair but a child: none as yet had blessed their union. At last the Lady of Bargilio, after earnest prayers and offering her choicest jewels to the shrine of the Holy Mother in the solitary church hard by the castle, became the happy mother of a girl.

Their cup of happiness was now filled to the brim, and the old serfs began to say that the Lord of Bargilio was too prosperous, and that perhaps it was a temptation from on high to see how he would bear it. But nothing changed him; he was the same kind, benevolent master as ever, and though sobered down from the gay youth, he changed in nothing else, and lived almost in the odour of sanctity.

The little heiress grew strong and healthy, and years passed away, until she became almost a woman. She had long fair locks, like her father, that hung about her neck like threads of gold; her eyes were soft and blue, and seemed to turn naturally heavenward; she was so beautiful to look on, that one might have mistaken her for a guardian angel descended on this earth to show how lovely were those that dwelt in paradise. Yet was she a merry-hearted little maid, whose light laugh often rang through the old hall; and she loved to sport among the rocks,

and explore the caves and recesses of the mountain, or to seek the wild flowers in the chesnut woods, and wind garlands for her father's favourite steed. Sometimes she would escape from her attendants and hide herself behind the piles of rock around the castle, and when they called on her name, and implored her to show herself, suddenly she would appear, and laugh, and dance with glee at their perplexity.

One day she had escaped alone, as was her wont, and was gliding about near the castle. On the side that looks towards the ocean, and where the rocks are steepest, she thought she perceived a small door in a kind of recess, and wondering where it might lead, and that she had never observed it before, she climbed up to examine it. She laid her hand on the latch and found that it was open. Fear and curiosity now took possession of her; she longed to explore where it led, and yet she trembled at the thought of entering alone any strange place; she knew that she ought not to go; she thought of her mother, and almost felt her kind arms around her, drawing her away; but an incomprehensible power impelled her forward—a feeling stronger than herself, which was irresistible. A spell was on her as she gazed on that small door, and, laying her hand on the latch, she raised it, and, though trembling in every limb, she entered. A flight of stairs lay before her; terrified, pale, and cold, she longed to return; she hesitated; she had not courage to proceed, and, holding the door in her hand, she was just stepping back, when a gust of wind suddenly slammed-to the door, and she found herself precipitated by force half down the steps.

She was now in total darkness; but a dim light appeared below, and trembling, though still as it were impelled forwards by some strange impulse, she continued to descend. Flight after flight led down deeper and deeper; but the dim light still shone, and she followed. At last the steps ended, and she found herself in a vast vaulted passage, that seemed interminable; other passages branched off right and left in various directions into the gloom—all cut out of the rock. She grew confused, and knew not which path to take—all looked alike, and yet each led in a different direction; she leant against a pillar, and trembled and listened. Low groans came faintly sounding from the hollow passages—groans like those of a dying man, fainter and fainter; then there was a clash of arms, and a rushing as of armed knights who fought, which echoed through the caverns; and then came wild shrieks, and screams, such as mortals could scarce conceive, so shrill and terrible were they. The maiden rushed forward, knowing not where she fled; she ran along the long caves, until, exhausted and dead with terror, she fell to the ground. Suddenly a crash like thunder shook the vaults, and she beheld a skeleton rise before her: a ghastly leer lingered round his mouth, and an open wound appeared in his side, from whence flowed blood. The figure stretched out what once were arms to clasp her. Impelled by mortal fear, she fled; terror lent swiftness to her feet; but, fly as she might, the ghastly apparition still followed in her rear, his arms outstretched to clasp her; up and down among the vaulted passages she ran, ever pursued, ever flying. At length, overcome by fatigue, horror, and despair, she swooned away.

Meanwhile the absence of the maiden from the castle had caused absolute despair; no one could divine whither she had gone, and search was

made for hours and hours in vain. Strange rumblings like thunder were heard under the castle, and the crash as of an earthquake rending the rock had terrified the entire household, for the sky was clear, and none could understand whence the thunder came.

At last, as evening came on, one of the attendants perceived something white on the rocks towards that side which overlooked the ocean. He climbed up, and found the maiden in a crevice under an overhanging ledge; she was lying, gathered up in a heap as it were, her hands over her eyes, her fair hair damp and cold, and her clothes so torn that she was almost naked. He took her in his arms and carried her into the castle. She was laid down in the old chair in the great hall; no word was said; her mother was summoned; she approached, but the maiden stared at her with senseless eyes—she was an idiot.

From that day all happiness fled from the castle; neither the lord nor his consort ever smiled. The poor maiden lingered a while, always trembling, and with her hands before her eyes, but in a few short weeks she died. Before, however, she gave up the ghost, for a moment her senses returned, and, seizing her mother's hand, she muttered some strange words about "the curse, the murdered skeleton, and the vaults," but so incoherent and indistinct, that no one could comprehend what she meant. However, the words of those we love, when dead, still speak to the mind of the living, and her mourning parents brooded over these things.

It was known that there were extensive vaults under the castle, but they had been walled up for many, many years; in fact, since the body of the younger brother had been flung down unshriven and unsung. But Lord Lorenzo declared that he, out of love for his lost child, and in memory of her dying words, would search those vaults, and forthwith excavations were made under the platform on which the castle stands, and they came on the long passages that ran below. Lord Lorenzo descended—not without fear—and his attendants followed him trembling, for since the poor maiden's death all the old stories of the horrors that once occurred at the castle, and the dreadful sights which had been seen, were revived and now believed. The curse was spoken of by the old men, who shook their heads, and said they had always feared evil would befall.

After they had descended into the vaults, they groped their way through long winding passages, and would, like the maiden, have lost all clue, unless men had been stationed at the various turnings. As Lorenzo walked along, his footsteps sounding with a hollow sound, a pale blue light appeared at the extremity of the vault. As they advanced, it receded, and with terror they followed; but the mind of the Lord of Bargilio was so wrought up by despair, that he strode on, reckless if it were a sign from heaven or a device from hell. The blue flame, after leading them on a while, rested on the wall of the cavern: then became stationary a moment, and finally disappeared. They examined the wall, which emitted a hollow sound. Lorenzo commanded that the picks and hammers they had brought should be used, and an opening made. The wall yielded to their blows. It was not like the rest, all rock, but had evidently been built up. As the fragments fell, a niche appeared, containing a skeleton; beside it were tufts of yellow hair, clotted

with blood, and on one side the bones were separated, as if cut with a knife. As they lowered the wall, and exposed the entire skeleton to view, wild laughter and sounds of frantic mirth, like the shrieks of demons, echoed through the caverns. The skeleton fell to the ground, and nothing remained but a small heap of dust and hair.

Horror was on all present. Lord Lorenzo now understood the curse, and the call of blood for blood, and turned away in agony at the thought that his innocent child had been the victim chosen for revenge. He re-ascended to the platform, and the dust was placed in the burial-place of the Panciatici, in the chapel on the rocks. Sorrow, suffering, and woe laid their heavy hands on the Lord of Bargilio and his once happy wife. She, unable to live without her golden-haired maiden, soon followed her to the grave. Lord Lorenzo became a premature old man, and entered a monastery, which he before endowed with all his wealth.

The castle of Bargilio, never in good repute among the peasants, was now contemplated with still greater dread, and was utterly forsaken; none remained in the valley below, and the walls frowned down in lonely sternness. The storms seemed to select the lofty tower as their own, and the thunder rattled around it, and the lightning never failed to strike it. After one tremendous storm, the summit fell in, and the whole castle gradually sank to its present state of ruin.

Such is the legend of Bargilio, as I had read it in a curious work, purporting to give the history of various great Lucchese families, now in the library of the University at Pisa. As I sat alone on the ledge of rocks before the castle, each circumstance of wild improbability rose to my mind, but there, with those strange old walls before me, I felt I could believe anything, and that I did not wish even for truth to disturb the suggestive fancies that floated around.

A fair and lovely scene lay below, sparkling in the bright sunshine. There was the ocean, and the mountains piled in lofty ranges—those everlasting hills that had guarded these verdant valleys since the creation. But I looked not on them. My fancy and my thoughts were fascinated by the old castle, and I sat, spell-bound, gazing at it until it was time to descend.

Arrived at the Ponte, I was thoroughly aroused to the passing scene, being hailed by various acquaintances—M'Dermott, who ridiculed my day with the hobgoblins, Dr. C., who regretted he had not accompanied me, and many others, all assembled in the piazza, listening to the band. But I soon turned homewards, and could not feel entirely myself until I had transmitted to paper this account of the old Castle of Bargilio.

ONLY A COUSIN.

BY LASCELLES WRAXALL.

I.

SIR NORTON FOLGATE.

I DARE say most of my readers have met with one of those men who are popularly respected as the makers of their own fortune. I do not know what their opinion of such gentlemen may be, but I have an utter repugnance for them. If they would only keep their proper side of Temple-bar, they might be endured, because we should then rarely come in contact with them; but, unfortunately, in this levelling age, they will ape their betters, and force their way into society with a golden wedge. Society eats their dinners, and politely sneers at the givers, and at last they merge into insignificance by entering the House, where they sleep very comfortably, I have no doubt, and are not a particular nuisance to anybody, except, perhaps, the reporters. On the other hand, if they have just sufficient sense to recognise their short-comings, and remain in the congenial atmosphere of the City, they become lord mayors, and ask noblemen to dinner, flattering themselves with the notion, that if they are not the actual rose, they have at any rate swallowed green fat in its immediate vicinity. But, as a general rule, whether *cis* or *trans* Temple-barriers, they are not the sort of men from whom I would, as matter of choice, select my companions. Men whose souls exist in their trousers-pockets are not exactly the pleasantest company, and a conversation turning exclusively on money-spinning is far from grateful to the ears of those who find it only much too easy to spend rather more than they earn.

Such a man, then, was Sir Norton Folgate, the hero of my domestic drama. He was essentially the maker of his own fortune, and was apt to dilate, much after the Bounderby fashion, and in broad Yorkshire, about his coming up to town with a bundle and a crust of bread, or something equally unpleasant. Now, *per se*, there is no great harm in any man coming up to London to make his fortune, with a bundle or without; but when that fortune has been made, and we all of us know that Sir Norton has any quantity of money in the funds, it rather smacks of that pride which apes humility if he will continually spice his old claret, which we drink reverentially, with equally old anecdotes, which we have heard any given number of times, and which we are expected to admire, as the price of our dinner. On principle, then, Brown, editor of the *Weekly Flyblow*, and myself, who are frequent guests at our friend's table, walk home together and make very sarcastic remarks about him over the whisky-toddy and cigar or so which we indulge in somewhere near Maiden-lane.

Sir Norton's career, I am sorry to say for my country, was very much like that of most of our rich *parvenus*. His first wife, rumour said, had

been a cook, or anything of that nature, whom he had married, prudent youth, because she had saved some money, and her earnings added to his enabled him to open some sort of shop somewhere down Wapping way. It was darkly hinted he had been a ship-chandler—whatever that valuable department of trade may be—and had combined with it marine stores, not being particular as to a silver spoon or so when offered him cheap. My friend Brown positively declared he had looked back on the file, and found out that Mr. Folgate had been tried at the Old Bailey for receiving stolen property, but I think (the taste of the old claret being still in my mouth) this must be a libel. At any rate, the ship-chandler grew rich, and soon boasted ships of his own; and his name turned up repeatedly in connexion with public companies, which flourished tremendously for a while, and then went out with an odour as bad as one of Mr. Folgate's own candles. My hero was soon after heard of as a large broker, and his name became sufficiently notorious at the West-end in connexion with stamped paper. He went through the various grades of civic dignity; got knighted when the Emperor of Timbaktu visited this country during his mayoralty, and his luck was completed by the death of Mrs. Folgate the first. With this event a new era opened in Sir Norton's life, and he determined to become great in the land, or else be allied to greatness.

During the great railway mania, which has been such a godsend for all novel-writers, and would be for myself were I not strictly adhering to facts, Sir Norton went to Ireland on some business connected with a new line from the Giant's Causeway to Skibbereen. (I believe the traffic was proved to be enormous, from the fact that the workhouse poor were all to be sent for change of air to that fashionable spot.) Sir Norton became acquainted with that "reprobate, gouty old peer" the Earl of Mastodon, who, we all know, boasts an antediluvian lineage. His lordship was rather a distinguished character, and was fond of uttering very strong language about "those brutal Whigs," and he certainly had good reasons. The earl had been for many years, and a long line of ancestors before him, deputy-wastepaper-basket to his Majesty, and the perquisites, the contents, namely, of the basket, had belonged to them from time immemorial. After the passing of the Reform Bill, when so many small orators tried to raise political capital by detecting abuses, Mr. Botherby, M.P. for Draneham, moved for a select committee to inquire into the perquisites attached to the office of wastepaper. The ministry yielded (like infernal cowards as they were, the earl would add), and the committee sat. To prove the wisdom of the last generation, I may add that, after a diligent inquiry, at which all the old and second-hand bookstall-keepers and wastepaper buyers had been examined, and it had been shown that the perquisites were worth just 19s. 6d. *per annum*, the expenses of the committee amounted to 2237*l.* 19s. 4*d.* But, on the other hand, principle had been asserted, and Mr. Botherby proved himself an enlightened patriot. This was not all, however: Mr. Proser, M.P., hit on the luminous thought of inquiring what deputy-wastepaper had to do for his money. There was another committee, and the end of it all was, that the Earl of Mastodon was quietly recommended to resign, with a hint of some other berth in the good time coming. Unfortunately, that

good time never came, and, poor fellow, he had to retire to his native bogs to nurse his wrath and his estate at the same time. I need not add that he had a perfect colony of children—*cela va sans dire*,—for our aristocracy are notorious for having a family always in an inverse ratio to their means of supporting them. Were it not for this beautiful provision of nature, government would be forced to the odious necessity of selecting Treasury clerks and so on from the plebs.

It may be imagined that a rich man like Sir Norton was a perfect godsend for our pauper peer. He asked him to dinner on the first introduction, and liked his stories so much that he insisted on the Sassanach making his house his home during his stay in Ireland. Lady Flora Dodo, the third daughter, attracted our hero's attention immensely, and he had a feeling come over him which, in a less cold-blooded individual, might have degenerated into love. I am sorry to say that Lady Flora took advantage of this sentiment, and strove to blow the embers into a flame to the best of her ability. Her birth—father Irish, mother Scotch—peculiarly adapted her to make hay while the sun shone; she had never had such a chance before, and she was determined she would not let it slip. It is true that she had more than a passing fancy for her cousin, Charley Fitzurse, but her mind had been well regulated by a prudent mamma. In her view, marriage represented diamonds, court balls, a carriage, footmen with largely developed calves; and if such essentials of existence could be procured at the sacrifice of a heart, she was far too wise not to jump at the chance. Ah me! how many of our great bodies wish, when too late, that Hauff's story of the "Steinerne Herz" were only true. How gladly would they exchange their heart, with all its troublesome prickings, for a fine solid lump of stone, as insensible to feeling as the clods to whom they have sold themselves for a *status* in society.

Sir Norton, however, was a very prudent man, as became a city magnate; with him, business came first and pleasure a long way afterwards. He finished his railway transactions, and after dropping some mysterious hints about the immense sums to be gained in London at that time by clever speculations, he took leave of his host, and left the hint to work. He was not mistaken in his calculation: in a few weeks his lordship, the Earl of Mastodon, was announced in the *Morning Post* as having arrived in town for the season, and within a few hours he was closeted with Sir Norton, discussing the measures to be taken by which he could make enough money to clear his estate. Sir Norton was eminently practical; and in a few hours imparted a few lights, which slightly astonished his lordship, who was intensely behind his age, as far as speculation was concerned.

In a very short time Lord Mastodon was engaged in the fascinating pursuit of money-making; and yet, strange to say, while the balance at his bankers was rapidly assuming more and more satisfactory proportions, he felt never a whit the happier. The real "small still" had lost its flavour; the very best Havannahs which he now smoked, thanks to his City friend, seemed to him no better than the poorest Pickwick; in short, the *avari sacra fames* had got hold of him, and, like a true Irishman, he went in for a fortune in the shortest conceivable time, regardless of the expense. Sir Norton gave him his head, and allowed him to net several thousand

pounds; he knew his man, and that he would never stop from any motives of safety. At last the time seemed ripe; his lordship risked a speculation, and dared to set his own addled brains against the one virtue of the citizen, shrewd common sense; the consequence was a heavy loss. At this moment Sir Norton stepped in; he suggested a mode by which a fortune might be made, and the earl jumped at it. It is needless to follow the ins and outs of this mysterious transaction; the fact remains the same, and the earl became eventually liable for thirty thousand pounds, while possessing hardly the same amount of representative farthings.

His lordship was evidently in a fix; and, worse than all, his Irish fertility of resources could suggest no mode of extrication. In this dilemma Sir Norton became his "guide, philosopher, and friend," and made a proposal for Lady Flora's hand, the purchase-money, if I may use the term, being a full receipt for the thirty thousand pounds still owing. It was decidedly a bitter pill for the antediluvian pride; but, as the old saying runs, Needs must, &c., and, as may be anticipated, the old earl closed with the bargain, subject to his daughter's consent. The latter was only too glad to accept house and lands and position, although encumbered with the somewhat angular person of Sir Norton Folgate; the bargain was speedily concluded, and the marriage took place with all the possible pomp desirable, and two columns and a half in the *Morning Post*; while the happy bridegroom most generously settled on the lady the sum of thirty thousand pounds—in the shape of her father's bond for that sum. It was whispered that he was no loser by this transaction, for City men have told me that the thirty thousand pounds represented various shares in the Giant's Causeway direct, which he contrived, by means peculiar to the City, to saddle on his future papa-in-law at a heavy premium. These shares had been, in the first instance, assigned to him *gratis* for his strenuous exertions in promoting the railway, and so, when the smash came, he was very well out of it, and gained a very pretty wife in the bargain. However, as I have insinuated before, I will not believe any libellous tales about Sir Norton—so long as he keeps such first-rate claret. Of course, though, my readers, who do not benefit by that generous wine, are left quite at liberty to draw their own conclusions.

II.

CHARLEY FITZURSE.

IMAGINE, then, that two years have elapsed. Monsieur has gradually retired from business, wound up his affairs, and become member for Snorebury. Madame has been launched on the world, and has dropped into her position as naturally as all undowered patrician's daughters contrive to do. She has her house in town and in the country; she gives balls and parties, for which Sir Norton is only too happy to pay, as becomes old January at sixty-seven, when wedded to May of eighteen blushing summers. He has tried to be uxorious, but was very soon checked by the *savoir faire* of my lady, as he rejoices to call her; so he has gradually drifted into the position of amateur butler, and behaves himself accordingly. He is allowed full liberty to go and come when

he lists, just so far as the boudoir door; but there a bar is fixed, which he cannot pass without due permission being asked and permission graciously accorded — which only happens, by-the-way, when madame requires a cheque to pay her milliner or her dressmaker, that great mystery of domestic housekeeping. Sir Norton gives with both hands, as the French say; he is proud of his wife, and the sensation she creates; not that he is a witness of it, but he hears it talked about at the clubs by young Grigg and Spavin, those fast boys, from whom he picks up various hints about fashionable life. Charley Fitzurse, too, is an invaluable friend to him, by teaching him what to avoid, and in gratitude Sir Norton has bought him a step, and recommends him to call on my lady repeatedly, who must be dull, poor thing, when her husband is away. And Charley very willingly obeys.

In short, the *ménage* is on the most satisfactory footing in Hill-street. It is true, at times, that Sir Norton fancies he is not quite so domesticated as in the epoch of Mrs. Folgate the first, when he blew his cloud at the public-house round the corner, and was ordered home to bed as the clock struck ten; but then, he charitably ascribes it to the different society he is moving in. My lady hardly ever comes home before four in the morning, and, of course, is much too good a wife to disturb him: he rises at ten, and after breakfast goes to his solid club, the Plesiosaurus, where elderly swells congregate in bay-windows, and tell jokes, all the point of which consists in digging each other in the ribs. In the afternoon he visits his fashionable club, the Convolvulus, where he stops till six, and then toddles home respectably to dinner at seven, and the first appearance of milady in her domestic character for the day.

But, though Sir Norton was so flexible in many matters, in one he was adamant—he had an utter detestation of all foreigners. In his earliest years he had bought some shares in a Frankfort lottery, and gained a prize worth 50,000 florins, as he was assured. At a great outlay of time and capital he went over to realise, but on trying to sell, found the château was mortgaged for 49,000 florins, with law expenses, &c., and, as soon as he stated himself to be the fortunate owner, he was arrested and put in prison for ten years' taxes due: he found himself, at the termination of the affair, just eighty-seven pounds out of pocket. No wonder, then, that he detested foreigners and all their breed. But in his hatred of foreigners he did not surpass a worthy glover of Cheapside, whom I am bound to immortalise in these pages. In 1848, when the revolution in France expelled a number of English workmen from the railways, a German friend of mine desiring gloves, entered this worthy gentleman's shop. He was received with a growl, and an inquiry whether he were not a foreigner. On his giving a mild affirmation, the shopkeeper refused to deal with him, and he had to leave the shop, gloveless, after entering a severe protest against the narrow-mindedness of the individual. There is nothing like consistency, even when it works with retroactive energy on your own pocket.

This hatred of foreigners was the skeleton in Sir Norton Folgate's house. My lady did not like the country so well as Baden, and Sir Norton's views were diametrically opposite. He would not go abroad to be "poisoned," as he termed it, and my lady was just as determined that

he should. It might be imagined that so independent a person as her ladyship would have solved the difficulty by what might be justly called French leave; but there were various reasons against such a step. In the first place, she could not travel without her cousin, to sweeten by his presence the bitter dose of matrimony; and, secondly, she could not travel with Charley, *solus cum solâ*, because such a step would have given fresh point to the winged darts of scandal, which were already whizzing through fashionable London. In fact, everybody had made up his or her mind on that matter, and joined in laughing at "poor" Sir Norton, who, of course, was profoundly innocent of these suspicions, and would have laid down his life for milady's probity.

Frequent dropping wears away a stone; it may do so; but I am certain a woman's tongue can perform that operation with far greater rapidity. At any rate, Lady Flora, determined as she was to revisit Baden, which she had not seen since her father had resided there during a winter, owing to some trouble with his Irish agent, that prevented him going further, made such constant assaults on that portion of Sir Norton's anatomy which represented his heart, that he hummed and haed, will-nillied, shilly-shallied, until at length the fiat was issued, and *en route* for Baden was the word. Sir Norton made his will before starting, leaving all he possessed to his adorable milady, and off they went to Paris.

Strange to say, Sir Norton found his prejudices rapidly dissipated in that frivolous city. Charley, who accompanied them, and performed the duties of amateur courier, was invaluable. He deposited the old gentleman at Galignani's, and even managed to procure him an introduction to court, whence, of course, he came away raving of the beauty and grace of the empress. In his fit of exaltation, he never checked the milliner's bills, which were in due season handed him by his *cara sposa* for liquidation; even though, in calmer moments, he might have made some slight objections to six-and-thirty yards of velvet being required for each skirt. But Sir Norton was quite in his element in Paris. He was a good French scholar (I won't repeat here his anecdote of how he learned it), and he was delighted to find that, in whatever society he mixed, he was always on his battle-horse. Money, money, money! such was the one universal topic, from dukes down to chiffonniers. Every one was speculating, and god Mammon reigned triumphant in his temple on the Place de la Bourse. He enjoyed those little suppers in the Rue Montorgueil, which successful speculators gave him, owing to his reputation for money, and wisely swallowed his champagne without performing the same process with the schemes which were proposed for his participation. In short, he was in a perfect state of Elysium, and was almost vexed with my lady when she suddenly proposed that they should start for Baden *instantanè*. What was the cause of my lady's sudden dislike for Paris frivolity, as those call it who find the grapes sour, I cannot say. As far as I am concerned it remains a solemn mystery; nor am I inclined to accept the solution maliciously offered by Lady Macaw, that the empress, with her truly English views on morality, had intimated to Lady Flora, through some channel only accessible to rulers, that her conduct with regard to Charley Fitzurse was rather too *prononcé* for the present straitlaced age. What

a magnificent proof of the force of public opinion, when even courtiers find it necessary to become externally respectable.

At any rate, without endorsing this story, I must repeat that Lady Flora issued her mandate, and her husband saw to the arrangements for leaving. He paid his bill at Meurice's, and instituted a mental comparison between that establishment and the Clarendon, rather in favour of the latter; but he paid like a *milord Anglais*, or rather, I ought to say, like a *milord Américain*, who has quite cut out his English prototype as far as throwing away money is concerned. Before long, Baden rung with the praises of Lady Flora's beauty. It was a regular hunt whenever she appeared on the Promenade. Every son of *la jeune France* basked in the light of her beaming eyes, and Auguste and François, as they played their domino, uttered fierce oaths against *cette bête d'Anglais*, meaning thereby our friend Charley, as handsome a fellow as any in the Guards, red, blue, or black. But it was all of no avail: my lady was regarded as a miracle of virtue, and the young France was compelled to take refuge in interminable boasting of impossible triumphs. Cold as an English-woman is a stereotyped phrase with those young gentlemen, and consequently they consoled themselves with this apophthegm, after throwing away vast sums (for a Frenchman) in white kid gloves and bouquets, by which combination to assail the unimpressible heart of my lady. *C'était une vertu farouche*: such was the unsatisfactory result of all their endeavours.

Of course Sir Norton was duly told by Lady Flora of these attacks, and much he rejoiced that his wife was so fond of him. At Baden, Sir Norton was as happy as the day was long—and it is very long at Baden now and then, especially if you have lost all your money at rouge-et-noir, and are awaiting remittances from an impracticable governor. He enjoyed a degree of domesticity which, in London, had been rapidly assuming the proportions of a myth; but, at the same time, he was growing terribly affectionate. To check this unpleasant development, my lady took a sudden fancy for gambling, and induced Sir Norton to join her. The old gentleman, loving gain in any shape, soon got entangled in the interminable mazes of a martingale, and spent nearly all his time watching the chances, and waiting for his opportunity to break the bank. In the mean while, my lady and Charley amused themselves in their way: they tookst rolls round the country, enjoyed the scenery excessively, and regretted greatly at dinner-time that Sir Norton was not with them. The old gentleman, however, fancied he saw his way to a fine speculation at M. Benazet's expense, and remained deaf to persuasion, not at all to the regret, I fancy, of Lady Flo and Charley.

III.

THE CATASTROPHE.*

It was the summer of 1855. My annual thirst for Markgräfler had assailed me, and I had fled from stony-hearted London to assuage it.

* *Advice to the Printer.*—The effect of this heading would be greatly improved if you could get a wood-block of a handsome tombstone cut with this word in white letters, as suggestive of the moral death of Sir Norton Folgate's felicity.

I shall not tell you here how many bottles I imbibed on my first night at the *Hirsch*—the best hotel in Baden for the quiet observer, but I will merely note the fact that I thirsted for absynth, and had strange visions of bitter beer floating across my brain, as I lounged up the Promenade the morning after my arrival. After a quiet renewal of my acquaintance with those charming young ladies at Weber's, and sundry *petits verres* in honour of the undiminished brightness of their sparkling eyes, I sauntered through that little side-door, so suggestive of evil, which leads from the smoking-room into the rooms. Suddenly, I planted my old friend, Sir Norton Folgate, busily engaged in covering the numbers at roulette with a heap of florins. He was in high spirits, and evidently gaining, for the croupiers were looking glum, though intensely polite, as they handed over the winnings. It was useless to disturb him, so I waited patiently till he grew thirsty, or wanted to smoke a weed, while I amused myself by an inspection of the various persons collected round the table. They were, as usual, the very lowest of humanity; the outcasts from decent society; men whom I or you, reader, would inexorably cut, if they accosted us in the Quadrant, and yet at Baden we sit down at the same green table with them, and squabble furiously about a stray florin. If misery make us acquainted with strange bed-fellows, how much more is this true of the gambling-table and its play-fellows. The only exception from the general rule of *vauriens* was an English lady, who played recklessly.

Ere long, I strolled out disgusted, and, after reading the papers, came back to meet Sir Norton on the steps, slightly overcast, and evidently a loser. He, however, met me most cordially, and expressed his pleasure at seeing me. This was honest enough, considering he had just lost two hundred pounds by his own folly. I ventured an inquiry about my lady, and then the old gentleman brightened up—money and all was forgotten at the thought of his dear little wife. Heaven bless her! she had gone with Charley to the top of the *Mercurius* Tower. She had chartered a donkey after ten, and, by Jove! she must have got there by this time. And by some impulse of Satan, Sir Norton's eyes rested upon that confounded telescope, which is placed for public use—a very serpent in Paradise between two orange-trees—on the Promenade. "I'll have a look, and see whether they are on the Tower," quoth the knight. Said and done. The telescope was adjusted to the proper focus, and he gazed steadily in the direction of the Tower.

"Yes, there she is, bless her little heart, just a-coming up on the Tower; and there's Charley behind her—he takes care of her, he does, while her husband is a-losing his money down here. Yes, that's her bonnet, and now she turns round I can see her face"—(a pause, during which the husband may be supposed to be revelling in the sight of his wife's features), and then—a very naughty word—"he's a-kissing her!!!—and, by Jove!" the knight added, unconsciously parodying the Fat Boy, of whom he had probably never heard, "She's a-kissing him again."

And the old man shook like an aspen-leaf; he seemed prematurely old in that brief moment; at last, with a sudden energy, he dashed his straw-hat firmly down on his brow, and rushed along the Promenade, I following discreetly in the rear, fearful of mischief, and yet not liking to

intrude. And he led me a pretty chase up that steep old Gernsbach road, the sun pouring down with the full fury of an August day, as it can only do at Baden. But still the old man held on vigorously, swinging his huge stick, and smashing imaginary foes. At that moment I would not have given much for Charley's head. At a turn of the road we came in sight of the happy party, my lady mounted on the donkey, Charley walking discreetly by its side. I expected to see murder done at least; but, strange to say, on the mere sight of his wife, so serenely beautiful, Sir Norton quite forgot his fury. He quietly went up, congratulated her on her good looks, and said that, as they were late, he had come to meet them. And down the hill we went again, the happiest party apparently that ever scaled it.

What explanations took place afterwards I cannot say; the fact of its only being a cousin, however, did not avail. Charley was suddenly recalled, so he said, as his regiment was ordered to the Cape, though I never saw the announcement in the paper; while Lady Folgate is now living in Paris on a thousand a year allowed by her husband, and the interest of the thirty thousand pounds settled on her—whenever she can draw it from her father. Of course, she is sincerely pitied in London circles; her husband was always a brute, and folk only wondered how she could have lived with him so long, &c. In the mean while, Sir Norton has resumed his bachelor existence, and gives capital dinner-parties. He drinks rather more than he used to do, and appears to be suffering from a settled gloom of melancholy. At any rate, he never mentions my lady's name; and I, knowing what I do, and having a due regard for the old claret, never approach so dangerous a subject.

ALDERSHOT AND ITS ENVIRONS.*

THE bleak moor and barren heath near Farnham, traversed by the Portsmouth road, on which coach travellers in winter shivered as they passed, has become the scene of an encampment more populous than many a cathedral city, for some 15,000 or 20,000 men have now been collected there, with all the heterogeneous followers of a camp; and field-days, mimic engagements, and even royal reviews, have brought her Majesty's lieges from far and near to the once solitary plain of Aldershot. Upon an area, seven square miles in extent—having Cæsar's camp, and the field where Alfred defeated the Danes, to give it some martial associations with British history—England has marked out a great training ground for her soldiers, and assembled a greater number of men than, in the days of the emperors, garrisoned the famous Roman wall.

The camp at Aldershot is a vast assemblage of alphabetically grouped huts, covering the large area we have mentioned, and separated by the

* Aldershot, and All About It: with Gossip, Military, Literary, and Pictorial. By Mrs. Young, Author of *Our Camp in Turkey*, &c. London: 1857.

Basingstoke canal into a northern and a southern division. At first sight this great encampment seems a wilderness of huts upon a plain, contrasting strikingly enough with the beauty of the country around it. Upon a nearer approach, the huts of (for example) the south camp are found to be dispersed in twenty-three rectangular groups, or "blocks," each block distinguished by a letter of the alphabet, and containing twenty-three huts for the men, besides officers' quarters and other buildings, and designed to receive a regiment not exceeding four hundred and eighty-four in strength. In the formation of these buildings, all that is not wood is iron, and all that is permanent is described to be of a type beyond which ugliness can no further go. But a rude exterior seems to be united with some appliances of civilisation in the interior of the camp buildings, without, however, the achievement of any comfort; and the evil genius of official blundering seems to have directed even their construction, for Aldershot, it is said, would have long since become a heap of ashes if hearths of brickwork had not been substituted in the huts, after the significant warning of a few "Christmas fires." The roads about the encampment are described to be on a loose soil, that gives forth clouds of dust in dry weather, and becomes an adhesive bog after rain; but there appear to be plenty of wells, and there are breezy heaths, and a plain on which taverns spring up abundantly, if flowers do not.

What future advantages the British army may derive from this great experiment is a question upon which we are not now going to enter. But in those very particulars, in which the encampment at Aldershot affords such unexampled opportunities for adopting measures calculated to raise the moral character of the soldier, and fit him to cope with the emergencies of actual service, it does not appear that the government arrangements are what the public might reasonably expect. The demoralising influence of the camp has spread to every little town around it; and within, the system does not seem to be any improvement on that of barracks in any garrison town:

The English soldier (says the intelligent and observant author of the book which has occasioned these remarks) requires social training as well as exercise in the field. . . . It is a duty we owe as well to ourselves as to our soldiers, to render them an intelligent, moral, useful class; and every commanding officer can bear witness to the fact, that the more respectable the men of his corps the easier is its discipline. . . . Educate the soldier; and let him have not only the school and the reading-room, but his theatre, his ball-room, and his singing club, with such advice, example, and restriction as shall enable him to enjoy all these recreations and abuse none of them.

It is very deplorable that so small a proportion of the men in the British army know even the alphabet of their own language; but the schoolmaster and the chaplain are not the only educators whose services need to be brought home to the soldier—a less dignified functionary is also wanted. The contrast is much to our disadvantage when British soldiers are compared with those of France in aptness at useful industrial occupations, and in knowledge of "common things" necessary to be known. Remembering how helpless our men have proved in the simple yet essential particular of preparing food, we hoped to find the cook, as well as the schoolmaster, employing a part of the soldier's leisure time in "the great military playground" of Aldershot; but Mrs. Young writes:

Unhappily, there are large cookhouses where every man's dinner is provided, so that the soldier, when encamped on a hill-side with his rations before him, looks helplessly on at the stones and the wood, and the water and the mutton, quite unconscious of what the combinations of these materials would produce in skilful hands. . . . Every observer of the miseries the English soldier endures abroad, from his ignorance of things necessary to be known, must regret that his leisure is not employed in affording to him the knowledge of "how to live," how to be independent on emergency, and to make the best use of the material which the chances of the times afford. The soldiers of the French army understand these details perfectly; and we see no reason why the Englishman should not be equally instructed.

Then, even in the simple domestic matter of providing houses for the washing and drying of linen for the camp, we find the same want of due provision, if not the same apathetic disregard that has been, in more momentous matters, and in time of war, so fatal to our gallant troops. It was to be expected from Mrs. Young's indefatigable exertions in British India, as well as at home, to ameliorate the condition of the soldier's wife, that she should humanely turn, as she does, from the imposing glitter of the parade and the field-day, to view the repulsive interiors in which the washing and cooking are carried on, and where the soldier often sees "wife and children spectres in a hot fog." And our lively author describes the difficulties under which the washerwomen of the camp attempt to get up fine linen, for want of so simple a matter as a wooden grating over the mud floor of the women's wash-houses:

The poor creatures complained of the wet, dirty places they were compelled to wash in. In one of these wash-houses the mud was more than ankle deep; and most of them were in the same Balaklava-like condition, productive of much cramp, rheumatism, and dangerous suffering to the women, which a trellis flooring of wood might at once have remedied.

It is pleasant to turn from the mud of Aldershot to the localities "about it," of which Mrs. Young has given us her impressions. The camp is the more remarkable from being in the vicinity, not only of so much picturesque beauty, but of places whose historical monuments and associations carry us back to the days when kings of England reigned at old royal Winchester, and bring before us many worthies of a bygone age. There is Farnham, with its nobly situated old castle, which had for its first builder Henry de Blois, the bishop-brother of king Stephen, but which lost its Norman grandeur in the tasteless additions and alterations of a later age, especially those which were made by prelates of the Stuart days, so that the castle presents now a strange combination of incongruities, of features that may be said to harmonise as little as the individual opinions of the bishops. And the quaint, fancifully-coloured old timber houses of the town of Farnham contrast strikingly enough with the uniformity of the new regulation-pattern black hats of the adjacent camp. Then, there are the secluded and picturesque remains of Waverley Abbey—a place that seems dedicated to the tranquil past, and whose green shades afford a refreshing contrast to the garish scenes, the glare and bustle of a military camp. Mrs. Young indulges in some sly satire on the archaeologists, but shows that she can acknowledge how pleasant it is to turn sometimes from the present, with all its "wheels and steam,"

its noise, its fashions, its pretence, and its impertinences, to tread some green monastic shades, or repeople a neighbouring old-world town with the beings of a life that is gone. And then we have Moor Park, with all its associations, its memories of Temple, the philosophic statesman, and Swift, the witty dean—Moor Park, where Swift cultivated the expanding intellect of Stella, and learned from William of Orange the Dutch way to cut asparagus. Again, who could forget Selborne, or, being there, fail to recal, as Mrs. Young has with reverent diligence recalled, those memories of the amiable and eloquent author of "*The Natural History of Selborne*," that linger on the spot where he lived and died? A very pleasant chapter of this little book is her "*Day at Selborne*;" and, visiting the church, she takes occasion to remark on the evil of keeping our parish churches closed on all but one day of the week:

At Selborne (writes Mrs. Young) we strolled into the church, leaving the door open that the sunbeams might follow us in, which they did, making quite a glory on the old pavement. I wish that on all days as well as Sundays our church doors were open, and that with the sunbeams young and old could enter. . . . The habit of foreign travel makes one like to see churches ventilated by the air of heaven; nor is less reverence felt upon the Sabbath (Sunday) because on the other days men might enter the sanctuary to meditate and pray. . . . But in England, damp and mildew are held as of the very odour of sanctity.

Then, passing from grave to gay, we may look upon the animated scene of gathering the English vintage on the hop-grounds near Farnham, and be introduced to the (so-called) gipsies, the itinerant hop-pickers, who congregate there in August, and of whose love for gaudy dresses some idea is given by the anecdote of the "handsome gipsy" bride elect, who, Mrs. Young tells us, "was waiting for the end of the harvest to get married, and had provided a flounced dress for the occasion, with a yellow bonnet supporting blue feathers!" And at Farnham (where our author makes a digression to the birthplace of Cobbett, and brings us face to face with the honest old Radical), she introduces us to a less celebrated character—an old poodle at the Farnham post-office—

Who has a comical habit when work is slack of putting his head out of the "inquiry window," hanging his fore paws over the ledge, and looking wisely about him with a knowing air, as if seeking refreshment after sorting hours.

So that, guided by the lively author, the reader, though he may not be attracted to visit Aldershot, will find in "*all about it*" many objects of interest and entertainment.

THE HISTORY OF THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS,

AUTHOR OF THE "EIGHTEENTH CENTURY."

XIII.

The Sheriffs' Song of Triumph—A little Army of Martyrs, who fought and fell in the Struggle—The Courts of Law vindicate Order, and impartially judge the Press—Its improved Tone—And more respectable Writers—Charles Lloyd and George Colman—Dr. Kenrick—The Burkes—Transmission and Delivery of Newspapers—Their increasing Circulation—A few dry Statistics—The *Morning Post* established—Rev. Henry Bate—An Editor's Dangers and Troubles in 1777—John Horne Tooke—His Struggles and Trials—The Newspapers and the War of Independence.

THE press was now, for the first time, the acknowledged representative of the people. There it stood overlooking, perhaps sometimes overawing, those who had known and cared nothing for their constituents after they left the hustings: a jealous guardian, a watchful sentinel, a sleepless Argus; behind the Speaker's chair there had sprung up a power greater than the Speaker, for there, in the gallery, was the eye of Europe; the House of Commons had been unroofed and the world was looking in.

The sheriffs of London, in an address to the livery in 1772, thus proclaim the victory:

"The House of Commons has tacitly acquiesced in the claim made by many of our worthy fellow-citizens for the public at large, that the constituents have a right to be informed of the proceedings of their servants in parliament. Several honest printers, in defiance of their illegal orders, gave the public all the particulars of their proceedings during the last session—proceedings which the House prudently endeavoured to hide in a darkness suited to their deeds. The same persons who asserted our rights during the last, have, during the present session, continued the exercise of it in its fullest extent. Notwithstanding the report of the committee was in express terms that the House should order that J. Miller be taken into custody of the serjeant-at-arms, the said J. Miller is still at large, and still continues the severest attacks upon them, by faithfully publishing their proceedings, still braves their indignation, and sleeps secure in the City."

The printers were hardly so successful with the House of Lords; and while Pitt was no longer reported as "Julius Florus," or Fox as "Cneus Fulvius," the sensitive feelings of the Earl of Winchelsea were spared by having his speech printed as that of "Caius Claudius Nero," whilst "Marcus Cato" was made responsible for the spoken sentiments of the Earl of Bath. But the watchful eye and trumpet tongue were soon there too; and the House of Peers took warning by the example of the beaten Commons, and let it be. Mr. Alexander Stephens, in his *Memoirs of John Horne Tooke*, tells how Woodfall, the reporter, who deserves a page of history to himself, instead of being constantly confounded with the less brilliant Woodfall of Junius, let light upon the House of Lords: "In process of time the House of Lords also silently conceded

the point, and the late Mr. William Woodfall informed me that he first published its debates on the appearance of the bill for embanking the river, and erecting the noble terrace now called the Adelphi; at which period his slumbers were discomposed by nightly visions of Newgate, yeoman ushers, and serjeants-at-arms."

In this one great stride, what a world of power, dignity, and importance had the newspaper conquered for itself!

We have confined ourselves, in relating the struggles between the House of Commons and the press, to the more remarkable of the battles which were fought in that fifty years' war; and now, having arrived at the crowning conflict which set the question at rest, we may take breath, and in one glance back review the minor combats which took place in the interval; in which the parliament fought for its privilege, not only of silent legislation, but of exemption from criticism.

July 1, 1715.—On the complaint of Robert Walpole, E. Berrington, printer, and J. Morphew, publisher, of the *London Evening Post*, were ordered into the custody of the serjeant-at-arms for publishing a letter purporting to be written by Walpole to Lord Sunderland, and also for some remarks on the case of "John Burnois, a French schoolmaster, who was whipped for speaking seditious words against his majesty." And a committee was appointed to inquire into the authorship of the same.

February 18, 1727.—Complaint made against R. Raikes, printer of the *Gloucester Journal*, for printing the proceedings of the House, and Raikes ordered to attend on the 26th; but he being ill of fever sent up a petition, setting forth that the report had been inserted without his knowledge, but that he believed it was taken from a news-letter sent by Mr. Gythens, clerk of the Bristol roads, or his assistant, to the King's Head Inn, at Gloucester. Ordered that Raikes be excused from attendance, and Gythens and John Stanley attend the House. *March 3.*—"Robert Giddins, of the Post-office, London," and John Stanley attended, and the latter confessing the authorship of the news-letter, was committed to the custody of the serjeant-at-arms.

March 14, 1727.—Second complaint against Raikes for publishing the debates, and also against J. Wilson, his agent at Bristol, who attended, obedient to order, on the 18th. Wilson having had no part in the printing, was discharged, but Raikes, who stated that he got the report from Edward Cave, of the Post-office, was committed to the custody of the serjeant-at-arms, and Cave ordered to attend. *March 30.*—Cave attended and acknowledged his offence, but stated that he got the report, with other written news-letters, which he delivered in, from William Wye, John Stanley, John Willis, and Elias Delpauch. Cave, Wye, Stanley, and Delpauch were committed to the custody of the serjeant-at-arms.

December 2, 1789.—Complaint made against John Meres, printer of the *Daily Post*, for publishing some remarks on the "Embargo on Provision of Victual." Meres attended and expressed contrition, but was ordered into custody of the serjeant-at-arms, and the king was moved by petition of the House, to prosecute him. *December 12.*—Meres petitioned the House to be discharged, on account of "his wife and several small children," and acknowledged his offence; but on the 15th his petition was refused, and a motion carried that the serjeant-at-arms should carry him before the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench (on notice being given

to the Attorney-General) to give bail to meet the charge to be brought against him. *February 10.*—1740, Meres again petitions the House, "bemoaning" his conduct, declaring himself "miserably reduced by his confinement, having tired out all his friends by borrowing money of them for the support of himself, his wife, and several small children, who are become great objects of charity," and beseeching his discharge. Ordered that he be discharged, on giving bail and paying the fees.

May 15, 1742.—Complaint against J. Huggonson for printing in the *Champion*, of Captain Hercules Vinegar, May 4, a letter on the bill depending in the House for preventing frauds in the manufacture of gold and silver lace. Attended on the 17th, and apologised.

March 8, 1744.—Complaint made of Caesar Ward for publishing reports of the proceedings in the *York Courant* of February 26. Attended, by order, on the 5th of April; confessed his transgression, and was discharged, after being reprimanded on his knees, and paying the fees.

January 22, 1745.—John Gilfillan, printer of the *York Courant*, ordered to attend for an article reflecting on Admiral Vernon, a member of the House.

February 1, 1760.—Complaints against W. Eglesham, printer of the *Public Advertiser*; J. Wilkie, of the *London Chronicle*; Matthew Jevour, of the *Daily Advertiser*; and Say, Owen, and Knight, of the *Gazetteer*, for publishing the reports; all of whom attended on the 4th, expressed their sorrow, and were discharged after receiving a reprimand on their knees, and paying the fees.

January 20, 1762.—Complaint against John Wilkie, of the *London Chronicle*, who attended on the 25th, and apologised, but was ordered into the custody of the serjeant-at-arms.

February 18th, 1768.—Wilkie, of the *London Chronicle*, again reprimanded on his knees for publishing an advertisement reflecting on the House, and discharged on payment of the fees.

May 8, 1769.—Charles Say, of the *Gazetteer*, and Cowburne, of the *Liverpool Chronicle*, complained of for reflecting on the character of Sir William Meredith, Bart., a member of the House; and the complaint referred to the Committee of Privileges and Elections.

On August 1, 1770, his Majesty paid the 100*l.* fine inflicted on Edwards, printer of the *Middlesex Journal*, for publishing a protest of the House of Lords; and the fees of the usher of the black rod were remitted.

The practice of dragging the news-printers to the bars of the two Houses to make a cringing and hollow submission, and an abject apology for doing yesterday what they intended to do again to-morrow, was now, indeed, falling into discredit. As regarded the publication of the debates, the people would have it; and for the prevention of seditious writing, and the protection of private character, the legal tribunals of the country afforded ample provision. There could be no pretext that they were too favourable to the press; it was true that juries had returned verdicts against secretaries of state, treasury officers, and Commons' messengers for doing illegal acts; but when the newspapers did illegal acts, they returned verdicts against them too. Thus, when the *Whisperer*, a virulent party paper, started 17th of February, 1770, to oppose the

policy of Lord North, transgressed, which it often did, the boundaries of fair comment, and became personal and abusive, the printer was several times convicted and punished; and even a person for selling No. 5 was sentenced, on a conviction in the Court of King's Bench, to be imprisoned for six months; and, for selling No. 6, to a further imprisonment of a like term, and, at its expiration, to find bail, himself in 200*l.*, and two sureties in 50*l.* each, to be of good behaviour for two years.

On July 8, 1773, Miller, of the *London Evening Post*, was tried for stating that Lord Sandwich, the First Lord of the Admiralty (the "Jemmy Twitcher" of the newspapers), had sold a place in his department for 2000*l.* He was bold enough to set up a plea of justification (which, in those days, was generally held to aggravate the offence), but had to pay 2000*l.* damages.

On November 21, 1774, John Williams was criminally convicted, in the Court of King's Bench, of a newspaper libel on Fox, and sentenced to a fine of 100*l.*, as well as the costs of the trial, and to be imprisoned for one month.

On July 3, 1776, Lord Bolingbroke recovered 20*l.* (he had laid the damages at 2000*l.*) from the printer of the *Morning Chronicle*; but on July 10, of the same year, an action brought by Lord Chatham against Woodfall, of the *Public Advertiser*, fell to the ground from an insufficiency in the recital of the offence.

The powers to whom it belonged constitutionally and legally to keep the press within proper bounds, were always ready to make the majesty of the laws respected, and did it with more dignity and propriety, and to much better effect, than all the arbitrary acts of the House of Commons had ever been characterised by.

It is true that the sourility, the vulgar abuse, and personal slander which had disgraced the newspapers so recently, were fast disappearing from their columns. Walpole says of them, in 1770: "Every newspaper is now written in a good style;"* and the writers were not the mercenary miscreants whom his fathers bought and hired. Charles Lloyd, a brother of the Dean of Norwich, and private secretary to Granville, when First Lord of the Treasury, was of their number; so was George Colman, who commenced the series of "The Gentleman," in the *London Packet*, on July 10, 1775; and Dr. William Kenrick, perhaps not quite so honourable to the press as the others. Kenrick was born at Watford, in Hertfordshire, and bred to the occupation of a rule maker; but feeling, perhaps, that he "had something in him," he went to Leyden, and got his degree, and returned and settled in London. He did drudgery for the publishers, and, at last, got appointed editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, but quarrelled with the proprietors, and set up a paper in opposition—which failed. He died June 9, 1779.

Associated with the newspaper press of this period were greater names than these, the three Burkes, who wrote (not, as far as we are aware, under any engagement) in the *London Evening Post*. Richard was the principal contributor, under the signature of "Valens," and he was only occasionally assisted by William and the illustrious Edmund. The writings of the latter got more frequent at the beginning of the American war,

* Walpoliana, vol. i. p. 60.

but in 1776 we find them united in an accusation against Lord George Germaine of falsifying the *Gazette*.

The cost of transmitting the London papers into the country was excessive. They were forwarded through the agency of the clerks of the roads, under the Post-office, whose charges were as follow : "For a daily paper, 5*l.* per annum ; for an evening paper, 2*l.* 10*s.*" In 1770, J. Hamilton, a bookseller, of Shoe-lane, Fleet-street, advertised the following reduced prices : "For a daily paper, 4*l.* ; for an evening paper, 2*l.*" This was still high, considering the price of the papers themselves was 2*d.* or 2½*d.* Yet they and their circulation were gradually increasing. The ledgers of the Stamp-office show us that the number of stamps issued to newspapers throughout the United Kingdom, which in 1753 was only 7,411,757, and in 1760 was 9,464,790, had in 1774 risen to 12,300,000, and in 1775 rose to 12,680,000, increasing not quite so rapidly in the next year to 12,830,000. Perhaps this slight check was the result of Lord North's measure, which took effect on May 28th, 1776, raising the stamp from 1*d.* to 1½*d.*

Meanwhile, another of our existing papers had been established, the *Morning Post and Daily Advertiser*, the first number of which appeared in November, 1772, under a form intended to evade the provisions of the stamp act, but which, in 1775, had become a regular morning paper, principally written by the Rev. Henry Bate. This sport of fortune was the son of a clergyman at Worcester, and after an education at Queen's College, Oxford, was ordained, and obtained the rectory of Farnbridge,* in Essex. But a quiet little parish on the Crouch, in the prolific but boorish hundred of Dengie, was no place for the gay young parson, so he came to London, to write plays and the *Morning Post*. Of the former he wrote eight or ten, and of the latter he continued to be the editor till 1780, when, in a tiff with his coadjutors, he left them, and started the *Morning Herald*, when speaking of which we shall meet with him again, and tell how he became Sir Bate Dudley.

The manner in which an editor was in those days held responsible for his arguments, and liable to personal collisions with his opponents, is curiously shown by what happened to Bate soon after he took the *Morning Post* in hand :

"January 13, 1777.—A rencontre happened at the Adelphi Tavern, in the Strand, between Captain Stoney and Mr. Bate, editor of the *Morning Post*. The cause of quarrel arose from some offensive paragraphs that had appeared in the *Morning Post*, highly reflecting on the character of a lady for whom Captain Stoney had a particular regard. Mr. Bate had taken every possible method, consistent with honour, to convince Mr. Stoney that the insertion of the paragraphs was wholly without his knowledge, to which Mr. Stoney gave no credit, and insisted on the satisfaction of a gentleman or the discovery of the author. This happened some days before, but meeting, as it were by accident, on the day here mentioned, they adjourned to the Adelphi, called for a room, shut the door, and being furnished with pistols, discharged them at each other without effect. They then drew swords, and Mr. Stoney received

*Not the vicarage of Farnbridge, as stated by Mr. Hunt. There is no parish
— in Essex.

a wound in the breast and arm, and Mr. Bate one in the thigh. Mr. Bate's sword bent, and slanted against the captain's breastbone, which Mr. Bate apprising him of, Captain Stoney called to him to straighten it; and in the interim, while the sword was under his foot for that purpose, the door was broken open, or the death of one of the parties would most certainly have been the issue.*

It was necessary, then, for an editor to be as skilful with the sword as with the pen, and "cold iron" was added to the dangers (in the shape of ushers of the black rod, serjeants-at-arms, general warrants, and courts of law) that "did environ" the man whose occupation it was to write the public sentiment.

Another restless spirit now takes a part in our history; and, litigious and troublesome to the government, contumacious and almost insolent to the judges, possessing much of the spirit and more than the genius of Wilkes, a refractory parson, rides on a libel through the courts of law.

John Horne (afterwards John Horne Tooke) was the son of a poulterer at Newmarket, but was born in Westminster on the 25th June, 1736, and at first educated at Westminster School, but he was afterwards removed to Eton, where either a gambol or a fray with some other youths cost him his right eye. We trace him to St John's College, Cambridge, and next find him as usher in a boarding-school. In 1756 he entered himself of the Inner Temple, intending to devote himself to the law, for which there is little doubt he possessed many qualifications, but in 1760 his friends prevailed on him to enter into priest's orders, purchasing for him the living of Brentford, in Middlesex, worth 200*l.* or 300*l.* per annum.† Here he seems to have behaved so as to win the respect of his parishioners, but he panted for the war of politics, and fought his first battle and received his first wound in 1770. In 1769 he had written two letters to the *Public Advertiser*, signed "A Freeholder of Surrey," in which he accused George Onslow of having received a bribe for procuring a post under government. The accusation was denied by Onslow, who brought an action against his accuser, which was tried before Sir William Blackstone, at Kingston, April 6th, 1770, laying his damages at 10,000*l.* The action broke down on a technical point, but on a new trial before Lord Mansfield, Horne was cast in damages of 400*l.* On the 17th April of the following year he obtained a rule to set aside the verdict on the ground of misdirection, but with what result we cannot discover.

The cost of this trial to Onslow (whose crime, in the eyes of Horne, was his desertion of the Wilkes party, and an acceptance of place under the Grafton administration: the measles of all young and rising politicians) was 1500*l.*, whilst Horne got off for 200*l.* On July 23rd, 1771, he founded the Society of the Supporters of the Bill of Rights, which soon took the newspapers under its protection, more especially the *London Evening Post*, the *Public Advertiser*, and the *Middlesex Journal*, defending them against prosecutions, and paying the expenses of trials or convictions; but the society becoming a tool in the hands of Wilkes and his party, Horne seceded in disgust, and took some of the principal members with him to establish the Constitutional Society 's no doubt he

* *Gentleman's Magazine*, February.

† *Stephens's Memoirs of John H.*

was one of the most active instigators and daring advisers, both of the printers and the aldermen, in the great contest we have narrated; but the next year he was carrying on an acrid controversy with two of its heroes, Junius and Wilkes. The *Public Advertiser* was held to be read at court, and this drew to its columns letters and articles intended to catch the royal or the ministerial eye. Junius, Sir William Draper, Wilkes, Churchill, Lloyd, and Horne, had all made it the vehicle to convey their sentiments to the throne or the cabinet, and the partisans now mounted it and fought among themselves. Mr. Stephens claims the victory for Horne in both contests; but whilst the conduct of Wilkes, now beginning to be mercenary and time-serving, made him an easier conquest than he might once have been to Horne, Junius, in our opinion, comes out of the fray triumphant.* Horne was chafing in his surplice: it never fitted him, and he now threw it off for ever. In 1771 he had obtained his degree of M.A., but in 1773 he resigned his living, retired from the church, and turned to his old love, the bar. He soon gave proof of the quick invention and active zeal he could bring to support a cause: perhaps too daring and a degree too warm. His was indeed the spirit that, looking steadily at the end, conquered the means: he would have been great at a *coup d'état*. The trial for libel, which he brought down upon himself in 1774, gives us glimpses of his character which must not be overlooked. The manorial rights of his friend, Mr. William Tooke, being threatened by an Enclosure Bill, which there was no time to formally oppose, Mr. Tooke applied in his extremity, and on the day before the proposed reading of the bill, to Horne, declaring himself, however, too late and undone. But the ready and unscrupulous mind of Horne sees one course from which his friend recoiled in dismay—"to begin by writing a libel on the Speaker," as he coolly suggests in his reply. "A libel on such a man as Sir Fletcher Norton!" exclaims Tooke. "Yes, precisely on him," explains Horne, quietly, "for I well know that then inquiry will be made, and that he will not sanctify a dishonest act. As for the consequences, I am well aware of, and take them all upon myself." To secure success, he made the libel particularly violent, offensive, and personally abusive of the Speaker; "for," argued he, "such an outrage cannot pass for a moment unnoticed after the House is met, and must be taken into consideration before the Enclosure Bill." The next day the *Public Advertiser* contained a scurrilous letter, signed "Strike but Hear." He had not miscalculated. Immediately on its assembling, the Speaker calls the attention of the House to the libel; the publisher is ordered to attend, and the Enclosure Bill is shelved, only to be taken down on a future day and cut to pieces. The next day Woodfall attends, and readily gives up his author, as Horne has told him to do; but the indignity offered to the House has been monstrous, and he is committed to the custody of the serjeant-at-arms. As for Horne himself, he is ordered to attend, but he snaps his fingers at the Speaker and the House, only condescending to notice their order on the 16th, with a letter pretending to view the whole matter as a mistake, and the order intended for somebody else.

But the House is not to be put off so jauntily, and next day he is

* Posthumous Works of Junius. New York. 1829.

brought up in custody. On the 18th, the House is satisfied with his explanations, and discharges him from custody, but the printer does not get off so easily. On the 24th, Woodfall petitions for his discharge, making pitiful submission in vain. He declares the displeasure of the House to be just, and the letter "highly, falsely, and unjustly" reflecting on the Speaker; acknowledges his conduct to be blamable, and even talks of "the enormity of his offence;" hints at the "well-known mercy and clemency of the House," and pleads impending ruin on a numerous and innocent family. But all this availed him nought; the petition was rejected. On the 2nd March the House was in better temper, and Woodfall was discharged on his petition, with a reprimand from the Speaker; but he and his brother were both ordered to be prosecuted by the Attorney-General for a letter signed "A South Briton," which had appeared in the *Public Advertiser* and the *Morning Chronicle* of the 16th February.

But "Parson Horne" will not be quiet. He is now a forward member of the Constitutional Society, established for the encouragement of the revolted colonies of America, and, as such, signs and sends to the papers an advertisement of its proceedings. As usual, vengeance descends with the greatest speed upon the newspapers, and John Miller, John Wilkie, Henry Randall, and Henry Baldwin, are brought to trial on the 17th December, 1776, for publishing the treasonable document in the preceding month of June, and on the 1st February, 1777, they are each sentenced to a fine of 100*l*. Having thus disposed of the printers, justice goes off to punish the authors, and, on July 4th, Horne is brought to trial before Lord Mansfield, at Guildhall, for writing the advertisements which appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, *London Packet*, and *Public Advertiser* of the 9th of June. He defends himself at great length, and, although with much bitterness and acerbity, displays sufficient shrewdness to have fitted him for the bar; but the jury (as indeed they could do no otherwise) found him guilty, and he was sentenced to pay a fine of 200*l*., to be imprisoned for twelve months, and find sureties for his good behaviour for three years, himself in 400*l*., and two others in 200*l*. each. This judgment he endeavoured to overrule by a writ of error in parliament, but he only got it confirmed, although his cause was argued by Dunning, who had before refused to hold a brief against him. His confinement in the King's Bench was made light to him by the good-nature of the governor and the attention of his friends. He was allowed to reside in the rules outside the prison, and even to be absent for a few days in the country; but he reckoned his loss by the trial to amount to 1200*l*.

We recognise no more of his letters in the papers, but his career was none the less stormy. His call to the bar was successfully opposed in 1779, on the plea that he was still a clergyman; and in 1782, having taken the name of Tooke, in deference to the wishes and as the acknowledged heir of the friend he had stood up for, he was induced to join the London Corresponding Society, associated for the purpose of procuring annual parliaments and universal suffrage—of neither of which, however, he was a warm admirer—a political union which numbered in its various ramifications all over the country some fifty thousand members. This made him more than ever obnoxious to government suspicion, and his committal to the Tower, where he remained some months under

slight restraint, and his trial on September 10th, 1794, on a charge of high treason, which made the name of Erskine famous, were the results. He died at Wimbledon, March 18th, 1812, aged seventy-six, and had characteristically prepared a tomb for himself in his garden; but it not being found in good condition, he was buried at Ealing. Vacating the pulpit, and excluded from the bar, he was but partially successful with the senate. He twice contested Westminster (once, in 1790, against Fox, who brought an action against him, as was the wont in those days, for the expenses he had been needlessly put to), but was defeated, and, with his usual disregard of the means by which he worked his ends, so long as they were not dishonourable, he procured a seat for Old Sarum, the most corrupt borough of the whole rotten system, from which to drive his axe at the root of parliamentary corruption.

With the exception of the Constitutional Society's advertisements, the melancholy strife between old England and her refractory children on the other side of the Atlantic, which divided households, and brought bitterness and angry words into almost every home, seems to have involved the newspapers in no trouble. The tone they assumed was strong, decisive, even violent, but it was a sign of the times that, although the public mind was heated almost to combustion, they were allowed to scatter the most explosive materials about almost unchecked. Governments had discovered that the newspapers spoke the voice of the people, and that to put them down would require an army, not a few crown counsel. Neither could they be so easily put down, when they gave up low and vulgar personalities, and wrote with that studied and convincing reasoning that is far more terrible. It is beyond doubt that, as the law stood, they wrote treason, but the people's sentiments, right, justice, honour, and religion were all treason to that fraternal strife; they spoke treason when they cried, "Hold, you shall not murder your brother!" they wept treason over the dead of Lexington and Concord; they shouted treason when they rejoiced that cousins' blood had ceased to flow, and men speaking the same tongue had ceased to fight. Yet the guilty law was coward, for then treason was right and law was wrong.

END OF VOL. CIX.

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XXI.

THE ELECTION FOR FISHBENT.

Two days after this, the following address to the electors of Fishbent appeared in the daily papers :

"GENTLEMEN,—I appear before you as a candidate for a seat in parliament to represent your time-honoured, influential, and enlightened borough.

"I am a candidate for most thorough reform.

"Firstly, in regard to the Law. I think that the salaries of the Lord Chancellor and judges should be materially reduced, and that in event of its being decided on appeal in any case that a wrong judgment has been delivered, the judge declared guilty of such error should forfeit half a year's salary. I am in hopes that by such an upright and equitable arrangement the whole of the salaries in question might be saved to the nation.

"Secondly, in regard to the Church. I propose to withdraw all remuneration from the head dignitaries of the Church. It is my view that the honour of their respective positions should be to them sufficient reward. I would not object, however, to the archbishop and bishops taking a few pupils, if they were so minded.

"Thirdly, in regard to the Army. I propose that, in time of peace, the soldiery do duty as policemen, an expedient which would greatly lessen taxation, and prove, I am sure, in every way highly satisfactory.

"The remainder of my sentiments, gentlemen, on important points, I shall have the pleasure of communicating to you when I meet you on the hustings, and, in the mean time,

"I am, your devoted servant,

"JOSHUA TUBBS."

"What!" shouted Mr. Butcher, when he read this "Confound the little wretch. So the first use he has made of his freedom has been to put out an opposition to my son. He shall regret it—he shall."

But though Mr. Tubbs did regret it afterwards, and bitterly, yet there was no stopping him from going to the poll at the forthcoming election. Mr. Harry Butcher issued his address, and even outdid Mr. Tubbs in his promises of reform. Pure and immaculate would be everything and everybody if Mr. H. Butcher could have his way—so said his emissaries as they talked in dark corners with doubting voters, and exhibited to them conclusive reasons why they should support their employer. Then Mr. Tubbs made speeches everywhere where he could get an audience, and declared his success was certain; and Mr. Harry Butcher did the same, announcing his assurance of being elected by an enormous majority. In very truth, each candidate was all things to all men. Did Mr. Tubbs meet a Fishbenter with warlike notions, he said to that Fishbenter, with a fine, hearty, John Bull spirit, "I love peace, sir, but it must be honourable peace; it must be peace which brings no blush on my cheek nor Britannia's. Our beloved country, sir, must be respected. She is

the queen of nations, sir, and she must behave as such." On the other hand, did Mr. Tubbs hold sweet converse with meek-minded Fishbenters, he would say, "Gentlemen, I abhor war. It is unchristian; it is horrible. Why should we ever go to war? Why should not quarrels between nations be submitted to an enlightened and impartial jury, composed of half a dozen men from each of the conflicting countries? There would be a glorious spectacle! Fancy the great cause set down for hearing at Westminster Hall. England *versus* Russia. Splendid speeches—wonderful summing up—then the verdict—for the plaintiff of course. There would have been a creditable way of settling the late dispute—there would have been a splendid moral effect produced throughout the universe!"

Mr. Harry Butcher was not idle. He, too, harangued, and pleaded, and insinuated, chatted, smiled, fawned, and flattered—did everything but bribe, of course. His party was more that of the young blood in the borough, while Mr. Tubbs's supporters were the old, grave, sedate men, who shook their heads, saying, "Mr. Butcher was a fine young fellow, but Mr. Tubbs was the man of weight, had more ballast, and so was more the man to represent the mighty interests of the borough of Fishbent."

All the public-houses were taken, we need not say, by the supporters of one or other of the candidates, and nothing met the eye but enormous posters, the number, size, and brilliancy of which, one would have supposed, had some mysterious connexion with the vehement assertions and solemn exhortations they were the means of conveying to the wondering crowd. "Are you an Englishman?—then vote for Tubbs!" "Will you support religion, order, and reduced tea duty?—then your man is Butcher!" "Tubbs, and no taxes!" "Butcher, and high wages and a big loaf!" These, and a multitude of other stirring observations of like character, adorned every inch of wall in the place, and even the bodies of sundry unfortunates, who, throughout the day of election, were engaged in the intellectual occupation of parading the streets in gangs, wrapped up, so to speak, in placards and handbills.

A little behind—a little ahead—neck and neck. Bring them up to the poll—bring them up. Never mind that this intelligent voter is drunk, or that that worthy constituent is more than half an idiot—poll your men! England requires every man to do his duty, and the Fishbenters must exercise their privilege, and thereby express their opinions upon all the great questions of the day. Neck and neck still, and only half an hour left! Have they not all polled? No; the men in Messrs. Swizzlewind's yard are yet "doubtful;" they will decide the election.

These men have been talked to, and coaxed, and joked with the whole day; but they are conscientious men, and are slow in making up their minds. They want thoroughly to understand the merits of the respective candidates before they decide how they will vote. Mr. Harry Butcher has addressed them in a long speech, and his agents have explained the speech to them quietly afterwards; but what they still say is, that "they don't see it!" Mr. Tubbs has operated upon them in the same way, but they have told him likewise, that "they don't see it!" Behold him now, after another long oration, scanning anxiously their passive countenances.

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witty inventions, Dr. Donne. The satirist represents himself in bewilderment at the libellous enormities poured into his unwilling ear by a lying quidnunc—and makes this pat allusion to Odysseyan story:

I more amazed than Circe's prisoners, when
They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then
Becoming traitor, and methought I saw
One of our giant statutes ope his jaw
To suck me in for hearing him.*

Here again is one from a far better-known, if not a really greater satirist, glorious John to wit—in his onslaught on Shadwell, his sometime friend:

As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Swore by his sire, a mortal foe to Rome;
So Shadwell swore, nor should his vow be vain,
That he till death true dainness would maintain;
And, in his father's right, and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with sense.†

To which, add a specimen from Butler. (And here it may be remarked, as previously in the case of Shakspeare—different as was the “comic genius” of the two men—that the fault will be ours if we fail to adduce from Butler illustrations of all the forms into which Barrow distributes *entrapelia*.)

If we should fail——
We fail!
But screw our “patience” to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail.

It should not be forgotten that Hazlitt explicitly asserts, that Butler “fulfils every one of Barrow's conditions of wit.” So we utter a *Nostræ culpæ* confession, at once, to anticipate objection, in case illustrations from the author of *Hudibras* be missing in these pages, when their presence is, on Hazlitt's authority, so entirely practicable.) The present specimen relates to the discovery that a mouse in the telescope was the whole and sole cause of the phenomenon which the philosophers, satirised by Butler, interpreted to be an elephant in the moon—the “pat allusion” being to the old-world story of parturient mountain and *ridiculus mus*:

He found a mouse was gotten in
The hollow tube, and, shut between
The two glass windows in restraint
Was swelled into an elephant;
And proved the virtuous occasion
Of all this learned dissertation:
And, as a mountain heretofore
Was great with child, they say, and bore
A silly mouse; this mouse, as strange,
Brought forth a mountain in exchange.‡

Take we next an example, *quantum valeat* (“and that not much,” perhaps), from La Rochefoucauld. “Détromper un homme préoccupé

* Satires of Dr. Donne. IV.

† Dryden: “Mac Flecknoe.”

‡ Samuel Butler's Poems: “The Elephant in the Moon.”

de son mérite," says the philosophic duke—(or it might be nearer the mark to call him the great *philosophe*; *philosophe* and *philosopher* differing by something more than a letter)—"est lui rendre un aussi mauvais office que celui que l'on rendit à ce fou d'Athènes qui croyait que tous les vaisseaux qui arrivaient dans le port étaient à lui."* Ex-acting English readers may ask, where is the Wit, to say nothing of the Humour, in a passage such as this? But let them remember that Eutrapelia is a comprehensive term, and that many of Barrow's "conditions" are scarcely assignable to either Wit or Humour, as these words are now understood, but include just such examples of *caprice* as the maxim here cited. Thus Barrow himself would probably accept, in his category of "pat allusions," one so void of the humorous or merely facetious element as the following from Fontenelle's academical *éloges*: "In the last years of his life," it is of Cassini the enologist is treating, "he lost his sight; a misfortune which was common to him with the great Galileo; and perhaps for the same reason, because nice observations impose a severe tax upon the eyes. In the spirit of fable, these two great men who made so many discoveries in the heavens, resembled Tiresias, who became blind because he saw some secret of the gods."† For as Barrow understands and interprets "Wit," a broad grin is by no means a *sine quâ non* condition to all its modes of existence, and far from an indispensable test of its success.

In this way there is more to admire than laugh over in a certainly pat allusion by Matthew Green—who, paying gay and graceful homage to "the fair," winds up with these lines:

Shine but on age, you melt its snow;
Again fires long-extinguished glow,
And charmed by witchery of eyes,
Blood long-congealed liquefies!
True miracle, and fairly done
By heads which are adared while on—

the allusion, a *curiosa felicitas* too, being of course to the untrue miracle of St. Januarius, of Neapolitan notoriety.

Addison points the moral of his apology for ignoring his detractors, and literary assailants,§ by pat allusion to the fable of Boccalini's traveller, who was so pestered with the noise of the grasshoppers in his ears, that he alighted from his horse in great wrath to kill them all. But this "was troubling himself to no manner of purpose: had he pursued his journey without taking notice of them, the troublesome insects would have died of themselves in a very few weeks, and he would have suffered nothing from them."||

Discouraging, again, on the prevalent profligacy of the age, Addison alludes to the misprint made in the Bible, in Charles the First's reign, by the Stationers' Company—who left out the *set* in several thousand copies of the Seventh Commandment—for which negligence they were

* Maximes de La Rochefoucauld. XCII.

† Fontenelle: *Eloge de Cassini*.

‡ The "common fry of scribblers," at least.

|| The *Spectator*, No. 355.

§ Green's Poems: "The Spleen."

fined heavily by Archbishop Laud: "By the practice of the world, which prevails in this degenerate age," the *Spectator* complains, "I am afraid that very many young profligates, of both sexes, are possessed of this spurious edition of the Bible, and observe the commandment according to that faulty reading."^{*}

In his plea for the planting of trees, one of his arguments being that, unless some artificial system of the kind be adopted, to supply the deficiency of forest timber, "in a few ages the nation may be at a loss to supply itself with timber sufficient for the fleets of England,"—he meets hypothetical cavils at that argument with the remark, "I know, when a man talks of posterity, in matters of this nature, he is looked upon with an eye of ridicule by the cunning and selfish part of mankind. Most people," adds the *Spectator*, "are of the humour of an old fellow of a college, who, when he was pressed by the society to come into something that might redound to the good of their successors, grew very peevish: 'We are always doing,' says he, 'something for posterity; but I would fain see posterity do something for us.'"[†]

From the Fables of La Fontaine may be instanced his allusion to "the dog of Jean de Nivelles," whereby hangs (in rather hangdog fashion) a tale. The Fable of the Falcon and the Capon opens thus:

Une traltresse voix bien souvent vous appelle;
Ne vous pressez donc nullement:
Ce n'était pas un sot, non, non, et croyez-m'en,
Que le chien de Jean de Nivelles.[‡]

His allusion is to the French proverb: "Il ressemble au chien de Jean de Nivelles, qui s'enfuit quand on l'appelle." The commentators tell us, however, that La Fontaine seems to have been unacquainted with the true origin of the proverb, of which the following account[§] is given: Jean II., Duke of Montmorency, foreseeing a speedy rupture between Louis XI. and the Duke of Burgundy, summoned his two sons, Jean de Nivelles and Louis de Fosseuse, from Flanders, where they were in the enjoyment of considerable property, to come home and serve under the King of France. Neither of the twain gave heed to the summons. Their father, in his rage, treated them as *dogs*, and disinherited them.

Parliament is a place where the pat allusion is relished generally, and beyond the general. When the Bishops took an eager part, in their Whiggish zeal, against their impeached brother, the Jacobite Atterbury, there was great admiration felt for a fling at them and their tactics in Lord Bathurst's speech. Turning to their bench he exclaimed, that he could hardly account for the inveterate malice some persons bore the learned and ingenious Bishop of Rochester, unless they were possessed with the infatuation of the wild Indians, who fondly believe they will inherit not only the spoils, but even the abilities of any great enemy they kill.|| One prelate on this occasion—Wynne, of St. Asaph—had, we

^{*} The *Spectator*, No. 579.

[†] Ibid. No. 538.

[‡] La Fontaine: "Fables," livre viii. fable xxi.

[§] See M. Walckenaer's notes to La Fontaine.

|| Lord Mahon's History of England, vol. ii. ch. xii.

are told, gone so far as to volunteer evidence against Atterbury, which, when close pressed, he was not able to maintain.

Pulteney was often very happy in this particular species of *eutrapelia*. When Sir Robert Walpole, in 1733, proposed to take half a million from the Sinking Fund (established by himself and Stanhope sixteen years previously) for the service of the current year,—"the Right Honourable Gentleman," said Pulteney, in the course of his strictures on any such proposal, "had once the vanity to call himself the Father of the Sinking Fund; but if Solomon's judgment was right, he who is thus for splitting and dividing the child can never be deemed to be the real father." In the same year was canvassed Sir Robert's violently opposed Excise scheme—so hotly denounced by all sorts and conditions of men, and in all orders and degrees of books, from Johnson's Dictionary and Bolingbroke's Craftsman downwards—a scheme of which that able and most influential senator, Sir John Barnard (whose every word on such a subject, weighed with others, whether or not well weighed by himself), declared, that it could not, even by pure malice, be represented as worse than it really was. Pulteney went to Ben Jonson, this time for his pat allusion. "It puts me in mind," he said, "of Sir Ephraim Mammon [Sir *Epicure*, he should have said, unless misreported in those non-reporting days] in the Alchemist: he was gulled out of his money by fine promises; he was promised the philosopher's stone, by which he was to get mountains of gold, and everything else he could wish; but all ended in some little charm for curing the itch."* And most likely Sir Robert, who was as ready to laugh at the sallies of his Majesty's Opposition as a later Premier, equally good-natured (Lord North), was to go to sleep over them—most likely the jovial Minister laughed "wi' the lave," when the House laughed and buzzed appreciation all round, alike at Ben Jonson's deluded knight, and at that drawing after the Judgment of Solomon.

* During this debate it was, that a pat allusion, but of no mirth-inducing character—an allusion that produced a grave sensation at the time, from the vehemence and audacity of the speaker—was made by Sir William Wyndham. Thundering, in the words of the historian, against corrupt motives and impending tyranny, he "evoked the shades of Empeon and Dudley, those two unworthy favourites of old time. 'But what,' he added, 'was their fate? They had the misfortune to outlive their master, and his son, as soon as he came to the throne, took off both their heads!'—no obscure allusion to Frederick Prince of Wales, who was then present under the gallery," and was at daggers-drawn with his father and mother, as so many lively authors, from Horace Walpole the letter-writer to Mr. Thackeray the lecturer, have made clear enough.

INFORMATION RELATIVE TO MR. JOSHUA TUBBS AND CERTAIN MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY.

CAREFULLY COMPILED FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

By E. P. ROWSELL.

XIX.

THE ALDGATE PUMP AND GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

At a meeting of the Directors of the Aldgate Pump and General Life Assurance Company, held on the 19th of April, 18—

CAPTAIN SLASHING in the Chair,

the secretary drew attention to a very urgent claim of fourteen shillings and sixpence, housekeeper's charges, which there were no funds to meet.

Resolved,—That the secretary having been guilty of great impertinence in bringing a claim of any character or amount before this Board, knowing the strong feeling of the Board against claims, and the absence of all funds to defray them, be dismissed.

The following proposals for assurance were accepted:

Simon Softhead	£2000
Samuel Spooney	500
Sampson Stoopld	1000

Mr. Gritrisal, Managing Director, reported receipt of ten guineas, inquiry fees, in cases where parties required loans from the company. Mr. Gritrisal stated he had kept the amount on account of arrears of salary, and had informed the applicants in each case that the company declined granting the loans, the security offered being unsatisfactory.

A premium just received having been handed into the Board-room by a clerk, was divided amongst the directors, and the Board adjourned.

The above minutes were read at the next meeting of the directors, and were confirmed. Business was proceeding, when the messenger of the company entered, and, labouring, evidently, under great excitement, announced "Mr. Joshua Tubbs."

Immense was the commotion. The directors rose in a body. Mr. Tubbs was their chairman, having been introduced by his friends, the solicitors of the company, Messrs. Butcher and Mangle (now, alas! reduced to G. Butcher). At their instance he had taken one hundred shares, and there stopped, for he had never come again to the office from that day to this, having, indeed, forgotten the whole affair. There was a profusion of bowing, and expressions of delight flowed from the lips of the astonished directors in abundance quite overwhelming.

Mr. Tubbs was placed in the chair, of course, though he declared he knew nothing at all about the business, which was very true; while, on the other hand, none but an idiot would remark upon that as any disqualification for being a director.

It was all very gratifying. The managing director, Mr. Gritrisal, was in vast force, and soon satisfied the mind of Mr. Tubbs that he was, indeed, a most fortunate man in being connected with such a flourishing institution. Mr. Gritrisal touched delicately upon the assurance which Mr. Tubbs might entertain, that as long as he (Mr. Gritrisal) was associated with the management, everything would continue to prosper, and all transactions would be characterised by that spirit of fairness and propriety which had animated him (Mr. Gritrisal) through life, and had obtained for him the esteem of his friends around and the public at large. Mr. Tubbs replied in a tone equally calculated to put the meeting in good humour; and altogether the proceedings were of a most exhilarating and encouraging description.

The directors were about adjourning, when the clerk again made his appearance with a letter, addressed to Mr. Gritrisal, which that gentleman read with sundry contortions of countenance, suggestive of internal spasms of a very painful character. He drew Captain Slashing aside, and thus whispered to him:

"As I'm alive, Slashing, old VanRuen's dead, and it's all up."

The captain's countenance assumed the hue of an inferior tallow candle.

"This is a letter from that fellow Butcher," continued Mr. Gritrisal, "enclosing certificate of death, and demanding the 5000*l.*, amount of policy which they hold."

"I—I'm going," faltered the captain.

"So am I," said Mr. Gritrisal; "but not just yet. Take it coolly. Get the other fellows aside, one by one, and tell them what's happened."

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"No, sir; our business is *done*," said the managing director, significantly.

"Then I wish you good morning, gentlemen, and exceedingly proud and happy I am in having met you. I shall come frequently among you now. Good morning."

And with many shakings of hands Mr. Tubbs withdrew, and directly

he was gone the other directors went too. Then Mr. Gritriscal ran out, and gave some instructions to the clerk, and the clerk ran out and brought in a furniture-broker, and that worthy valued all the goods in the office, paid for them, and had them moved off in an hour. And when Mr. Gritriscal had seen the last of them, he, and the clerks and the messenger, severally took their hats and departed, and the life of the Aldgate Pump and General Insurance Company departed with them, leaving only a wretched corpse, in the shape of the denuded and deserted office, for the benefit of a vast host of mourners, *i. e.* creditors, who, like vultures, were quickly gathered around it.

It will be convenient to pursue the history of the policy-claim made by Mr. Butcher. The money not being paid (as he knew, of course, it would not be), Mr. Butcher sued the company for the amount, and obtained judgment, which, so far as the company was concerned, was not of much importance, there being nothing to seize. But the step was advantageous in this way, that following the wise and equitable provisions of the statute under which the company had been formed, Mr. Butcher was then enabled to apply for execution against any individual shareholder he pleased, and he did, accordingly, apply for execution against the only man worth anything in the whole concern, and who, to say the truth, he had himself brought in for the express purpose of slaying in this ghastly fashion when the sacrifice should be necessary, either for the payment of his (Mr. Butcher's) bill of costs against the reputable undertaking, or in respect of any other matter in which his interest might be involved.

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About a fortnight after this "there was a sound of revelry by night," and Mr. Tubbs's domicile in Brunswick-square was radiant with light and overflowing with gay and cheerful guests. Mrs. Tubbs was giving a most delightful entertainment. Everything was charming. Mr. Tubbs looked around and luxuriated in the contrast which this brilliant spectacle afforded to the comparative poverty and the absolute insignificance of former years. He was going on a delightful tour upon the Continent, and had fixed to start to-morrow morning. So he was in especially good spirits to-night, and bade all his friends, with double force a hearty welcome.

But what is this slight bustle in the hall, and who are these not over-genteel-looking personages who require to see Mr. Tubbs on urgent business, and will not be denied? Alas! one is a sheriff's officer, and the other is his man Friday. They have a *ca. sa.* against Mr. Tubbs, and preferring his body to his goods they have come to take his body.

They have drawn the worthy man aside, and have told him their dismal purpose. He is seen to look incredulous, to become alarmed, to turn pale, to grow faint. He is assisted into another room. Shrieking

is heard. The guests are dreadfully affrighted. Somebody says Mr. Tubbs has been arrested for forgery; somebody says, "No, murder;" somebody suggests bigamy, and that his first wife has just reappeared; but at last a glimmer of truth escapes through a suggestion of Butcher (who was there actually as a guest), "That Tubbs may have got himself into some mess with a life office which has lately failed."

And then they all fade away, as ice before the sun. Enough for them there's something wrong. They had better go. They came to feast and revel. There will be no feasting and no revelling, and therefore they'll depart.

Poor Tubbs! On my honour I am sorry for him. He was a little selfish creature, and had been spoiled by prosperity, but I am sorry to see him ruined. I say "ruined," for, mark you, reader, although he can pay this debt, and have plenty left, yet he is virtually ruined. He is one of those men who, fairly checked in prosperity, seem by some ill fate never to recover themselves. They struggle and clutch, but it is all useless; they glide quickly and more quickly towards the Falls of Poverty, and presently, with a faint cry, they are over, and are seen no more.

Oh, Goddess Fortune! you are so very fickle, so very inconstant, pettish, uncertain. You smile upon me, and I am at your feet. You give me your hand, and I am in ecstasies. I bask in your favour, and revel in your protection, when, lo! I look up, and oh, horror! your brow is suddenly contracted, your aspect is fierce, your teeth are set with malignant rage, and in a moment the soft hand which I have been fondling is withdrawn, and, clutching my throat with a giant's force, it hurls me straight into the arms of the demon RUIN behind me, who has been all along watching and grinning at me, knowing that I should be turned over to him at last.

XX.

BUTCHER FOR PRESIDENT.

—"YOUR opinion is requested whether, the said Barclay VanRuen being dead, his said daughter, Rosa VanRuen, becomes entitled to the said property?"

So closed a most elaborately-drawn case, submitted by Mr. Butcher to those very eminent members of the long robe, Mr. Mylud, Q.C., and Mr. Yerhonor.

Then followed the opinion :

"The case is beset with difficulties. We have referred to the case of "*Bakerboy versus Butcherboy*" (see *Popgun's Reports*, No. 9), but the circumstances are not analogous. Our first impression has been that the said Rosa VanRuen *did* become entitled on the death of her father, and that impression may be correct. We are bound, however, to acknowledge that it may also be wrong. Nevertheless, our view inclines that way. In such a matter great doubt must, of necessity, prevail. This is our decided opinion.

(Signed)

" MARK MYLUD.

" HUGH YERHONOR."

"Humph!" granted Mr. Butcher, on reading this clear and convincing statement. "That girl may have a chance, then, after all. It's worth while to look after her."

So he wrote to the address where she had lived with her father, but no answer came.

A summons brought into Mr. Butcher's presence next morning Mr. Cleanwristband, one of his clerks.

"These twenty writs issued yesterday?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the ten executions?"

"Yes, sir; six men left in possession, and four bodies taken."

Mr. Butcher smiled pleasantly.

"Tubbs paid, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir; all done, and he's out."

"Humph! he won't be free long. Cleanwristband, just step down to that man VanRuen's address, and learn what's become of his daughter."

"Yes, sir. Mr. Harry Butcher, sir, is in the office."

"Oh, he can come in. Come in, Harry."

Mr. Cleanwristband departed, and Mr. Harry Butcher entered.

How often it is that money-making, business-loving fathers have money-spending, business-hating sons. You could see directly that Harry Butcher was not a young gentleman likely to look at a sovereign twice before he spent it. The free movement of his full blue eye was delicious to look upon, after you had been chilled by the sinister scrutiny of his father's grey optics. His faults, detected at the first glance, were the very opposite of his father's dark features. With such good points as he possessed, his respected living parent certainly had no concern. He inherited them from that other parent who had long since fallen asleep.

They were accustomed to quarrel dreadfully; but, nevertheless, Butcher was very proud of his son.

"Harry," he said, as the young man came in with a light, easy air, "pen any word, you'll be too late. Have you prepared your address to the electors of Fishbent. You know I've made up my mind to get you into parliament at this election close at hand."

"There, there!" cried Harry Butcher. "I've brought it. It's cost me three hours' hard labour, and the loss of a ride with Emily Christian to boot."

"Pshaw," cried his father, angrily. "What do you want with Emily Christian? Old Christian's as poor as a church mouse. Now, pray don't go playing the fool in that quarter."

"And what may playing the fool in this case mean?" asked Harry, reddening. "I—I—very much admire Emily Christian. She's a very nice girl. I'm not in love with her, of course. Certainly not. But she is a very nice girl—she is the nicest girl—"

"Oh, this won't do at all," interrupted his father, who had been perusing the paper his son had given him. "Why, Harry, you've no more idea of these things than a cat. Who in the world would say such things as these in an address to a constituency: 'Amongst my varied qualifications for becoming your representative, I may mention I am

as good a player at billiards, my men of Fishbent, as you could desire to see. My knowledge of herself is not at all to be despised, I can assure you; and in the broadsword exercise——' Oh, really, Harry, this is too ridiculous."

"Well, now, didn't you say I was to mention everything I could do well. What could I say? I know nothing of politics—I know nothing of parties,—I don't know High Church from Low Church,—I know nothing about law,—nothing about taxation, except that it's something very disgusting."

"Didn't I tell you, Harry, to keep on about Reform?"

"Well, don't you see I've pitched it in strongly at the beginning about Reform? Haven't I said I'll reform everything and everybody——?"

"Except yourself," muttered Butcher, grimly.

"Except myself, of course. That which may be very good for others may not suit me, you know."

"Just so. Well, well, leave the thing with me—I'll see to it. This wind-up about 'sound principles of religion and virtue, in which I have been nurtured,' is not so bad. It will take with the old ladies."

"Ah, that's it, and I'll find something else to take with the young ones," replied Harry, carelessly, as he sauntered out.

"Yes," muttered Mr. Butcher to himself, "there are a good many old ladies in Fishbent, and we must be mindful of them. Harry must at once send a subscription to the Ojibbeway Indian Christian Conversion and Provident Clothing Fund Society. It will have a good effect. That wasn't a bad idea of Harry's, 'Sound principles of religion and virtue in which I have been nurtured.' I think we might add, 'Charity and brotherly kindness,' with advantage. There" (writing the words), "that makes it rather more forcible. Halloa, what's that uproar?"

There were sounds of mourning and crying in the clerks' office. A clerk hastened to obey Mr. Butcher's angry summons.

"What is that disgraceful noise, Wiggles!"

"I'm sorry for it, sir; we can't stop her. It's Mrs. Riches, whose goods have been taken in execution this morning, and whose child has just died."

"Confound the woman. How can I help it? But stay, to get rid of her, say I'll speak to the plaintiff and see what I can do."

"We are the plaintiffs, sir. The execution is for costs."

"Oh, turn her out of the place, then—drat her—we can't be made beggars of, for her sake. Put her out at once."

"Yes," murmured Mr. Butcher, resuming his task—"The sound principles of religion, virtue, charity, and brotherly kindness in which I have been nurtured"—yes, it reads very well, Harry, and is very true, my boy, too—very true."

fined heavily by Archbishop Laud: "By the practice of the world, which prevails in this degenerate age," the *Spectator* complains, "I am afraid that very many young profligates, of both sexes, are possessed of this spurious edition of the Bible, and observe the commandment according to that faulty reading."^{*}

In his plea for the planting of trees, one of his arguments being that, unless some artificial system of the kind be adopted, to supply the deficiency of forest timber, "in a few ages the nation may be at a loss to supply itself with timber sufficient for the fleets of England,"—he meets hypothetical cavils at that argument with the remark, "I know, when a man talks of posterity, in matters of this nature, he is looked upon with an eye of ridicule by the cunning and selfish part of mankind. Most people," adds the *Spectator*, "are of the humour of an old fellow of a college, who, when he was pressed by the society to come into something that might redound to the good of their successors, grew very peevish: 'We are always doing,' says he, 'something for posterity; but I would fain see posterity do something for us.'"[†]

From the Fables of La Fontaine may be instanced his allusion to "the dog of Jean de Nivelles," whereby hangs (in rather hangdog fashion) a tale. The Fable of the Falcon and the Capon opens thus:

Une traltresse voix bien souvent vous appelle;
Ne vous pressez donc nullement:
Ce n'était pas un sot, non, non, et croyez-m'en,
Que le chien de Jean de Nivelles.‡

His allusion is to the French proverb: "Il ressemble au chien de Jean de Nivelles, qui s'enfuit quand on l'appelle." The commentators tell us, however, that La Fontaine seems to have been unacquainted with the true origin of the proverb, of which the following account§ is given: Jean II., Duke of Montmorency, foreseeing a speedy rupture between Louis XI. and the Duke of Burgundy, summoned his two sons, Jean de Nivelles and Louis de Fosseuse, from Flanders, where they were in the enjoyment of considerable property, to come home and serve under the King of France. Neither of the twain gave heed to the summons. Their father, in his rage, treated them as *dogs*, and disinherited them.

Parliament is a place where the pat allusion is relished generally, and beyond the general. When the Bishops took an eager part, in their Whiggish zeal, against their impeached brother, the Jacobite Atterbury, there was great admiration felt for a fling at them and their tactics in Lord Bathurst's speech. Turning to their bench he exclaimed, that he could hardly account for the inveterate malice some persons bore the learned and ingenious Bishop of Rochester, unless they were possessed with the infatuation of the wild Indians, who fondly believe they will inherit not only the spoils, but even the abilities of any great enemy they kill.|| One prelate on this occasion—Wynne, of St. Asaph—had, we

* The *Spectator*, No. 579.

† Ibid. No. 538.

‡ La Fontaine: "Fables," livre viii. fable xxi.

§ See M. Walckenaer's notes to La Fontaine.

|| Lord Mahon's History of England, vol. ii. ch. xii.

are told, gone so far as to volunteer evidence against Atterbury, which, when close pressed, he was not able to maintain.

Pulteney was often very happy in this particular species of *eutrapelia*. When Sir Robert Walpole, in 1733, proposed to take half a million from the Sinking Fund (established by himself and Stanhope sixteen years previously) for the service of the current year,—"the Right Honourable Gentleman," said Pulteney, in the course of his strictures on any such proposal, "had once the vanity to call himself the Father of the Sinking Fund; but if Solomon's judgment was right, he who is thus for splitting and dividing the child can never be deemed to be the real father." In the same year was canvassed Sir Robert's violently opposed Excise scheme—so hotly denounced by all sorts and conditions of men, and in all orders and degrees of books, from Johnson's Dictionary and Bolingbroke's Craftsman downwards—a scheme of which that able and most influential senator, Sir John Barnard (whose every word on such a subject, weighed with others, whether or not well weighed by himself), declared, that it could not, even by pure malice, be represented as worse than it really was. Pulteney went to Ben Jonson, this time for his pat allusion. "It puts me in mind," he said, "of Sir Ephraim Mammon [Sir *Epicure*, he should have said, unless misreported in those non-reporting days] in the Alchemist: he was gulled out of his money by fine promises; he was promised the philosopher's stone, by which he was to get mountains of gold, and everything else he could wish; but all ended in some little charm for curing the itch."* And most likely Sir Robert, who was as ready to laugh at the sallies of his Majesty's Opposition as a later Premier, equally good-natured (Lord North), was to go to sleep over them—most likely the jovial Minister laughed "wi' the lave," when the House laughed and buzzed appreciation all round, alike at Ben Jonson's deluded knight, and at that drawing after the Judgment of Solomon.

* During this debate it was, that a pat allusion, but of no mirth-inducing character—an allusion that produced a grave sensation at the time, from the vehemence and audacity of the speaker—was made by Sir William Wyndham. Thundering, in the words of the historian, against corrupt motives and impending tyranny, he "evoked the shades of Empson and Dudley, those two unworthy favourites of old time. 'But what,' he added, 'was their fate? They had the misfortune to outlive their master, and his son, as soon as he came to the throne, took off both their heads!'—no obscure allusion to Frederick Prince of Wales, who was then present under the gallery," and was at daggers-drawn with his father and mother, as so many lively authors, from Horace Walpole the letter-writer to Mr. Thackeray the lecturer, have made clear enough.

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XIX.

THE ALDGATE PUMP AND GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

AT a meeting of the Directors of the Aldgate Pump and General Life Assurance Company, held on the 19th of April, 18—

CAPTAIN SLASHING in the Chair,

the secretary drew attention to a very urgent claim of fourteen shillings and sixpence, housekeeper's charges, which there were no funds to meet.

Resolved,—That the secretary having been guilty of great impertinence in bringing a claim of any character or amount before this Board, knowing the strong feeling of the Board against claims, and the absence of all funds to defray them, be dismissed.

The following proposals for assurance were accepted :

Simon Softhead	£2000
Samuel Spooney	500
Sampson Stoopid	1000

Mr. Gritrisical, Managing Director, reported receipt of ten guineas, inquiry fees, in cases where parties required loans from the company. Mr. Gritrisical stated he had kept the amount on account of arrears of salary, and had informed the applicants in each case that the company declined granting the loans, the security offered being unsatisfactory.

A premium just received having been handed into the Board-room by a clerk, was divided amongst the directors, and the Board adjourned.

The above minutes were read at the next meeting of the directors, and were confirmed. Business was proceeding, when the messenger of the company entered, and, labouring, evidently, under great excitement, announced "Mr. Joshua Tubbs."

Immense was the commotion. The directors rose in a body. Mr. Tubbs was their chairman, having been introduced by his friends, the solicitors of the company, Messrs. Butcher and Mangle (now, alas! reduced to G. Butcher). At their instance he had taken one hundred shares, and there stopped, for he had never come again to the office from that day to this, having, indeed, forgotten the whole affair. There was a profusion of bowing, and expressions of delight flowed from the lips of the astonished directors in abundance quite overwhelming.

Mr. Tubbs was placed in the chair, of course, though he declared he knew nothing at all about the business, which was very true; while, on the other hand, none but an idiot would remark upon that as any disqualification for being a director.

It was all very gratifying. The managing director, Mr. Gritriscal, was in vast force, and soon satisfied the mind of Mr. Tubbs that he was, indeed, a most fortunate man in being connected with such a flourishing institution. Mr. Gritriscal touched delicately upon the assurance which Mr. Tubbs might entertain, that as long as he (Mr. Gritriscal) was associated with the management, everything would continue to prosper, and all transactions would be characterised by that spirit of fairness and propriety which had animated him (Mr. Gritriscal) through life, and had obtained for him the esteem of his friends around and the public at large. Mr. Tubbs replied in a tone equally calculated to put the meeting in good humour; and altogether the proceedings were of a most exhilarating and encouraging description.

The directors were about adjourning, when the clerk again made his appearance with a letter, addressed to Mr. Gritriscal, which that gentleman read with sundry contortions of countenance, suggestive of internal spasms of a very painful character. He drew Captain Slashing aside, and thus whispered to him:

"As I'm alive, Slashing, old VanRuen's dead, and it's all up."

The captain's countenance assumed the hue of an inferior tallow candle.

"This is a letter from that fellow Butcher," continued Mr. Gritriscal, "enclosing certificate of death, and demanding the 5000*l.*, amount of policy which they hold."

"I—I'm going," faltered the captain.

"So am I," said Mr. Gritriscal; "but not just yet. Take it coolly. Get the other fellows aside, one by one, and tell them what's happened."

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But what is this slight bustle in the hall, and who are these not over-genteel-looking personages who require to see Mr. Tubbs on urgent business, and will not be denied? Alas! one is a sheriff's officer, and the other is his man Friday. They have a *ca. sa.* against Mr. Tubbs, and preferring his body to his goods they have come to take his body.

They have drawn the worthy man aside, and have told him their dismal purpose. He is seen to look incredulous, to become alarmed, to turn pale, to grow faint. He is assisted into another room. Shrieking

is heard. The guests are dreadfully affrighted. Somebody says Mr. Tubbs has been arrested for forgery; somebody says, "No, murder;" somebody suggests bigamy, and that his first wife has just reappeared; but at last a glimmer of truth escapes through a suggestion of Butcher (who was there actually as a guest), "That Tubbs may have got himself into some mess with a life office which has lately failed."

And then they all fade away, as ice before the sun. Enough for them there's something wrong. They had better go. They came to feast and revel. There will be no feasting and no revelling, and therefore they'll depart.

Poor Tubbs! On my honour I am sorry for him. He was a little selfish creature, and had been spoiled by prosperity, but I am sorry to see him ruined. I say "ruined;" for, mark you, reader, although he can pay this debt, and have plenty left, yet he is virtually ruined. He is one of those men who, fairly checked in prosperity, seem by some ill fate never to recover themselves. They struggle and clutch, but it is all useless; they glide quickly and more quickly towards the Falls of Poverty, and presently, with a faint cry, they are over, and are seen no more.

Oh, Goddess Fortune! you are so very fickle, so very inconstant, pettish, uncertain. You smile upon me, and I am at your feet. You give me your hand, and I am in ecstasies. I bask in your favour, and revel in your protection, when, lo! I look up, and oh, horror! your brow is suddenly contracted, your aspect is fierce, your teeth are set with malignant rage, and in a moment the soft hand which I have been fondling is withdrawn, and, clutching my throat with a giant's force, it hurls me straight into the arms of the demon RUIN behind me, who has been all along watching and grinning at me, knowing that I should be turned over to him at last.

XX.

BUTCHER FOR FIERCE.

—"YOUR opinion is requested whether, the said Barclay VanRuen being dead, his said daughter, Rosa VanRuen, becomes entitled to the said property?"

So closed a most elaborately-drawn case, submitted by Mr. Butcher to those very eminent members of the long robe, Mr. Mylud, Q.C., and Mr. Yerhonor.

Then followed the opinion :

"The case is beset with difficulties. We have referred to the case of "*Bakerboy versus Butcherboy*" (see Popgun's *Reports*, No. 9), but the circumstances are not analogous. Our first impression has been that the said Rosa VanRuen *did* become entitled on the death of her father, and that impression may be correct. We are bound, however, to acknowledge that it may also be wrong. Nevertheless, our view inclines that way. In such a matter great doubt must, of necessity, prevail. This is our decided opinion.

(Signed)

"MARK MYLUD.

"HUGH YERHONOR."

"Humph!" granted Mr. Butcher, on reading this clear and convincing statement. "That girl may have a chance, then, after all. It's worth while to look after her."

So he wrote to the address where she had lived with her father, but no answer came.

A summons brought into Mr. Butcher's presence next morning Mr. Cleanwristband, one of his clerks.

"These twenty writs issued yesterday?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the ten executions?"

"Yes, sir; six men left in possession, and four bodies taken."

Mr. Butcher smiled pleasantly.

"Tubbs paid, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir; all done, and he's out."

"Humph! he won't be free long. Cleanwristband, just step down to that man VanBuren's address, and learn what's become of his daughter."

"Yes, sir. Mr. Harry Butcher, sir, is in the office."

"Oh, he can come in. Come in, Harry."

Mr. Cleanwristband departed, and Mr. Harry Butcher entered.

How often it is that money-making, business-loving fathers have money-spending, business-hating sons. You could see directly that Harry Butcher was not a young gentleman likely to look at a sovereign twice before he spent it. The free movement of his full blue eye was delicious to look upon, after you had been chilled by the sinister scrutiny of his father's grey optics. His faults, detected at the first glance, were the very opposite of his father's dark features. With such good points as he possessed, his respected living parent certainly had no concern. He inherited them from that other parent who had long since fallen asleep.

They were accustomed to quarrel dreadfully; but, nevertheless, Butcher was very proud of his son.

"Harry," he said, as the young man came in with a light, easy air, "upon my word, you'll be too late. Have you prepared your address to the electors of Fishbent. You know I've made up my mind to get you into parliament at this election close at hand."

"There, there!" cried Harry Butcher. "I've brought it. It's cost me three hours' hard labour, and the loss of a ride with Emily Christian to boot."

"Pshaw," cried his father, angrily. "What do you want with Emily Christian? Old Christian's as poor as a church mouse. Now, pray don't go playing the fool in that quarter."

"And what may playing the fool in this case mean?" asked Harry, reddening. "I—I—very much admire Emily Christian. She's a very nice girl. I'm not in love with her, of course. Certainly not. But she is a very nice girl—she is the nicest girl—"

"Oh, this won't do at all," interrupted his father, who had been perusing the paper his son had given him. "Why, Harry, you've no more idea of these things than a cat. Who in the world would say such things as these in an address to a constituency: 'Amongst my varied qualifications for becoming your representative, I may mention I am

as good a player at billiards, my men of Fishbent, as you could desire to see. My knowledge of herself is not at all to be despised, I can assure you; and in the broadsword exercise——' Oh, really, Harry, this is too ridiculous."

"Well, now, didn't you say I was to mention everything I could do well. What could I say? I know nothing of politics—I know nothing of parties,—I don't know High Church from Low Church,—I know nothing about law,—nothing about taxation, except that it's something very disgusting."

"Didn't I tell you, Harry, to keep on about Reform?"

"Well, don't you see I've pitched it in strongly at the beginning about Reform? Haven't I said I'll reform everything and everybody——?"

"Except yourself," muttered Butcher, grimly.

"Except myself, of course. That which may be very good for others may not suit me, you know."

"Just so. Well, well, leave the thing with me—I'll see to it. This wind-up about 'sound principles of religion and virtue, in which I have been nurtured,' is not so bad. It will take with the old ladies."

"Ah, that's it, and I'll find something else to take with the young ones," replied Harry, carelessly, as he sauntered out.

"Yes," muttered Mr. Butcher to himself, "there are a good many old ladies in Fishbent, and we must be mindful of them. Harry went at once and a subscription to the Ojibbeway Indian Christian Conversion and Provident Clothing Fund Society. It will have a good effect. That wasn't a bad idea of Harry's, 'Sound principles of religion and virtue in which I have been nurtured.' I think we might add, 'Charity and brotherly kindness,' with advantage. There" (writing the words), "that makes it rather more forcible. Halloa, what's that uproar?"

There were sounds of mourning and crying in the clerks' office. A clerk hastened to obey Mr. Butcher's angry summons.

"What is that disgraceful noise, Wiggles!"

"I'm sorry for it, sir; we can't stop her. It's Mrs. Riches, whose goods have been taken in execution this morning, and whose child has just died."

"Confound the woman. How can I help it? But stay, to get rid of her, say I'll speak to the plaintiff and see what I can do."

"We are the plaintiffs, sir. The execution is for costs."

"Oh, turn her out of the place, then—drat her—we can't be made beggars of, for her sake. Put her out at once."

"Yes," murmured Mr. Butcher, resuming his task—"The sound principles of religion, virtue, charity, and brotherly kindness in which I have been nurtured"—yes, it reads very well, Harry, and is very true, my boy, too—very true."

XXI.

THE ELECTION FOR FISHBENT.

Two days after this, the following address to the electors of Fishbent appeared in the daily papers :

"GENTLEMEN,—I appear before you as a candidate for a seat in parliament to represent your time-honoured, influential, and enlightened borough.

"I am a candidate for most thorough reform.

"Firstly, in regard to the Law. I think that the salaries of the Lord Chancellor and judges should be materially reduced, and that in event of its being decided on appeal in any case that a wrong judgment has been delivered, the judge declared guilty of such error should forfeit half a year's salary. I am in hopes that by such an upright and equitable arrangement the whole of the salaries in question might be saved to the nation.

"Secondly, in regard to the Church. I propose to withdraw all remuneration from the head dignitaries of the Church. It is my view that the honour of their respective positions should be to them sufficient reward. I would not object, however, to the archbishop and bishops taking a few pupils, if they were so minded.

"Thirdly, in regard to the Army. I propose that, in time of peace, the soldiery do duty as policemen, an expedient which would greatly lessen taxation, and prove, I am sure, in every way highly satisfactory.

"The remainder of my sentiments, gentlemen, on important points, I shall have the pleasure of communicating to you when I meet you on the hustings, and, in the mean time,

"I am, your devoted servant,

"JOSHUA TUBBS."

"What!" shouted Mr. Butcher, when he read this "Confound the little wretch. So the first use he has made of his freedom has been to put out an opposition to my son. He shall regret it—he shall."

But though Mr. Tubbs did regret it afterwards, and bitterly, yet there was no stopping him from going to the poll at the forthcoming election. Mr. Harry Butcher issued his address, and even outdid Mr. Tubbs in his promises of reform. Pure and immaculate would be everything and everybody if Mr. H. Butcher could have his way—so said his emissaries as they talked in dark corners with doubting voters, and exhibited to them conclusive reasons why they should support their employer. Then Mr. Tubbs made speeches everywhere where he could get an audience, and declared his success was certain ; and Mr. Harry Butcher did the same, announcing his assurance of being elected by an enormous majority. In very truth, each candidate was all things to all men. Did Mr. Tubbs meet a Fishbenter with warlike notions, he said to that Fishbenter, with a fine, hearty, John Bull spirit, "I love peace, sir, but it must be honourable peace ; it must be peace which brings no blush on my cheek nor Britannia's. Our beloved country, sir, must be respected. She is

the queen of nations, sir, and she must behave as such." On the other hand, did Mr. Tubbs hold sweet converse with meek-minded Fishbenters, he would say, "Gentlemen, I abhor war. It is unchristian; it is horrible. Why should we ever go to war? Why should not quarrels between nations be submitted to an enlightened and impartial jury, composed of half a dozen men from each of the conflicting countries? There would be a glorious spectacle! Fancy the great cause set down for hearing at Westminster Hall. England *versus* Russia. Splendid speeches—wonderful summing up—then the verdict—for the plaintiff of course. There would have been a creditable way of settling the late dispute—there would have been a splendid moral effect produced throughout the universe!"

Mr. Harry Butcher was not idle. He, too, harangued, and pleaded, and insinuated, chatted, smiled, fawned, and flattered—did everything but bribe, of course. His party was more that of the young blood in the borough, while Mr. Tubbs's supporters were the old, grave, sedate men, who shook their heads, saying, "Mr. Butcher was a fine young fellow, but Mr. Tubbs was the man of weight, had more ballast, and so was more the man to represent the mighty interests of the borough of Fishbent."

All the public-houses were taken, we need not say, by the supporters of one or other of the candidates, and nothing met the eye but enormous posters, the number, size, and brilliancy of which, one would have supposed, had some mysterious connexion with the vehement assertions and solemn exhortations they were the means of conveying to the wondering crowd. "Are you an Englishman?—then vote for Tubbs!" "Will you support religion, order, and reduced tea duty?—then your man is Butcher!" "Tubbs, and no taxes!" "Butcher, and high wages and a big loaf!" These, and a multitude of other stirring observations of like character, adorned every inch of wall in the place, and even the bodies of sundry unfortunates, who, throughout the day of election, were engaged in the intellectual occupation of parading the streets in gangs, wrapped up, so to speak, in placards and handbills.

A little behind—a little ahead—neck and neck. Bring them up to the poll—bring them up. Never mind that this intelligent voter is drunk, or that that worthy constituent is more than half an idiot—poll your men! England requires every man to do his duty, and the Fishbenters must exercise their privilege, and thereby express their opinions upon all the great questions of the day. Neck and neck still, and only half an hour left! Have they not all polled? No; the men in Messrs. Swizzlewind's yard are yet "doubtful;" they will decide the election.

These men have been talked to, and coaxed, and joked with the whole day; but they are conscientious men, and are slow in making up their minds. They want thoroughly to understand the merits of the respective candidates before they decide how they will vote. Mr. Harry Butcher has addressed them in a long speech, and his agents have explained the speech to them quietly afterwards; but what they still say is, that "they don't see it!" Mr. Tubbs has operated upon them in the same way, but they have told him likewise, that "they don't see it!" Behold him now, after another long oration, scanning anxiously their passive countenances.

"This is your duty, gentlemen," shouts Mr. Tubbs, the last remnant of breath being expended in the effort—"will you perform it?"

Still that same reply from the jelly-looking foreman, who acts and speaks for the body.

"We're anxious to do our duty, sir; but just at this moment—excuse us—we don't see it!"

A hurried conference takes place between Mr. Tubbs and his principal agent. Then the latter takes the foreman away for a few minutes. Something passes between them—some words, if you like—and the foreman returns to his comrades, who draw around him. He returns to his position in front.

"We have talked the matter over, sir, and are very happy to say that now we see it!"

"Bravo, my men," said Mr. Tubbs; "away with you, my fine fellows, to the poll."

And away they were jogging, when, behold! an emissary of Mr. Harry Butcher, who had just arrived, violently laid hold of the foreman, and, before he could make the slightest resistance, dragged him quite aside from the crowd, and whispering most energetically in his ear, shook him cordially by the hand.

Back came the foreman.

"Hold hard, mates, for a minute," he cried; "a word with some of you." And in spite of the vehement protestations of the Tubbs party, a hurried consultation took place among them.

"Hurra for Butcher! Hurra for the man of the people! Butcher's the man for Fishbent!" were the sounds which next moment astounded the Tubbs party, and almost caused Mr. Tubbs to faint.

"Vote for Butcher! The Swizzlewind vote for Butcher! Hurra for Butcher!" shouted the jelly foreman, till he almost burst a blood-vessel.

"Why—why," vociferated Mr. Tubbs—"you said you *saw* it, you vagabonds."

"So we did, sir," answered the foreman, with a grin—"in quite a different light to what you did; we see'd it in Mr. Butcher's light."

Mr. Tubbs sank back, fairly overcome.

"Hurra for Butcher! Hurra for Butcher!" resounded on all sides.

"We all vote for Butcher," shouted the foreman, as they approached the polling-place. "Butcher is the man for the country, for Fishbent, and for Swizzlewind's men—so we votes for him."

There was an end of it. Butcher was elected by a majority of forty-nine, and Tubbs, when he had returned home, had another *scire facias* served upon him in connexion with the Aldgate Pump and General Life Assurance Company.

THE BATHS OF LUCCA.

BY FLORENTIA.

V.

The Castle of Bargilio and its Legend.

A curse, not loud but deep,
Was registered above.

On the highest point of the leftmost mountain visible from our villa, appears a ruin so diminished in size from its altitude, that it might pass for a mere rocky protuberance, unless pointed out as the Castle of Bargilio. I had often contemplated this mountain eyrie, and longed to explore a spot so romantically situated, around which such an atmosphere of strange unearthly legends are said to float, but the road was long and difficult, and from time to time the excursion had been delayed. At last a day was fixed, in the month of September, and early in the morning I started on my favourite grey pony, accompanied by a guide on foot.

It was a splendid morning, a glorious sun shining over the freshened forests, still moist and dewy from heavy rain on the previous day. The surrounding woods were completely bathed in the bright sun that shone and sparkled on every leaf, and lit up the whole valley with a joyous brightness quite exhilarating.

Borgo, through which we had to pass, is clean and quite handsome for a country town, with one wide street that displays very respectable shops. There are such a number of *farmacia*, or chemists, one would imagine the inhabitants, far from following Shakespeare's advice of "throwing physic to the dogs," actually must live on it; then there are no end of cafés, with neat little marble tables, and a curtain at the entrance to keep out the sun and admit the air; and shops with vast displays of wooden shoes for the peasants, and candle-manufactories, and, in a word, all the accessories of a most thriving little place. The high street passed, we turned off abruptly to the right up a paved path through a narrow lane bordered by high green banks, passing through most luxuriant vineyards, where the plants, exposed to a southern aspect, were loaded with fruit. Among the vines were interspersed, here and there, large groves of olives, now covered with white berries, while fig-trees black with fruit, cherry and apple-trees were dotted about among pumpkins, beans, and maize.

A deep ravine broke these luxuriant field gardens, along which flowed a mountain torrent; both sides were clothed by chestnut woods, while little streams crossed our road, running down the sides of the glen in numerous delicate cascades into the stream below, giving a fresh emerald colour to the turf over which they flowed. Nothing is more charming than this gurgling and rushing of water among the unbroken solitudes of the forests.

On we went over the roughly paved way, through changing scenes of Eden-like beauty, until we arrived at a small village. Graceful women were assembled round a well, and bore away the water in large copper vessels, which, spite of the weight, they carried exactly poised on their heads, stepping with that Juno-like air and deportment universal among

all the young Italians. Nothing is ever placed in the arms, which hang down or move in eloquent pantomime as they converse together; all conceivable weights are placed on the head, from an enormous load of wood to the smallest pitcher of milk. As we emerged from the miserable hovels composing the village, a vast valley, shut in by rising heights, opened before us, while towering high above, quite up in the sky, Bargilio was visible, looking, perhaps, if anything, a trifle farther off than when we started, and mocking apparently all efforts to reach it. All the population of the village, consisting of dreadful old crones, with heads so rough that they never for years could have felt a brush, and pretty young girls, as neat as the utmost care could make them, were busily engaged in carding flax.

After a steep and long ascent, we did seem to have neared Bargilio a little, as the ruined walls were now much more distinct, and the barren rock on which it stands began to assume somewhat of its real proportions. A deep wood covered the rocks, overgrown with moss and lichens, and in the thickest of the forest a solitary church appeared, in a position so solitary and desolate that it certainly did puzzle one to imagine where any possible congregation could be found, unless the ghosts from the neighbouring castle resorted there. Carefully threading my way over the dangerous ascent, where one false step might have hurled me thousands of feet below, over pointed rocks, when certain death must have been inevitable, I reached a small cultivated space, where a few corn-fields and a miserable hovel announced something living, rude as it might be.

On a precipitate rocky eminence rising abruptly out of the damp grass, stood the ruins of the old castle, consisting in a single round tower, surrounded by high walls rising in the midst of rugged rocks jutting out in rude, misshapen masses all around it. There it stood, scathed, weather-beaten, the sport of the winds, the rains, and the winter snows; not a tree, not a shrub, scarcely a blade of grass growing near it. Flights of rooks were hovering about, cawing sadly in the breeze that sighed through the apertures in the tower. I felt so impressed with the awful and mysterious aspect of the place, that, for a moment, I hesitated mounting the rock in order to approach it. A half-naked woman, who was tending some sheep in the hollow of the rocks, ran down on seeing us approach, and stared at me with all the curiosity of a savage. She was perfectly browned by the wind and the sun, but although bare-legged and ill-clothed, wore the golden earrings so beloved by the peasantry, that I believe they would positively go naked to purchase them. After dismounting from my sure-footed little pony, I asked this damsel if she would conduct me the nearest way over the rocks to the castle above, which she willingly undertook to do, and I proceeded under her guidance. After many slips and a few falls, I reached the platform on which it stands. Here the peasant abruptly left me, and, sitting down on a pile of rocks, I found myself face to face with this weird old ruin. The wildness and singularity of its aspect had not been exaggerated: it was a place to see in a dream as the abode of some giant or necromancer. That those old walls could look so strange and ghostlike without some fearful tale connected with them, was impossible; and, gazing upon the frowning pile before me, I firmly believed all I had at various times heard concerning it.

As to the antiquity of Bargilio, Heaven forefend that I should weary myself or my reader with any such researches, but at the same time it invests the castle with greater interest to know that its antiquity is really fabulous. No one knows how it came there, who built it, or for what purpose. Perhaps the devil had a hand in its construction, as he appears to have been always busy in and about the Bagni, from the earliest times until now. It might have been a Roman watch-tower, and have stood on that rock since the days that Rome gave laws to the universe. This is quite immaterial; but now that I am seated opposite the walls, I must relate the legend that invested it with so mysterious a charm in my imagination.

Bargilio, about the twelfth century, became the property and stronghold of the Panciatichi family, who owned vast mountain districts in this part of the Apennines. One of the chiefs of this house lived here about that period in great honour and renown; many vassals owned his sway, and he could send forth a goodly array of knights whenever called on by his liege the emperor to assist him. Neither the republics of Lucca or Pisa troubled him; he mixed not in their broils and internal wars, but lived feared and honoured within his castle walls, while his serfs and vassals cultivated the fertile spots among the mountains, certain to reap the harvests that they sowed. But death at last cut off the old lord of Bargilio, and, although in a green old age, he died suddenly, and not without certain suspicions of foul play; but as his eldest son was living with him at the time, and immediately assumed his father's honours and power, no person dared canvass so dangerous a subject. The new lord was a stern, hard man, whom all feared, and no one loved; he had none of the jovial glee and merry humour of his father, whom he in no way resembled, but sat, sombre and severe, in his high chair in the principal hall, speaking but little, and giving his thoughts to no one. He was like an old man before his time, bowed down with care and anxiety, and delighted neither in the chase, nor in war, nor in exercising his knights, but ever sat brooding in the old hall, where the coloured windows threw a fitful light on his stern face. He had a younger brother, who was away fighting in Hungary under the emperor's standard when the old lord died; but he never wrote to him, or sent him any messenger to announce their parent's death. People began to say that the younger brother must have fallen in the wars against the Turks, or been at least made a slave of and carried away into the Paynim's land; and as the present lord never named him, and had caused all that belonged to him to be destroyed, it was thought he would not be ill pleased if such were the case. But it fell out otherwise: for one day, as the Lord of Bargilio sat in his hall over against the window, as was his wont, a bugle sounded from below. He started up, and walking out on the rocky platform before the entrance, saw a small company of two or three knights winding up the rocky path to the castle. Again the bugle sounded, and, whether there was anything that displeased him, or that he recognised the sound, the lord frowned darkly, and laid his hand on the hilt of his dagger.

In a little space the comers had approached the castle, and were conducted to the hall. A fair, tall, comely man entered first; but sorrow, and grief, and rage were on his brow as he approached, for he was the long absent younger brother, and he had first heard that his father, whom he loved dearly, was no more.

As the brothers stood face to face, a scowl of rage and defiance was visible in both their countenances, only that the elder looked like a mad devil, and the younger like a bright angel angered by the sins of wicked men.

"And why," said the younger, speaking through his clenched teeth, "did you not tell me that my dear father was dead? Why was I not to soothe his dying pillow—him whom I loved so well? Comes on you, for an unnatural brother."

"Speak to me with the respect due to your lord and your elder, or by St. Christopher I will fell you to the earth, fair-haired minion," replied the other.

"I will neither speak with respect, nor treat you as my elder," exclaimed the other, maddened by the scorn and pride of the lord, who sat swelling in the great chair where his old father had sat; "I will speak the truth before God and the Virgin, words that I would never have uttered while my father lived to disturb his peace, but which now I will blow from the topmost turret of this castle to the four winds of heaven. Knights approach; men, soldiers, vassals, all draw nigh—hear me; what I have to say brooks no delay." The hall had gradually filled with the various retainers drawn hither by curiosity and the news of the younger son's return, for he was much loved, and many fervent blessings were invoked on his fair face. "Yes," continued he, "I will speak. You, false-hearted traitor, concealed my father's death from me that you might seize the castle and the treasures, which you knew not to be yours, hoping I had fallen in battle."

"Beware," uttered the lord, in a hollow voice—"beware! You may yet be silent, and withdraw; if at once you leave, the road is yet open to you."

"I go! I fly! no, by Heaven! I am come, and I shall stay to claim my rightful birthright. This is my castle, these are my vassals. You, *you* are the lowest among them, for the blood that flows in your veins is crossed with a base leman's breed. You are a bastard, and you know it; and thus I mark the brow that ought and shall bow in the dust before my father's rightful son."

And he flung full in the face of the lord, now pale with passion, his iron glove, that, leaving a bloody stain on his white forehead, fell to the ground with a crash. The Lord of Bargilio started from his chair and glared at his brother with the fury of a demon. He spoke no word, but drew his sword from its scabbard, and motioned to the other in significant gestures that he must fight.

"I know not," said the younger, "that I, a high-born knight, chief of the Panciaticchi, ought to honour such a one as you are by measuring swords with him—such a false villain ought to be too proud to die by the hand of my esquire; but right is might, and I care not. So come on, Sir Bastard, and receive your due."

A deadly fight commenced—a fight for life and death; no one dared to interrupt the brothers as they dealt deadly blows of hate and rage. For a time neither obtained a decided advantage, but at last it was evident that the Lord of Bargilio was the better man—he dealt his blows with a surer and steadier aim. Perhaps his brother was fatigued by his long journey, but so it was, and all looked with horror when they saw the younger's sword snap short off at the hilt. The lord now pressed on

him, giving him no time to draw his dagger. He dealt him a furious blow on the head, and in a moment his fair hair was deluged in blood, and he lay extended on the pavement. A groan broke from all present at the dismal sight, but a stern frown from the lord silenced them, as, wiping his sword, he reseated himself.

There was a solemn silence. The mortally wounded man raised himself on one arm and gazed at the Lord of Bargilio, who sat with unmoved visage. "God is just," said he, in a faint voice, "and my death shall be avenged. Thou hast slain me, false bastard. But the curse of a murdered man falls on thee and on thy blood for ever. In this world and the next I will torment thee and thine. *Remember*—" And fixing his dying eyes on the lord, he sank back and died.

Horror fell on all present at the sight of one they loved lying a corpse, and at the dreadful words he had uttered. Even the stern lord quivered and turned pale as he listened to the malediction; but, recovering himself, he rose and said, pointing to his brother's corpse,

"Instantly remove that carrion, and fling it down the caves under the castle, and drive those strangers"—pointing to his brother's attendants—"from these mountains; if within one hour they are within hail, they shall answer for it with their lives."

From this time it was evident that a curse had fallen on Bargilio and all it contained. The lord seldom left his own apartment, and never remained in the great hall one instant alone, always avoiding his father's chair, before which his brother had fallen, with a shudder of horror. He grew paler and thinner and more morose; he neither slept nor eat like other men, and started at every noise. It was clear that his life had become a burden to him. Strange noises were heard in the castle, and at dead of night groans proceeded from the great hall that made the vassals tremble in their beds.

About this time a fresh crusade was preached by the monks and hermits, and every man who could bear arms was exhorted to use them in the service of God, and to recover the Holy Sepulchre, which deed would expiate all and every sin, and ensure eternal joy and happiness to the guiltiest sinner. The hermits penetrated even to the heights of Bargilio, and the lord heard their words as they preached on a ledge of rocks, before the village. The next day he departed, no one knew how or where, but as his armour was also missing, and his sword and dagger, and the horse that he loved best was gone, it was held for certain that he had joined the crusaders, being unable any longer to endure the torture of remaining in a place where his brother's blood called out daily against him. After his departure, no one would remain in the castle, and even to ascend the eminence after dark was more than the stoutest man cared to attempt. The noises and the groans became worse and worse. Lights gleamed from the great hall when there was no moon, and could be seen all over the mountains, and figures were seen at the windows resembling two knights in armour fighting furiously, and marvellously like the brothers. Then would be heard piercing cries and groans, and the castle bell would of itself toll for half an hour together.

All these tales were related by the serfs who dwelt at the foot of the hill. The castle gradually fell into bad repair, as no one cared to enter a place that seemed given over to the Evil One. None knew what had

become of the proud lord, or if he were alive or dead. Years passed away, and a fresh generation had sprung up, who, not having witnessed the former scenes, looked with less dread at the old fortress that frowned on the top of the rock. News, too, came that the Lord of Bargilio had fallen by the hand of the infidels before the walls of Jerusalem, and that he had sent, in token of his death, a signet ring to his next of kin, who was expected to come and claim the rich heritage awaiting him. After some months a brilliant retinue arrived at the castle, who soon put all things in order, repaired the walls, new-furnished and decorated the old hall with shields, and armour, and swords, and the choicest tapestry. When all was in order, the new heir, by name Lorenzo Panciatichi, arrived, and there were rejoicings and revels, and hunts on the mountains, and jousts in the valley, and all kinds of mirth. He was an open-handed, open-hearted man, with a happy smile on his face, and a kind word to all who approached him, so that he was beloved by every one. The old men who remembered the stern lord shook their heads, and said he was strangely like him who had died, and whose bones would not rest until blood had been spilt for blood, and that such a likeness boded him no good. They said, too, that they had heard the curse, and that it clung still to the castle and to the name. But they were only laughed at by the young and gay, and looked on as old dotards that knew not what they said, and whose strange tales were but sport to the rest; so they held their peace, and joy was the order of the day, and the old castle rang with sounds of merriment and wassail day and night. After a time, Lorenzo grew tired of so wild a life, and sought in marriage a virtuous maiden, who was beautiful as well as good, and dwelt with her father in the castle of Lucchio, not far distant among the mountains towards Ponte Nero, whose ruins are yet to be seen on the top of a high rock. They were married, and loved each other truly, for Lorenzo was so good and kind, no woman he cared to please could refuse him her heart; and so virtuous and pious a life did he lead with his noble wife, that even the old peasants said Heaven in mercy would surely forget the curse. Nothing was wanting to the perfect happiness of this virtuous pair but a child: none as yet had blessed their union. At last the Lady of Bargilio, after earnest prayers and offering her choicest jewels to the shrine of the Holy Mother in the solitary church hard by the castle, became the happy mother of a girl.

Their cup of happiness was now filled to the brim, and the old serfs began to say that the Lord of Bargilio was too prosperous, and that perhaps it was a temptation from on high to see how he would bear it. But nothing changed him; he was the same kind, benevolent master as ever, and though sobered down from the gay youth, he changed in nothing else, and lived almost in the odour of sanctity.

The little heiress grew strong and healthy, and years passed away, until she became almost a woman. She had long fair locks, like her father, that hung about her neck like threads of gold; her eyes were soft and blue, and seemed to turn naturally heavenward; she was so beautiful to look on, that one might have mistaken her for a guardian angel descended on this earth to show how lovely were those that dwelt in paradise. Yet was she a merry-hearted little maid, whose light laugh often rang through the old hall; and she loved to sport among the rocks,

and explore the caves and recesses of the mountain, or to seek the wild flowers in the chesnut woods, and wind garlands for her father's favourite steed. Sometimes she would escape from her attendants and hide herself behind the piles of rock around the castle, and when they called on her name, and implored her to show herself, suddenly she would appear, and laugh, and dance with glee at their perplexity.

One day she had escaped alone, as was her wont, and was gliding about near the castle. On the side that looks towards the ocean, and where the rocks are steepest, she thought she perceived a small door in a kind of recess, and wondering where it might lead, and that she had never observed it before, she climbed up to examine it. She laid her hand on the latch and found that it was open. Fear and curiosity now took possession of her; she longed to explore where it led, and yet she trembled at the thought of entering alone any strange place; she knew that she ought not to go; she thought of her mother, and almost felt her kind arms around her, drawing her away; but an incomprehensible power impelled her forward—a feeling stronger than herself, which was irresistible. A spell was on her as she gazed on that small door, and, laying her hand on the latch, she raised it, and, though trembling in every limb, she entered. A flight of stairs lay before her; terrified, pale, and cold, she longed to return; she hesitated; she had not courage to proceed, and, holding the door in her hand, she was just stepping back, when a gust of wind suddenly slammed to the door, and she found herself precipitated by force half down the steps.

She was now in total darkness; but a dim light appeared below, and trembling, though still as it were impelled forwards by some strange impulse, she continued to descend. Flight after flight led down deeper and deeper; but the dim light still shone, and she followed. At last the steps ended, and she found herself in a vast vaulted passage, that seemed interminable; other passages branched off right and left in various directions into the gloom—all cut out of the rock. She grew confused, and knew not which path to take—all looked alike, and yet each led in a different direction; she leant against a pillar, and trembled and listened. Low groans came faintly sounding from the hollow passages—groans like those of a dying man, fainter and fainter; then there was a clash of arms, and a rushing as of armed knights who fought, which echoed through the caverns; and then came wild shrieks, and screams, such as mortals could scarce conceive, so shrill and terrible were they. The maiden rushed forward, knowing not where she fled; she ran along the long caves, until, exhausted and dead with terror, she fell to the ground. Suddenly a crash like thunder shook the vaults, and she beheld a skeleton rise before her: a ghastly leer lingered round his mouth, and an open wound appeared in his side, from whence flowed blood. The figure stretched out what once were arms to clasp her. Impelled by mortal fear, she fled; terror lent swiftness to her feet; but, fly as she might, the ghastly apparition still followed in her rear, his arms outstretched to clasp her; up and down among the vaulted passages she ran, ever pursued, ever flying. At length, overcome by fatigue, horror, and despair, she swooned away.

Meanwhile the absence of the maiden from the castle had caused absolute despair; no one could divine whither she had gone, and search was

made for hours and hours in vain. Strange rumblings like thunder were heard under the castle, and the crash as of an earthquake rending the rock had terrified the entire household, for the sky was clear, and none could understand whence the thunder came.

At last, as evening came on, one of the attendants perceived something white on the rocks towards that side which overlooked the ocean. He climbed up, and found the maiden in a crevice under an overhanging ledge; she was lying, gathered up in a heap as it were, her hands over her eyes, her fair hair damp and cold, and her clothes so torn that she was almost naked. He took her in his arms and carried her into the castle. She was laid down in the old chair in the great hall; no word was said; her mother was summoned; she approached, but the maiden stared at her with senseless eyes—she was an idiot.

From that day all happiness fled from the castle; neither the lord nor his consort ever smiled. The poor maiden lingered a while, always trembling, and with her hands before her eyes, but in a few short weeks she died. Before, however, she gave up the ghost, for a moment her senses returned, and, seizing her mother's hand, she muttered some strange words about "the curse, the murdered skeleton, and the vaults," but so incoherent and indistinct, that no one could comprehend what she meant. However, the words of those we love, when dead, still speak to the mind of the living, and her mourning parents brooded over these things.

It was known that there were extensive vaults under the castle, but they had been walled up for many, many years; in fact, since the body of the younger brother had been flung down unshriven and unsung. But Lord Lorenzo declared that he, out of love for his lost child, and in memory of her dying words, would search those vaults, and forthwith excavations were made under the platform on which the castle stands, and they came on the long passages that ran below. Lord Lorenzo descended—not without fear—and his attendants followed him trembling, for since the poor maiden's death all the old stories of the horrors that once occurred at the castle, and the dreadful sights which had been seen, were revived and now believed. The curse was spoken of by the old men, who shook their heads, and said they had always feared evil would befall.

After they had descended into the vaults, they groped their way through long winding passages, and would, like the maiden, have lost all clue, unless men had been stationed at the various turnings. As Lorenzo walked along, his footsteps sounding with a hollow sound, a pale blue light appeared at the extremity of the vault. As they advanced, it receded, and with terror they followed; but the mind of the Lord of Bargilio was so wrought up by despair, that he strode on, reckless if it were a sign from heaven or a device from hell. The blue flame, after leading them on a while, rested on the wall of the cavern: then became stationary a moment, and finally disappeared. They examined the wall, which emitted a hollow sound. Lorenzo commanded that the picks and hammers they had brought should be used, and an opening made. The wall yielded to their blows. It was not like the rest, all rock, but had evidently been built up. As the fragments fell, a niche appeared, containing a skeleton; beside it were tufts of yellow hair, clotted

with blood, and on one side the bones were separated, as if cut with a knife. As they lowered the wall, and exposed the entire skeleton to view, wild laughter and sounds of frantic mirth, like the shrieks of demons, echoed through the caverns. The skeleton fell to the ground, and nothing remained but a small heap of dust and hair.

Horror was on all present. Lord Lorenzo now understood the curse, and the call of blood for blood, and turned away in agony at the thought that his innocent child had been the victim chosen for revenge. He re-ascended to the platform, and the dust was placed in the burial-place of the Panciatici, in the chapel on the rocks. Sorrow, suffering, and woe laid their heavy hands on the Lord of Bargilio and his once happy wife. She, unable to live without her golden-haired maiden, soon followed her to the grave. Lord Lorenzo became a premature old man, and entered a monastery, which he before endowed with all his wealth.

The castle of Bargilio, never in good repute among the peasants, was now contemplated with still greater dread, and was utterly forsaken; none remained in the valley below, and the walls frowned down in lonely sternness. The storms seemed to select the lofty tower as their own, and the thunder rattled around it, and the lightning never failed to strike it. After one tremendous storm, the summit fell in, and the whole castle gradually sank to its present state of ruin.

Such is the legend of Bargilio, as I had read it in a curious work, purporting to give the history of various great Lucchese families, now in the library of the University at Pisa. As I sat alone on the ledge of rocks before the castle, each circumstance of wild improbability rose to my mind, but there, with those strange old walls before me, I felt I could believe anything, and that I did not wish even for truth to disturb the suggestive fancies that floated around.

A fair and lovely scene lay below, sparkling in the bright sunshine. There was the ocean, and the mountains piled in lofty ranges—those everlasting hills that had guarded these verdant valleys since the creation. But I looked not on them. My fancy and my thoughts were fascinated by the old castle, and I sat, spell-bound, gazing at it until it was time to descend.

Arrived at the Ponte, I was thoroughly aroused to the passing scene, being hailed by various acquaintances—M'Dermott, who ridiculed my day with the hobgoblins, Dr. C., who regretted he had not accompanied me, and many others, all assembled in the piazza, listening to the band. But I soon turned homewards, and could not feel entirely myself until I had transmitted to paper this account of the old Castle of Bargilio.

ONLY A COUSIN.

BY LASCELLES WRAXALL.

I.

SIR NORTON FOLGATE.

I DARE say most of my readers have met with one of those men who are popularly respected as the makers of their own fortune. I do not know what their opinion of such gentlemen may be, but I have an utter repugnance for them. If they would only keep their proper side of Temple-bar, they might be endured, because we should then rarely come in contact with them; but, unfortunately, in this levelling age, they will ape their betters, and force their way into society with a golden wedge. Society eats their dinners, and politely sneers at the givers, and at last they merge into insignificance by entering the House, where they sleep very comfortably, I have no doubt, and are not a particular nuisance to anybody, except, perhaps, the reporters. On the other hand, if they have just sufficient sense to recognise their short-comings, and remain in the congenial atmosphere of the City, they become lord mayors, and ask noblemen to dinner, flattering themselves with the notion, that if they are not the actual rose, they have at any rate swallowed green fat in its immediate vicinity. But, as a general rule, whether *cis* or *trans* Temple-barriers, they are not the sort of men from whom I would, as matter of choice, select my companions. Men whose souls exist in their trousers-pockets are not exactly the pleasantest company, and a conversation turning exclusively on money-spinning is far from grateful to the ears of those who find it only much too easy to spend rather more than they earn.

Such a man, then, was Sir Norton Folgate, the hero of my domestic drama. He was essentially the maker of his own fortune, and was apt to dilate, much after the Bounderby fashion, and in broad Yorkshire, about his coming up to town with a bundle and a crust of bread, or something equally unpleasant. Now, *per se*, there is no great harm in any man coming up to London to make his fortune, with a bundle or without; but when that fortune has been made, and we all of us know that Sir Norton has any quantity of money in the funds, it rather smacks of that pride which apes humility if he will continually spice his old claret, which we drink reverentially, with equally old anecdotes, which we have heard any given number of times, and which we are expected to admire, as the price of our dinner. On principle, then, Brown, editor of the *Weekly Flyblow*, and myself, who are frequent guests at our friend's table, walk home together and make very sarcastic remarks about him over the whisky-toddy and cigar or so which we indulge in somewhere near Maiden-lane.

Sir Norton's career, I am sorry to say for my country, was very much like that of most of our rich *parvenus*. His first wife, rumour said, had

been a cook, or anything of that nature, whom he had married, prudent youth, because she had saved some money, and her earnings added to his enabled him to open some sort of shop somewhere down Wapping way. It was darkly hinted he had been a ship-chandler—whatever that valuable department of trade may be—and had combined with it marine stores, not being particular as to a silver spoon or so when offered him cheap. My friend Brown positively declared he had looked back on the file, and found out that Mr. Folgate had been tried at the Old Bailey for receiving stolen property, but I think (the taste of the old claret being still in my mouth) this must be a libel. At any rate, the ship-chandler grew rich, and soon boasted ships of his own; and his name turned up repeatedly in connexion with public companies, which flourished tremendously for a while, and then went out with an odour as bad as one of Mr. Folgate's own candles. My hero was soon after heard of as a large broker, and his name became sufficiently notorious at the West-end in connexion with stamped paper. He went through the various grades of civic dignity; got knighted when the Emperor of Timbaktu visited this country during his mayoralty, and his luck was completed by the death of Mrs. Folgate the first. With this event a new era opened in Sir Norton's life, and he determined to become great in the land, or else be allied to greatness.

During the great railway mania, which has been such a godsend for all novel-writers, and would be for myself were I not strictly adhering to facts, Sir Norton went to Ireland on some business connected with a new line from the Giant's Causeway to Skibbereen. (I believe the traffic was proved to be enormous, from the fact that the workhouse poor were all to be sent for change of air to that fashionable spot.) Sir Norton became acquainted with that "reprobate, gouty old peer" the Earl of Mastodon, who, we all know, boasts an antediluvian lineage. His lordship was rather a distinguished character, and was fond of uttering very strong language about "those brutal Whigs," and he certainly had good reasons. The earl had been for many years, and a long line of ancestors before him, deputy-wastepaper-basket to his Majesty, and the perquisites, the contents, namely, of the basket, had belonged to them from time immemorial. After the passing of the Reform Bill, when so many small orators tried to raise political capital by detecting abuses, Mr. Botherby, M.P. for Draneham, moved for a select committee to inquire into the perquisites attached to the office of wastepaper. The ministry yielded (like infernal cowards as they were, the earl would add), and the committee sat. To prove the wisdom of the last generation, I may add that, after a diligent inquiry, at which all the old and second-hand bookstall-keepers and wastepaper buyers had been examined, and it had been shown that the perquisites were worth just 19s. 6d. *per annum*, the expenses of the committee amounted to 2237l. 19s. 4½d. But, on the other hand, principle had been asserted, and Mr. Botherby proved himself an enlightened patriot. This was not all, however: Mr. Proser, M.P., hit on the luminous thought of inquiring what deputy-wastepaper had to do for his money. There was another committee, and the end of it all was, that the Earl of Mastodon was quietly recommended to resign, with a hint of some other berth in the good time coming. Unfortunately, that

good time never came, and, poor fellow, he had to retire to his native bogs to nurse his wrath and his estate at the same time. I need not add that he had a perfect colony of children—*cela va sans dire*,—for our aristocracy are notorious for having a family always in an inverse ratio to their means of supporting them. Were it not for this beautiful provision of nature, government would be forced to the odious necessity of selecting Treasury clerks and so on from the plebs.

It may be imagined that a rich man like Sir Norton was a perfect godsend for our pauper peer. He asked him to dinner on the first introduction, and liked his stories so much that he insisted on the Sassenach making his house his home during his stay in Ireland. Lady Flora Dodo, the third daughter, attracted our hero's attention immensely, and he had a feeling come over him which, in a less cold-blooded individual, might have degenerated into love. I am sorry to say that Lady Flora took advantage of this sentiment, and strove to blow the embers into a flame to the best of her ability. Her birth—father Irish, mother Scotch—peculiarly adapted her to make hay while the sun shone; she had never had such a chance before, and she was determined she would not let it slip. It is true that she had more than a passing fancy for her cousin, Charley Fitzurse, but her mind had been well regulated by a prudent mamma. In her view, marriage represented diamonds, court balls, a carriage, footmen with largely developed calves; and if such essentials of existence could be procured at the sacrifice of a heart, she was far too wise not to jump at the chance. Ah me! how many of our great bodies wish, when too late, that Hauff's story of the "Steinerne Herz" were only true. How gladly would they exchange their heart, with all its troublesome prickings, for a fine solid lump of stone, as insensible to feeling as the clouds to whom they have sold themselves for a *status* in society.

Sir Norton, however, was a very prudent man, as became a city magnate; with him, business came first and pleasure a long way afterwards. He finished his railway transactions, and after dropping some mysterious hints about the immense sums to be gained in London at that time by clever speculations, he took leave of his host, and left the hint to work. He was not mistaken in his calculation: in a few weeks his lordship, the Earl of Mastodon, was announced in the *Morning Post* as having arrived in town for the season, and within a few hours he was closeted with Sir Norton, discussing the measures to be taken by which he could make enough money to clear his estate. Sir Norton was eminently practical; and in a few hours imparted a few lights, which slightly astonished his lordship, who was intensely behind his age, as far as speculation was concerned.

In a very short time Lord Mastodon was engaged in the fascinating pursuit of money-making; and yet, strange to say, while the balance at his bankers was rapidly assuming more and more satisfactory proportions, he felt never a whit the happier. The real "small still" had lost its flavour; the very best Havannahs which he now smoked, thanks to his City friend, seemed to him no better than the poorest Pickwick; in short, the *auri sacra fumes* had got hold of him, and, like a true Irishman, he went in for a fortune in the shortest conceivable time, regardless of the expense. Sir Norton gave him his head, and allowed him to net several thousand

pounds; he knew his man, and that he would never stop from any motives of safety. At last the time seemed ripe; his lordship risked a speculation, and dared to set his own addled brains against the one virtue of the citizen, shrewd common sense; the consequence was a heavy loss. At this moment Sir Norton stepped in; he suggested a mode by which a fortune might be made, and the earl jumped at it. It is needless to follow the ins and outs of this mysterious transaction; the fact remains the same, and the earl became eventually liable for thirty thousand pounds, while possessing hardly the same amount of representative farthings.

His lordship was evidently in a fix; and, worse than all, his Irish fertility of resources could suggest no mode of extrication. In this dilemma Sir Norton became his "guide, philosopher, and friend," and made a proposal for Lady Flora's hand, the purchase-money, if I may use the term, being a full receipt for the thirty thousand pounds still owing. It was decidedly a bitter pill for the antediluvian pride; but, as the old saying runs, Needs must, &c., and, as may be anticipated, the old earl closed with the bargain, subject to his daughter's consent. The latter was only too glad to accept house and lands and position, although encumbered with the somewhat angular person of Sir Norton Folgate; the bargain was speedily concluded, and the marriage took place with all the possible pomp desirable, and two columns and a half in the *Morning Post*; while the happy bridegroom most generously settled on the lady the sum of thirty thousand pounds—in the shape of her father's bond for that sum. It was whispered that he was no loser by this transaction, for City men have told me that the thirty thousand pounds represented various shares in the Giant's Causeway direct, which he contrived, by means peculiar to the City, to saddle on his future papa-in-law at a heavy premium. These shares had been, in the first instance, assigned to him *gratis* for his strenuous exertions in promoting the railway, and so, when the smash came, he was very well out of it, and gained a very pretty wife in the bargain. However, as I have insinuated before, I will not believe any libellous tales about Sir Norton—so long as he keeps such first-rate claret. Of course, though, my readers, who do not benefit by that generous wine, are left quite at liberty to draw their own conclusions.

II.

CHARLEY FITZURSE.

IMAGINE, then, that two years have elapsed. Monnieur has gradually retired from business, wound up his affairs, and become member for Snorebury. Madame has been launched on the world, and has dropped into her position as naturally as all undowered patrician's daughters contrive to do. She has her house in town and in the country; she gives balls and parties, for which Sir Norton is only too happy to pay, as becomes old January at sixty-seven, when wedded to May of eighteen blushing summers. He has tried to be uxorious, but was very soon checked by the *savoir faire* of my lady, as he rejoices to call her; so he has gradually drifted into the position of amateur butler, and behaves himself accordingly. He is allowed full liberty to go and come when

As the brothers stood face to face, a scowl of rage and defiance was visible in both their countenances, only that the elder looked like a real devil, and the younger like a bright angel angered by the sins of wicked men.

"And why," said the younger, speaking through his clenched teeth, "did you not tell me that my dear father was dead? Why was I not to soothe his dying pillow—him whom I loved so well? Curses on you, for an unnatural brother."

"Speak to me with the respect due to your lord and your elder, or by St. Christopher I will fell you to the earth, fair-haired minion," replied the other.

"I will neither speak with respect, nor treat you as my elder," exclaimed the other, maddened by the scorn and pride of the lord, who sat swelling in the great chair where his old father had sat; "I will speak the truth before God and the Virgin, words that I would never have uttered while my father lived to disturb his peace, but which now I will blow from the topmost turret of this castle to the four winds of heaven. Knights approach; men, soldiers, vassals, all draw nigh—hear me; what I have to say brooks no delay." The hall had gradually filled with the various retainers drawn hither by curiosity and the news of the younger son's return, for he was much loved, and many fervent blessings were invoked on his fair face. "Yes," continued he, "I will speak. You, false-hearted traitor, concealed my father's death from me that you might seize the castle and the treasures, which you knew not to be yours, hoping I had fallen in battle."

"Beware," uttered the lord, in a hollow voice—"beware! You may yet be silent, and withdraw; if at once you leave, the road is yet open to you."

"I go! I fly! no, by Heaven! I am come, and I shall stay to claim my rightful birthright. This is my castle, these are my vassals. You, *you* are the lowest among them, for the blood that flows in your veins is crossed with a base leman's breed. You are a bastard, and you know it; and thus I mark the brow that ought and shall bow in the dust before my father's rightful son."

And he flung full in the face of the lord, now pale with passion, his iron glove, that, leaving a bloody stain on his white forehead, fell to the ground with a crash. The Lord of Bargilio started from his chair and glared at his brother with the fury of a demon. He spoke no word, but drew his sword from its scabbard, and motioned to the other in significant gestures that he must fight.

"I know not," said the younger, "that I, a high-born knight, chief of the Panciatichi, ought to honour such a one as you are by measuring swords with him—such a false villain ought to be too proud to die by the hand of my esquire; but right is might, and I care not. So come on, Sir Bastard, and receive your due."

A deadly fight commenced—a fight for life and death; no one dared to interrupt the brothers as they dealt deadly blows of hate and rage. For a time neither obtained a decided advantage, but at last it was evident that the Lord of Bargilio was the better man—he dealt his blows with a surer and steadier aim. Perhaps his brother was fatigued by his long journey, but so it was, and all looked with horror when they saw the younger's sword snap short off at the hilt. The lord now pressed on

him, giving him no time to draw his dagger. He dealt him a furious blow on the head, and in a moment his fair hair was deluged in blood, and he lay extended on the pavement. A groan broke from all present at the dismal sight, but a stern frown from the lord silenced them, as, wiping his sword, he reseated himself.

There was a solemn silence. The mortally wounded man raised himself on one arm and gazed at the Lord of Bargilio, who sat with unmoved visage. "God is just," said he, in a faint voice, "and my death shall be avenged. Thou hast slain me, false bastard. But the curse of a murdered man falls on thee and on thy blood for ever. In this world and the next I will torment thee and thine. *Remember*——" And fixing his dying eyes on the lord, he sank back and died.

Horror fell on all present at the sight of one they loved lying a corpse, and at the dreadful words he had uttered. Even the stern lord quivered and turned pale as he listened to the malediction; but, recovering himself, he rose and said, pointing to his brother's corpse,

"Instantly remove that carrion, and fling it down the caves under the castle, and drive those strangers"—pointing to his brother's attendants—"from these mountains; if within one hour they are within hail, they shall answer for it with their lives."

From this time it was evident that a curse had fallen on Bargilio and all it contained. The lord seldom left his own apartment, and never remained in the great hall one instant alone, always avoiding his father's chair, before which his brother had fallen, with a shudder of horror. He grew paler and thinner and more morose; he neither slept nor eat like other men, and started at every noise. It was clear that his life had become a burden to him. Strange noises were heard in the castle, and at dead of night groans proceeded from the great hall that made the vassals tremble in their beds.

About this time a fresh crusade was preached by the monks and hermits, and every man who could bear arms was exhorted to use them in the service of God, and to recover the Holy Sepulchre, which deed would expiate all and every sin, and ensure eternal joy and happiness to the guiltiest sinner. The hermits penetrated even to the heights of Bargilio, and the lord heard their words as they preached on a ledge of rocks, before the village. The next day he departed, no one knew how or where, but as his armour was also missing, and his sword and dagger, and the horse that he loved best was gone, it was held for certain that he had joined the crusaders, being unable any longer to endure the torture of remaining in a place where his brother's blood called out daily against him. After his departure, no one would remain in the castle, and even to ascend the eminence after dark was more than the stoutest man cared to attempt. The noises and the groans became worse and worse. Lights gleamed from the great hall when there was no moon, and could be seen all over the mountains, and figures were seen at the windows resembling two knights in armour fighting furiously, and marvellously like the brothers. Then would be heard piercing cries and groans, and the castle bell would of itself toll for half an hour together.

All these tales were related by the serfs who dwelt at the foot of the hill. The castle gradually fell into bad repair, as no one cared to enter a place that seemed given over to the Evil One. None knew what had

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"I will neither speak with respect, nor treat you as my elder," exclaimed the other, maddened by the scorn and pride of the lord, who sat swelling in the great chair where his old father had sat; "I will speak the truth before God and the Virgin, words that I would never have uttered while my father lived to disturb his peace, but which now I will blow from the topmost turret of this castle to the four winds of heaven. Knights approach; men, soldiers, vassals, all draw nigh—hear me; what I have to say brooks no delay." The hall had gradually filled with the various retainers drawn hither by curiosity and the news of the younger son's return, for he was much loved, and many fervent blessings were invoked on his fair face. "Yes," continued he, "I will speak. You, false-hearted traitor, concealed my father's death from me that you might seize the castle and the treasures, which you knew not to be yours, hoping I had fallen in battle."

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"I go! I fly! no, by Heaven! I am come, and I shall stay to claim my rightful birthright. This is my castle, these are my vassals. You, *you* are the lowest among them, for the blood that flows in your veins is crossed with a base leman's breed. You are a bastard, and you know it; and thus I mark the brow that ought and shall bow in the dust before my father's rightful son."

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There was a solemn silence. The mortally wounded man raised himself on one arm and gazed at the Lord of Bargilio, who sat with unmoved visage. "God is just," said he, in a faint voice, "and my death shall be avenged. Thou hast slain me, false bastard. But the curse of a murdered man falls on thee and on thy blood for ever. In this world and the next I will torment thee and thine. *Remember*——" And fixing his dying eyes on the lord, he sank back and died.

Horror fell on all present at the sight of one they loved lying a corpse, and at the dreadful words he had uttered. Even the stern lord quivered and turned pale as he listened to the malediction; but, recovering himself, he rose and said, pointing to his brother's corpse,

"Instantly remove that carrion, and fling it down the caves under the castle, and drive those strangers"—pointing to his brother's attendants—"from these mountains; if within one hour they are within hail, they shall answer for it with their lives."

From this time it was evident that a curse had fallen on Bargilio and all it contained. The lord seldom left his own apartment, and never remained in the great hall one instant alone, always avoiding his father's chair, before which his brother had fallen, with a shudder of horror. He grew paler and thinner and more morose; he neither slept nor eat like other men, and started at every noise. It was clear that his life had become a burden to him. Strange noises were heard in the castle, and at dead of night groans proceeded from the great hall that made the vassals tremble in their beds.

About this time a fresh crusade was preached by the monks and hermits, and every man who could bear arms was exhorted to use them in the service of God, and to recover the Holy Sepulchre, which deed would expiate all and every sin, and ensure eternal joy and happiness to the guiltiest sinner. The hermits penetrated even to the heights of Bargilio, and the lord heard their words as they preached on a ledge of rocks, before the village. The next day he departed, no one knew how or where, but as his armour was also missing, and his sword and dagger, and the horse that he loved best was gone, it was held for certain that he had joined the crusaders, being unable any longer to endure the torture of remaining in a place where his brother's blood called out daily against him. After his departure, no one would remain in the castle, and even to ascend the eminence after dark was more than the stoutest man cared to attempt. The noises and the groans became worse and worse. Lights gleamed from the great hall when there was no moon, and could be seen all over the mountains, and figures were seen at the windows resembling two knights in armour fighting furiously, and marvellously like the brothers. Then would be heard piercing cries and groans, and the castle bell would of itself toll for half an hour together.

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become of the proud lord, or if he were alive or dead. Years passed away, and a fresh generation had sprung up, who, not having witnessed the former scenes, looked with less dread at the old fortress that frowned on the top of the rock. News, too, came that the Lord of Bargilio had fallen by the hand of the infidels before the walls of Jerusalem, and that he had sent, in token of his death, a signet ring to his next of kin, who was expected to come and claim the rich heritage awaiting him. After some months a brilliant retinue arrived at the castle, who soon put all things in order, repaired the walls, new-furnished and decorated the old hall with shields, and armour, and swords, and the choicest tapestry. When all was in order, the new heir, by name Lorenzo Panciaticchi, arrived, and there were rejoicings and revels, and hunts on the mountains, and jousts in the valley, and all kinds of mirth. He was an open-handed, open-hearted man, with a happy smile on his face, and a kind word to all who approached him, so that he was beloved by every one. The old men who remembered the stern lord shook their heads, and said he was strangely like him who had died, and whose bones would not rest until blood had been spilt for blood, and that such a likeness boded him no good. They said, too, that they had heard the curse, and that it clung still to the castle and to the name. But they were only laughed at by the young and gay, and looked on as old dotards that knew not what they said, and whose strange tales were but sport to the rest; so they held their peace, and joy was the order of the day, and the old castle rang with sounds of merriment and wassail day and night. After a time, Lorenzo grew tired of so wild a life, and sought in marriage a virtuous maiden, who was beautiful as well as good, and dwelt with her father in the castle of Lucchio, not far distant among the mountains towards Ponte Nero, whose ruins are yet to be seen on the top of a high rock. They were married, and loved each other truly, for Lorenzo was so good and kind, no woman he cared to please could refuse him her heart; and so virtuous and pious a life did he lead with his noble wife, that even the old peasants said Heaven in mercy would surely forget the curse. Nothing was wanting to the perfect happiness of this virtuous pair but a child: none as yet had blessed their union. At last the Lady of Bargilio, after earnest prayers and offering her choicest jewels to the shrine of the Holy Mother in the solitary church hard by the castle, became the happy mother of a girl.

Their cup of happiness was now filled to the brim, and the old serfs began to say that the Lord of Bargilio was too prosperous, and that perhaps it was a temptation from on high to see how he would bear it. But nothing changed him; he was the same kind, benevolent master as ever, and though sobered down from the gay youth, he changed in nothing else, and lived almost in the odour of sanctity.

The little heiress grew strong and healthy, and years passed away, until she became almost a woman. She had long fair locks, like her father, that hung about her neck like threads of gold; her eyes were soft and blue, and seemed to turn naturally heavenward; she was so beautiful to look on, that one might have mistaken her for a guardian angel descended on this earth to show how lovely were those that dwelt in paradise. Yet was she a merry-hearted little maid, whose light laugh often rang through the old hall; and she loved to sport among the rocks,

and explore the caves and recesses of the mountain, or to seek the wild flowers in the chesnut woods, and wind garlands for her father's favourite steed. Sometimes she would escape from her attendants and hide herself behind the piles of rock around the castle, and when they called on her name, and implored her to show herself, suddenly she would appear, and laugh, and dance with glee at their perplexity.

One day she had escaped alone, as was her wont, and was gliding about near the castle. On the side that looks towards the ocean, and where the rocks are steepest, she thought she perceived a small door in a kind of recess, and wondering where it might lead, and that she had never observed it before, she climbed up to examine it. She laid her hand on the latch and found that it was open. Fear and curiosity now took possession of her; she longed to explore where it led, and yet she trembled at the thought of entering alone any strange place; she knew that she ought not to go; she thought of her mother, and almost felt her kind arms around her, drawing her away; but an incomprehensible power impelled her forward—a feeling stronger than herself, which was irresistible. A spell was on her as she gazed on that small door, and, laying her hand on the latch, she raised it, and, though trembling in every limb, she entered. A flight of stairs lay before her; terrified, pale, and cold, she longed to return; she hesitated; she had not courage to proceed, and, holding the door in her hand, she was just stepping back, when a gust of wind suddenly slammed-to the door, and she found herself precipitated by force half down the steps.

She was now in total darkness; but a dim light appeared below, and trembling, though still as it were impelled forwards by some strange impulse, she continued to descend. Flight after flight led down deeper and deeper; but the dim light still shone, and she followed. At last the steps ended, and she found herself in a vast vaulted passage, that seemed interminable; other passages branched off right and left in various directions into the gloom—all cut out of the rock. She grew confused, and knew not which path to take—all looked alike, and yet each led in a different direction; she leant against a pillar, and trembled and listened. Low groans came faintly sounding from the hollow passages—groans like those of a dying man, fainter and fainter; then there was a clash of arms, and a rushing as of armed knights who fought, which echoed through the caverns; and then came wild shrieks, and screams, such as mortals could scarce conceive, so shrill and terrible were they. The maiden rushed forward, knowing not where she fled; she ran along the long caves, until, exhausted and dead with terror, she fell to the ground. Suddenly a crash like thunder shook the vaults, and she beheld a skeleton rise before her: a ghastly leer lingered round his mouth, and an open wound appeared in his side, from whence flowed blood. The figure stretched out what once were arms to clasp her. Impelled by mortal fear, she fled; terror lent swiftness to her feet; but, fly as she might, the ghastly apparition still followed in her rear, his arms outstretched to clasp her; up and down among the vaulted passages she ran, ever pursued, ever flying. At length, overcome by fatigue, horror, and despair, she swooned away.

Meanwhile the absence of the maiden from the castle had caused absolute despair; no one could divine whither she had gone, and search was

made for hours and hours in vain. Strange rumblings like thunder were heard under the castle, and the crash as of an earthquake rending the rock had terrified the entire household, for the sky was clear, and none could understand whence the thunder came.

At last, as evening came on, one of the attendants perceived something white on the rocks towards that side which overlooked the ocean. He climbed up, and found the maiden in a crevice under an overhanging ledge; she was lying, gathered up in a heap as it were, her hands over her eyes, her fair hair damp and cold, and her clothes so torn that she was almost naked. He took her in his arms and carried her into the castle. She was laid down in the old chair in the great hall; no word was said; her mother was summoned; she approached, but the maiden stared at her with senseless eyes—she was an idiot.

From that day all happiness fled from the castle; neither the lord nor his consort ever smiled. The poor maiden lingered a while, always trembling, and with her hands before her eyes, but in a few short weeks she died. Before, however, she gave up the ghost, for a moment her senses returned, and, seizing her mother's hand, she muttered some strange words about "the curse, the murdered skeleton, and the vaults," but so incoherent and indistinct, that no one could comprehend what she meant. However, the words of those we love, when dead, still speak to the mind of the living, and her mourning parents brooded over these things.

It was known that there were extensive vaults under the castle, but they had been walled up for many, many years; in fact, since the body of the younger brother had been flung down unshriven and unsung. But Lord Lorenzo declared that he, out of love for his lost child, and in memory of her dying words, would search those vaults, and forthwith excavations were made under the platform on which the castle stands, and they came on the long passages that ran below. Lord Lorenzo descended—not without fear—and his attendants followed him trembling, for since the poor maiden's death all the old stories of the horrors that once occurred at the castle, and the dreadful sights which had been seen, were revived and now believed. The curse was spoken of by the old men, who shook their heads, and said they had always feared evil would befall.

After they had descended into the vaults, they groped their way through long winding passages, and would, like the maiden, have lost all clue, unless men had been stationed at the various turnings. As Lorenzo walked along, his footsteps sounding with a hollow sound, a pale blue light appeared at the extremity of the vault. As they advanced, it receded, and with terror they followed; but the mind of the Lord of Bargilio was so wrought up by despair, that he strode on, reckless if it were a sign from heaven or a device from hell. The blue flame, after leading them on a while, rested on the wall of the cavern: then became stationary a moment, and finally disappeared. They examined the wall, which emitted a hollow sound. Lorenzo commanded that the picks and hammers they had brought should be used, and an opening made. The wall yielded to their blows. It was not like the rest, all rock, but had evidently been built up. As the fragments fell, a niche appeared, containing a skeleton; beside it were tufts of yellow hair, clotted

with blood, and on one side the bones were separated, as if cut with a knife. As they lowered the wall, and exposed the entire skeleton to view, wild laughter and sounds of frantic mirth, like the shrieks of demons, echoed through the caverns. The skeleton fell to the ground, and nothing remained but a small heap of dust and hair.

Horror was on all present. Lord Lorenzo now understood the curse, and the call of blood for blood, and turned away in agony at the thought that his innocent child had been the victim chosen for revenge. He re-ascended to the platform, and the dust was placed in the burial-place of the Panciatici, in the chapel on the rocks. Sorrow, suffering, and woe laid their heavy hands on the Lord of Bargilio and his once happy wife. She, unable to live without her golden-haired maiden, soon followed her to the grave. Lord Lorenzo became a premature old man, and entered a monastery, which he before endowed with all his wealth.

The castle of Bargilio, never in good repute among the peasants, was now contemplated with still greater dread, and was utterly forsaken; none remained in the valley below, and the walls frowned down in lonely sternness. The storms seemed to select the lofty tower as their own, and the thunder rattled around it, and the lightning never failed to strike it. After one tremendous storm, the summit fell in, and the whole castle gradually sank to its present state of ruin.

Such is the legend of Bargilio, as I had read it in a curious work, purporting to give the history of various great Lucchese families, now in the library of the University at Pisa. As I sat alone on the ledge of rocks before the castle, each circumstance of wild improbability rose to my mind, but there, with those strange old walls before me, I felt I could believe anything, and that I did not wish even for truth to disturb the suggestive fancies that floated around.

A fair and lovely scene lay below, sparkling in the bright sunshine. There was the ocean, and the mountains piled in lofty ranges—those everlasting hills that had guarded these verdant valleys since the creation. But I looked not on them. My fancy and my thoughts were fascinated by the old castle, and I sat, spell-bound, gazing at it until it was time to descend.

Arrived at the Ponte, I was thoroughly aroused to the passing scene, being hailed by various acquaintances—M'Dermott, who ridiculed my day with the hobgoblins, Dr. C., who regretted he had not accompanied me, and many others, all assembled in the piazza, listening to the band. But I soon turned homewards, and could not feel entirely myself until I had transmitted to paper this account of the old Castle of Bargilio.

ONLY A COUSIN.

BY LASCELLES WRAXALL.

I.

SIR NORTON FOLGATE.

I DARE say most of my readers have met with one of those men who are popularly respected as the makers of their own fortune. I do not know what their opinion of such gentlemen may be, but I have an utter repugnance for them. If they would only keep their proper side of Temple-bar, they might be endured, because we should then rarely come in contact with them; but, unfortunately, in this levelling age, they will ape their betters, and force their way into society with a golden wedge. Society eats their dinners, and politely sneers at the givers, and at last they merge into insignificance by entering the House, where they sleep very comfortably, I have no doubt, and are not a particular nuisance to anybody, except, perhaps, the reporters. On the other hand, if they have just sufficient sense to recognise their short-comings, and remain in the congenial atmosphere of the City, they become lord mayors, and ask noblemen to dinner, flattering themselves with the notion, that if they are not the actual rose, they have at any rate swallowed green fat in its immediate vicinity. But, as a general rule, whether *cis* or *trans* Temple-barriers, they are not the sort of men from whom I would, as matter of choice, select my companions. Men whose souls exist in their trousers-pockets are not exactly the pleasantest company, and a conversation turning exclusively on money-spinning is far from grateful to the ears of those who find it only much too easy to spend rather more than they earn.

Such a man, then, was Sir Norton Folgate, the hero of my domestic drama. He was essentially the maker of his own fortune, and was apt to dilate, much after the Bounderby fashion, and in broad Yorkshire, about his coming up to town with a bundle and a crust of bread, or something equally unpleasant. Now, *per se*, there is no great harm in any man coming up to London to make his fortune, with a bundle or without; but when that fortune has been made, and we all of us know that Sir Norton has any quantity of money in the funds, it rather smacks of that pride which apes humility if he will continually spice his old claret, which we drink reverentially, with equally old anecdotes, which we have heard any given number of times, and which we are expected to admire, as the price of our dinner. On principle, then, Brown, editor of the *Weekly Flyblow*, and myself, who are frequent guests at our friend's table, walk home together and make very sarcastic remarks about him over the whisky-toddy and cigar or so which we indulge in somewhere near Maiden-lane.

Sir Norton's career, I am sorry to say for my country, was very much like that of most of our rich *parvenus*. His first wife, rumour said, had

been a cook, or anything of that nature, whom he had married, prudent youth, because she had saved some money, and her earnings added to his enabled him to open some sort of shop somewhere down Wapping way. It was darkly hinted he had been a ship-chandler—whatever that valuable department of trade may be—and had combined with it marine stores, not being particular as to a silver spoon or so when offered him cheap. My friend Brown positively declared he had looked back on the file, and found out that Mr. Folgate had been tried at the Old Bailey for receiving stolen property, but I think (the taste of the old claret being still in my mouth) this must be a libel. At any rate, the ship-chandler grew rich, and soon boasted ships of his own; and his name turned up repeatedly in connexion with public companies, which flourished tremendously for a while, and then went out with an odour as bad as one of Mr. Folgate's own candles. My hero was soon after heard of as a large broker, and his name became sufficiently notorious at the West-end in connexion with stamped paper. He went through the various grades of civic dignity; got knighted when the Emperor of Timbuktú visited this country during his mayoralty, and his luck was completed by the death of Mrs. Folgate the first. With this event a new era opened in Sir Norton's life, and he determined to become great in the land, or else be allied to greatness.

During the great railway mania, which has been such a godsend for all novel-writers, and would be for myself were I not strictly adhering to facts, Sir Norton went to Ireland on some business connected with a new line from the Giant's Causeway to Skibbereen. (I believe the traffic was proved to be enormous, from the fact that the workhouse poor were all to be sent for change of air to that fashionable spot.) Sir Norton became acquainted with that "reprobate, gouty old peer" the Earl of Mastodon, who, we all know, boasts an antediluvian lineage. His lordship was rather a distinguished character, and was fond of uttering very strong language about "those brutal Whigs," and he certainly had good reasons. The earl had been for many years, and a long line of ancestors before him, deputy-wastepaper-basket to his Majesty, and the perquisites, the contents, namely, of the basket, had belonged to them from time immemorial. After the passing of the Reform Bill, when so many small orators tried to raise political capital by detecting abuses, Mr. Botherby, M.P. for Droneham, moved for a select committee to inquire into the perquisites attached to the office of wastepaper. The ministry yielded (like infernal cowards as they were, the earl would add), and the committee sat. To prove the wisdom of the last generation, I may add that, after a diligent inquiry, at which all the old and second-hand bookstall-keepers and wastepaper buyers had been examined, and it had been shown that the perquisites were worth just 19s. 6d. *per annum*, the expenses of the committee amounted to 2237l. 19s. 4½d. But, on the other hand, principle had been asserted, and Mr. Botherby proved himself an enlightened patriot. This was not all, however: Mr. Proser, M.P., hit on the luminous thought of inquiring what deputy-wastepaper had to do for his money. There was another committee, and the end of it all was, that the Earl of Mastodon was quietly recommended to resign, with a hint of some other berth in the good time coming. Unfortunately, that

ONLY A COUSIN.

BY LASCELLES WRAXALL.

I.

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good time never came, and, poor fellow, he had to retire to his native bogs to nurse his wrath and his estate at the same time. I need not add that he had a perfect colony of children—*cela va sans dire*,—for our aristocracy are notorious for having a family always in an inverse ratio to their means of supporting them. Were it not for this beautiful provision of nature, government would be forced to the odious necessity of selecting Treasury clerks and so on from the plebs.

It may be imagined that a rich man like Sir Norton was a perfect godsend for our pauper peer. He asked him to dinner on the first introduction, and liked his stories so much that he insisted on the Sassenach making his house his home during his stay in Ireland. Lady Flora Dodo, the third daughter, attracted our hero's attention immensely, and he had a feeling come over him which, in a less cold-blooded individual, might have degenerated into love. I am sorry to say that Lady Flora took advantage of this sentiment, and strove to blow the embers into a flame to the best of her ability. Her birth—father Irish, mother Scotch—peculiarly adapted her to make hay while the sun shone; she had never had such a chance before, and she was determined she would not let it slip. It is true that she had more than a passing fancy for her cousin, Charley Fitsurse, but her mind had been well regulated by a prudent mamma. In her view, marriage represented diamonds, court balls, a carriage, footmen with largely developed calves; and if such essentials of existence could be procured at the sacrifice of a heart, she was far too wise not to jump at the chance. Ah me! how many of our great bodies wish, when too late, that Hauff's story of the "*Steinerne Herz*" were only true. How gladly would they exchange their heart, with all its troublesome prickings, for a fine solid lump of stone, as insensible to feeling as the clouds to whom they have sold themselves for a *status* in society.

Sir Norton, however, was a very prudent man, as became a city magnate; with him, business came first and pleasure a long way afterwards. He finished his railway transactions, and after dropping some mysterious hints about the immense sums to be gained in London at that time by clever speculations, he took leave of his host, and left the hint to work. He was not mistaken in his calculation: in a few weeks his lordship, the Earl of Mastodon, was announced in the *Morning Post* as having arrived in town for the season, and within a few hours he was closeted with Sir Norton, discussing the measures to be taken by which he could make enough money to clear his estate. Sir Norton was eminently practical; and in a few hours imparted a few lights, which slightly astonished his lordship, who was intensely behind his age, as far as speculation was concerned.

In a very short time Lord Mastodon was engaged in the fascinating pursuit of money-making; and yet, strange to say, while the balance at his bankers was rapidly assuming more and more satisfactory proportions, he felt never a whit the happier. The real "*small still*" had lost its flavour; the very best Havannahs which he now smoked, thanks to his City friend, seemed to him no better than the poorest Pickwick; in short, the *auri sacra fumes* had got hold of him, and, like a true Irishman, he went in for a fortune in the shortest conceivable time, regardless of the expense. Sir Norton gave him his head, and allowed him to net several thousand

pounds; he knew his man, and that he would never stop from any motives of safety. At last the time seemed ripe; his lordship risked a speculation, and dared to set his own addled brains against the one virtue of the citizen, shrewd common sense; the consequence was a heavy loss. At this moment Sir Norton stepped in; he suggested a mode by which a fortune might be made, and the earl jumped at it. It is needless to follow the ins and outs of this mysterious transaction; the fact remains the same, and the earl became eventually liable for thirty thousand pounds, while possessing hardly the same amount of representative farthings.

His lordship was evidently in a fix; and, worse than all, his Irish fertility of resources could suggest no mode of extrication. In this dilemma Sir Norton became his "guide, philosopher, and friend," and made a proposal for Lady Flora's hand, the purchase-money, if I may use the term, being a full receipt for the thirty thousand pounds still owing. It was decidedly a bitter pill for the antediluvian pride; but, as the old saying runs, Needs must, &c., and, as may be anticipated, the old earl closed with the bargain, subject to his daughter's consent. The latter was only too glad to accept house and lands and position, although encumbered with the somewhat angular person of Sir Norton Folgate; the bargain was speedily concluded, and the marriage took place with all the possible pomp desirable, and two columns and a half in the *Morning Post*; while the happy bridegroom most generously settled on the lady the sum of thirty thousand pounds—in the shape of her father's bond for that sum. It was whispered that he was no loser by this transaction, for City men have told me that the thirty thousand pounds represented various shares in the Giant's Causeway direct, which he contrived, by means peculiar to the City, to saddle on his future papa-in-law at a heavy premium. These shares had been, in the first instance, assigned to him *gratis* for his strenuous exertions in promoting the railway, and so, when the smash came, he was very well out of it, and gained a very pretty wife in the bargain. However, as I have insinuated before, I will not believe any libellous tales about Sir Norton—so long as he keeps such first-rate claret. Of course, though, my readers, who do not benefit by that generous wine, are left quite at liberty to draw their own conclusions.

II.

CHARLEY FITZURSE.

IMAGINE, then, that two years have elapsed. Monsieur has gradually retired from business, wound up his affairs, and become member for Snorebury. Madame has been launched on the world, and has dropped into her position as naturally as all undowered patrician's daughters contrive to do. She has her house in town and in the country; she gives balls and parties, for which Sir Norton is only too happy to pay, as becomes old January at sixty-seven, when wedded to May of eighteen blushing summers. He has tried to be uxorious, but was very soon checked by the *savoir faire* of my lady, as he rejoices to call her; so he has gradually drifted into the position of amateur butler, and behaves himself accordingly. He is allowed full liberty to go and come when

he lists, just so far as the boudoir door; but there a bar is fixed, which he cannot pass without due permission being asked and permission graciously accorded — which only happens, by-the-way, when madame requires a cheque to pay her milliner or her dressmaker, that great mystery of domestic housekeeping. Sir Norton gives with both hands, as the French say; he is proud of his wife, and the sensation she creates; not that he is a witness of it, but he hears it talked about at the clubs by young Grigg and Spavin, those fast boys, from whom he picks up various hints about fashionable life. Charley Fitzurse, too, is an invaluable friend to him, by teaching him what to avoid, and in gratitude Sir Norton has bought him a step, and recommends him to call on my lady repeatedly, who must be dull, poor thing, when her husband is away. And Charley very willingly obeys.

In short, the *ménage* is on the most satisfactory footing in Hill-street. It is true, at times, that Sir Norton fancies he is not quite so domesticated as in the epoch of Mrs. Folgate the first, when he blew his cloud at the public-house round the corner, and was ordered home to bed as the clock struck ten; but then, he charitably ascribes it to the different society he is moving in. My lady hardly ever comes home before four in the morning, and, of course, is much too good a wife to disturb him: he rises at ten, and after breakfast goes to his solid club, the Plesiosaurus, where elderly swells congregate in bay-windows, and tell jokes, all the point of which consists in digging each other in the ribs. In the afternoon he visits his fashionable club, the Convolvulus, where he stops till six, and then toddles home respectably to dinner at seven, and the first appearance of milady in her domestic character for the day.

But, though Sir Norton was so flexible in many matters, in one he was adamant—he had an utter detestation of all foreigners. In his earliest years he had bought some shares in a Frankfort lottery, and gained a prize worth 50,000 florins, as he was assured. At a great outlay of time and capital he went over to realise, but on trying to sell, found the château was mortgaged for 49,000 florins, with law expenses, &c., and, as soon as he stated himself to be the fortunate owner, he was arrested and put in prison for ten years' taxes due: he found himself, at the termination of the affair, just eighty-seven pounds out of pocket. No wonder, then, that he detested foreigners and all their breed. But in his hatred of foreigners he did not surpass a worthy glover of Cheapside, whom I am bound to immortalise in these pages. In 1848, when the revolution in France expelled a number of English workmen from the railways, a German friend of mine desiring gloves, entered this worthy gentleman's shop. He was received with a growl, and an inquiry whether he were not a foreigner. On his giving a mild affirmation, the shopkeeper refused to deal with him, and he had to leave the shop, gloveless, after entering a severe protest against the narrow-mindedness of the individual. There is nothing like consistency, even when it works with retroactive energy on your own pocket.

This hatred of foreigners was the skeleton in Sir Norton Folgate's house. My lady did not like the country so well as Baden, and Sir Norton's views were diametrically opposite. He would not go abroad to be "poisoned," as he termed it, and my lady was just as determined that

he should. It might be imagined that so independent a person as her ladyship would have solved the difficulty by what might be justly called French leave; but there were various reasons against such a step. In the first place, she could not travel without her cousin, to sweeten by his presence the bitter dose of matrimony; and, secondly, she could not travel with Charley, *solus cum solâ*, because such a step would have given fresh point to the winged darts of scandal, which were already whizzing through fashionable London. In fact, everybody had made up his or her mind on that matter, and joined in laughing at "poor" Sir Norton, who, of course, was profoundly innocent of these suspicions, and would have laid down his life for milady's probity.

Frequent dropping wears away a stone; it may do so; but I am certain a woman's tongue can perform that operation with far greater rapidity. At any rate, Lady Flora, determined as she was to revisit Baden, which she had not seen since her father had resided there during a winter, owing to some trouble with his Irish agent, that prevented him going further, made such constant assaults on that portion of Sir Norton's anatomy which represented his heart, that he hummed and haed, willinillied, shilly-shallied, until at length the fiat was issued, and *en route* for Baden was the word. Sir Norton made his will before starting, leaving all he possessed to his adorable milady, and off they went to Paris.

Strange to say, Sir Norton found his prejudices rapidly dissipated in that frivolous city. Charley, who accompanied them, and performed the duties of amateur courier, was invaluable. He deposited the old gentleman at Galignani's, and even managed to procure him an introduction to court, whence, of course, he came away raving of the beauty and grace of the empress. In his fit of exaltation, he never checked the milliner's bills, which were in due season handed him by his *cara sposa* for liquidation; even though, in calmer moments, he might have made some slight objections to six-and-thirty yards of velvet being required for each skirt. But Sir Norton was quite in his element in Paris. He was a good French scholar (I won't repeat here his anecdote of how he learned it), and he was delighted to find that, in whatever society he mixed, he was always on his battle-horse. Money, money, money! such was the one universal topic, from dukes down to chiffonniers. Every one was speculating, and god Mammon reigned triumphant in his temple on the Place de la Bourse. He enjoyed those little suppers in the Rue Montorgueil, which successful speculators gave him, owing to his reputation for money, and wisely swallowed his champagne without performing the same process with the schemes which were proposed for his participation. In short, he was in a perfect state of Elysium, and was almost vexed with my lady when she suddenly proposed that they should start for Baden *instantanè*. What was the cause of my lady's sudden dislike for Paris frivolity, as those call it who find the grapes sour, I cannot say. As far as I am concerned it remains a solemn mystery; nor am I inclined to accept the solution maliciously offered by Lady Macaw, that the empress, with her truly English views on morality, had intimated to Lady Flora, through some channel only accessible to rulers, that her conduct with regard to Charley Fitzurse was rather too *prononcé* for the present straitlaced age. What

a magnificent proof of the force of public opinion, when even courtiers find it necessary to become externally respectable.

At any rate, without endorsing this story, I must repeat that Lady Flora issued her mandate, and her husband saw to the arrangements for leaving. He paid his bill at Meurice's, and instituted a mental comparison between that establishment and the Clarendon, rather in favour of the latter; but he paid like a *milord Anglais*, or rather, I ought to say, like a *milord Américain*, who has quite cut out his English prototype as far as throwing away money is concerned. Before long, Baden rung with the praises of Lady Flora's beauty. It was a regular hunt whenever she appeared on the Promenade. Every son of *la jeune France* basked in the light of her beaming eyes, and Auguste and François, as they played their domino, uttered fierce oaths against *cette bête d'Anglais*, meaning thereby our friend Charley, as handsome a fellow as any in the Guards, red, blue, or black. But it was all of no avail: my lady was regarded as a miracle of virtue, and the young France was compelled to take refuge in interminable boasting of impossible triumphs. Cold as an Englishwoman is a stereotyped phrase with those young gentlemen, and consequently they consoled themselves with this apophthegm, after throwing away vast sums (for a Frenchman) in white kid gloves and bouquets, by which combination to assail the unimpressible heart of my lady. *C'était une vertu farouche*: such was the unsatisfactory result of all their endeavours.

Of course Sir Norton was duly told by Lady Flora of these attacks, and much he rejoiced that his wife was so fond of him. At Baden, Sir Norton was as happy as the day was long—and it is very long at Baden now and then, especially if you have lost all your money at rouge-et-noir, and are awaiting remittances from an impracticable governor. He enjoyed a degree of domesticity which, in London, had been rapidly assuming the proportions of a myth; but, at the same time, he was growing terribly affectionate. To check this unpleasant development, my lady took a sudden fancy for gambling, and induced Sir Norton to join her. The old gentleman, loving gain in any shape, soon got entangled in the interminable mazes of a martingale, and spent nearly all his time watching the chances, and waiting for his opportunity to break the bank. In the mean while, my lady and Charley amused themselves in their way: they tookst rolls round the country, enjoyed the scenery excessively, and regretted greatly at dinner-time that Sir Norton was not with them. The old gentleman, however, fancied he saw his way to a fine speculation at M. Benazet's expense, and remained deaf to persuasion, not at all to the regret, I fancy, of Lady Flo and Charley.

III.

THE CATASTROPHE.*

It was the summer of 1855. My annual thirst for Markgräfer had assailed me, and I had fled from stony-hearted London to assuage it.

* *Advice to the Printer.*—The effect of this heading would be greatly improved if you could get a wood-block of a handsome tombstone cut with this word in white letters, as suggestive of the moral death of Sir Norton Folgate's felicity.

I shall not tell you here how many bottles I imbibed on my first night at the *Hirsch*—the best hotel in Baden for the quiet observer, but I will merely note the fact that I thirsted for absynth, and had strange visions of bitter beer floating across my brain, as I lounged up the Promenade the morning after my arrival. After a quiet renewal of my acquaintance with those charming young ladies at Weber's, and sundry *petits verres* in honour of the undiminished brightness of their sparkling eyes, I sauntered through that little side-door, so suggestive of evil, which leads from the smoking-room into the rooms. Suddenly, I planted my old friend, Sir Norton Folgate, busily engaged in covering the numbers at roulette with a heap of florins. He was in high spirits, and evidently gaining, for the croupiers were looking glum, though intensely polite, as they handed over the winnings. It was useless to disturb him, so I waited patiently till he grew thirsty, or wanted to smoke a weed, while I amused myself by an inspection of the various persons collected round the table. They were, as usual, the very lowest of humanity; the outcasts from decent society; men whom I or you, reader, would inexorably cut, if they accosted us in the Quadrant, and yet at Baden we sit down at the same green table with them, and squabble furiously about a stray florin. If misery make us acquainted with strange bed-fellows, how much more is this true of the gambling-table and its play-fellows. The only exception from the general rule of *vauriens* was an English lady, who played recklessly.

Ere long, I strolled out disgusted, and, after reading the papers, came back to meet Sir Norton on the steps, slightly overcast, and evidently a loser. He, however, met me most cordially, and expressed his pleasure at seeing me. This was honest enough, considering he had just lost two hundred pounds by his own folly. I ventured an inquiry about my lady, and then the old gentleman brightened up—money and all was forgotten at the thought of his dear little wife. Heaven bless her! she had gone with Charley to the top of the *Mercurius* Tower. She had chartered a donkey after ten, and, by Jove! she must have got there by this time. And by some impulse of Satan, Sir Norton's eyes rested upon that confounded telescope, which is placed for public use—a very serpent in Paradise between two orange-trees—on the Promenade. "I'll have a look, and see whether they are on the Tower," quoth the knight. Said and done. The telescope was adjusted to the proper focus, and he gazed steadily in the direction of the Tower.

"Yes, there she is, bless her little heart, just a-coming up on the Tower; and there's Charley behind her—he takes care of her, he does, while her husband is a-losing his money down here. Yes, that's her bonnet, and now she turns round I can see her face"—(a pause, during which the husband may be supposed to be revelling in the sight of his wife's features), and then—a very naughty word—"he's a-kissing her!!!—and, by Jove!" the knight added, unconsciously parodying the Fat Boy, of whom he had probably never heard, "She's a-kissing him again."

And the old man shook like an aspen-leaf; he seemed prematurely old in that brief moment; at last, with a sudden energy, he dashed his straw-hat firmly down on his brow, and rushed along the Promenade, I following discreetly in the rear, fearful of mischief, and yet not liking to

intrude. And he led me a pretty chase up that steep old Gernsbach road, the sun pouring down with the full fury of an August day, as it can only do at Baden. But still the old man held on vigorously, swinging his huge stick, and smashing imaginary foes. At that moment I would not have given much for Charley's head. At a turn of the road we came in sight of the happy party, my lady mounted on the donkey, Charley walking discreetly by its side. I expected to see murder done at least; but, strange to say, on the mere sight of his wife, so serenely beautiful, Sir Norton quite forgot his fury. He quietly went up, congratulated her on her good looks, and said that, as they were late, he had come to meet them. And down the hill we went again, the happiest party apparently that ever scaled it.

What explanations took place afterwards I cannot say; the fact of its only being a cousin, however, did not avail. Charley was suddenly recalled, so he said, as his regiment was ordered to the Cape, though I never saw the announcement in the paper; while Lady Folgate is now living in Paris on a thousand a year allowed by her husband, and the interest of the thirty thousand pounds settled on her—whenever she can draw it from her father. Of course, she is sincerely pitied in London circles; her husband was always a brute, and folk only wondered how she could have lived with him so long, &c. In the mean while, Sir Norton has resumed his bachelor existence, and gives capital dinner-parties. He drinks rather more than he used to do, and appears to be suffering from a settled gloom of melancholy. At any rate, he never mentions my lady's name; and I, knowing what I do, and having a due regard for the old claret, never approach so dangerous a subject.

ALDERSHOT AND ITS ENVIRONS.*

THE bleak moor and barren heath near Farnham, traversed by the Portsmouth road, on which coach travellers in winter shivered as they passed, has become the scene of an encampment more populous than many a cathedral city, for some 15,000 or 20,000 men have now been collected there, with all the heterogeneous followers of a camp; and field-days, mimic engagements, and even royal reviews, have brought her Majesty's lieges from far and near to the once solitary plain of Aldershot. Upon an area, seven square miles in extent—having Cæsar's camp, and the field where Alfred defeated the Danes, to give it some martial associations with British history—England has marked out a great training ground for her soldiers, and assembled a greater number of men than, in the days of the emperors, garrisoned the famous Roman wall.

The camp at Aldershot is a vast assemblage of alphabetically grouped huts, covering the large area we have mentioned, and separated by the

* Aldershot, and All About It: with Gossip, Military, Literary, and Pictorial. By Mrs. Young, Author of *Our Camp in Turkey*, &c. London: 1857.

Basingstoke canal into a northern and a southern division. At first sight this great encampment seems a wilderness of huts upon a plain, contrasting strikingly enough with the beauty of the country around it. Upon a nearer approach, the huts of (for example) the south camp are found to be dispersed in twenty-three rectangular groups, or "blocks," each block distinguished by a letter of the alphabet, and containing twenty-three huts for the men, besides officers' quarters and other buildings, and designed to receive a regiment not exceeding four hundred and eighty-four in strength. In the formation of these buildings, all that is not wood is iron, and all that is permanent is described to be of a type beyond which ugliness can no further go. But a rude exterior seems to be united with some appliances of civilisation in the interior of the camp buildings, without, however, the achievement of any comfort; and the evil genius of official blundering seems to have directed even their construction, for Aldershot, it is said, would have long since become a heap of ashes if hearths of brickwork had not been substituted in the huts, after the significant warning of a few "Christmas fires." The roads about the encampment are described to be on a loose soil, that gives forth clouds of dust in dry weather, and becomes an adhesive bog after rain; but there appear to be plenty of wells, and there are breezy heaths, and a plain on which taverns spring up abundantly, if flowers do not.

What future advantages the British army may derive from this great experiment is a question upon which we are not now going to enter. But in those very particulars, in which the encampment at Aldershot affords such unexampled opportunities for adopting measures calculated to raise the moral character of the soldier, and fit him to cope with the emergencies of actual service, it does not appear that the government arrangements are what the public might reasonably expect. The demoralising influence of the camp has spread to every little town around it; and within, the system does not seem to be any improvement on that of barracks in any garrison town:

The English soldier (says the intelligent and observant author of the book which has occasioned these remarks) requires social training as well as exercise in the field. . . . It is a duty we owe as well to ourselves as to our soldiers, to render them an intelligent, moral, useful class; and every commanding officer can bear witness to the fact, that the more respectable the men of his corps the easier is its discipline. . . . Educate the soldier; and let him have not only the school and the reading-room, but his theatre, his ball-room, and his singing club, with such advice, example, and restriction as shall enable him to enjoy all these recreations and abuse none of them.

It is very deplorable that so small a proportion of the men in the British army know even the alphabet of their own language; but the schoolmaster and the chaplain are not the only educators whose services need to be brought home to the soldier—a less dignified functionary is also wanted. The contrast is much to our disadvantage when British soldiers are compared with those of France in aptness at useful industrial occupations, and in knowledge of "common things" necessary to be known. Remembering how helpless our men have proved in the simple yet essential particular of preparing food, we hoped to find the cook, as well as the schoolmaster, employing a part of the soldier's leisure time in "the great military playground" of Aldershot; but Mrs. Young writes:

Unhappily, there are large cookhouses where every man's dinner is provided, so that the soldier, when encamped on a hill-side with his rations before him, looks helplessly on at the stones and the wood, and the water and the mutton, quite unconscious of what the combinations of these materials would produce in skilful hands. . . . Every observer of the miseries the English soldier endures abroad, from his ignorance of things necessary to be known, must regret that his leisure is not employed in affording to him the knowledge of "how to live," how to be independent on emergency, and to make the best use of the material which the chances of the times afford. The soldiers of the French army understand these details perfectly; and we see no reason why the Englishman should not be equally instructed.

Then, even in the simple domestic matter of providing houses for the washing and drying of linen for the camp, we find the same want of due provision, if not the same apathetic disregard that has been, in more momentous matters, and in time of war, so fatal to our gallant troops. It was to be expected from Mrs. Young's indefatigable exertions in British India, as well as at home, to ameliorate the condition of the soldier's wife, that she should humanely turn, as she does, from the imposing glitter of the parade and the field-day, to view the repulsive interiors in which the washing and cooking are carried on, and where the soldier often sees "wife and children spectres in a hot fog." And our lively author describes the difficulties under which the washerwomen of the camp attempt to get up fine linen, for want of so simple a matter as a wooden grating over the mud floor of the women's wash-houses:

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its noise, its fashions, its pretence, and its impertinences, to tread some green monastic shades, or repeople a neighbouring old-world town with the beings of a life that is gone. And then we have Moor Park, with all its associations, its memories of Temple, the philosophic statesman, and Swift, the witty dean—Moor Park, where Swift cultivated the expanding intellect of Stella, and learned from William of Orange the Dutch way to cut asparagus. Again, who could forget Selborne, or, being there, fail to recal, as Mrs. Young has with reverent diligence recalled, those memories of the amiable and eloquent author of "*The Natural History of Selborne*," that linger on the spot where he lived and died? A very pleasant chapter of this little book is her "*Day at Selborne*;" and, visiting the church, she takes occasion to remark on the evil of keeping our parish churches closed on all but one day of the week:

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THE HISTORY OF THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS,

AUTHOR OF THE "EIGHTEENTH CENTURY."

XIII.

The Sheriffs' Song of Triumph—A little Army of Martyrs, who fought and fell in the Struggle—The Courts of Law vindicate Order, and impartially judge the Press—Its improved Tone—And more respectable Writers—Charles Lloyd and George Colman—Dr. Kenrick—The Burkes—Transmission and Delivery of Newspapers—Their increasing Circulation—A few dry Statistics—The *Morning Post* established—Rev. Henry Bate—An Editor's Dangers and Troubles in 1777—John Horne Tooke—His Struggles and Trials—The Newspapers and the War of Independence.

THE press was now, for the first time, the acknowledged representative of the people. There it stood overlooking, perhaps sometimes overawing, those who had known and cared nothing for their constituents after they left the hustings: a jealous guardian, a watchful sentinel, a sleepless Argus; behind the Speaker's chair there had sprung up a power greater than the Speaker, for there, in the gallery, was the eye of Europe; the House of Commons had been unroofed and the world was looking in.

The sheriffs of London, in an address to the livery in 1772, thus proclaim the victory:

"The House of Commons has tacitly acquiesced in the claim made by many of our worthy fellow-citizens for the public at large, that the constituents have a right to be informed of the proceedings of their servants in parliament. Several honest printers, in defiance of their illegal orders, gave the public all the particulars of their proceedings during the last session—proceedings which the House prudently endeavoured to hide in a darkness suited to their deeds. The same persons who asserted our rights during the last, have, during the present session, continued the exercise of it in its fullest extent. Notwithstanding the report of the committee was in express terms that the House should order that J. Miller be taken into custody of the serjeant-at-arms, the said J. Miller is still at large, and still continues the severest attacks upon them, by faithfully publishing their proceedings, still braves their indignation, and sleeps secure in the City."

The printers were hardly so successful with the House of Lords; and while Pitt was no longer reported as "Julius Florus," or Fox as "Cnæus Fulvius," the sensitive feelings of the Earl of Winchelsea were spared by having his speech printed as that of "Caius Claudius Nero," whilst "Marcus Cato" was made responsible for the spoken sentiments of the Earl of Bath. But the watchful eye and trumpet tongue were soon there too; and the House of Peers took warning by the example of the beaten Commons, and let it be. Mr. Alexander Stephens, in his *Memoirs of John Horne Tooke*, tells how Woodfall, the reporter, who deserves a page of history to himself, instead of being constantly confounded with the less brilliant Woodfall of Junius, let light upon the House of Lords: "In process of time the House of Lords also silently conceded

the point, and the late Mr. William Woodfall informed me that he first published its debates on the appearance of the bill for embanking the river, and erecting the noble terrace now called the Adelphi; at which period his slumbers were discomposed by nightly visions of Newgate, yeoman ushers, and serjeants-at-arms."

In this one great stride, what a world of power, dignity, and importance had the newspaper conquered for itself!

We have confined ourselves, in relating the struggles between the House of Commons and the press, to the more remarkable of the battles which were fought in that fifty years' war; and now, having arrived at the crowning conflict which set the question at rest, we may take breath, and in one glance back review the minor combats which took place in the interval; in which the parliament fought for its privilege, not only of silent legislation, but of exemption from criticism.

July 1, 1715.—On the complaint of Robert Walpole, E. Berrington, printer, and J. Morphew, publisher, of the *London Evening Post*, were ordered into the custody of the serjeant-at-arms for publishing a letter purporting to be written by Walpole to Lord Sunderland, and also for some remarks on the case of "John Burnois, a French schoolmaster, who was whipped for speaking seditious words against his majesty." And a committee was appointed to inquire into the authorship of the same.

February 18, 1727.—Complaint made against R. Raikes, printer of the *Gloucester Journal*, for printing the proceedings of the House, and Raikes ordered to attend on the 26th; but he being ill of fever sent up a petition, setting forth that the report had been inserted without his knowledge, but that he believed it was taken from a news-letter sent by Mr. Gythens, clerk of the Bristol roads, or his assistant, to the King's Head Inn, at Gloucester. Ordered that Raikes be excused from attendance, and Gythens and John Stanley attend the House. *March 3.*—"Robert Giddins, of the Post-office, London," and John Stanley attended, and the latter confessing the authorship of the news-letter, was committed to the custody of the serjeant-at-arms.

March 14, 1727.—Second complaint against Raikes for publishing the debates, and also against J. Wilson, his agent at Bristol, who attended, obedient to order, on the 18th. Wilson having had no part in the printing, was discharged, but Raikes, who stated that he got the report from Edward Cave, of the Post-office, was committed to the custody of the serjeant-at-arms, and Cave ordered to attend. *March 30.*—Cave attended and acknowledged his offence, but stated that he got the report, with other written news-letters, which he delivered in, from William Wye, John Stanley, John Willis, and Elias Delpeuch. Cave, Wye, Stanley, and Delpeuch were committed to the custody of the serjeant-at-arms.

December 2, 1739.—Complaint made against John Meres, printer of the *Daily Post*, for publishing some remarks on the "Embargo on Provision of Victual." Meres attended and expressed contrition, but was ordered into custody of the serjeant-at-arms, and the king was moved by petition of the House, to prosecute him. *December 12.*—Meres petitioned the House to be discharged, on account of "his wife and several small children," and acknowledged his offence; but on the 15th his petition was refused, and a motion carried that the serjeant-at-arms should carry him before the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench (on notice being given

to the Attorney-General) to give bail to meet the charge to be brought against him. *February 10.*—1740, Meres again petitions the House, "bemoaning" his conduct, declaring himself "miserably reduced by his confinement, having tired out all his friends by borrowing money of them for the support of himself, his wife, and several small children, who are become great objects of charity," and beseeching his discharge. Ordered that he be discharged, on giving bail and paying the fees.

May 15, 1742.—Complaint against J. Huggonson for printing in the *Champion*, of Captain Hercules Vinegar, May 4, a letter on the bill depending in the House for preventing frauds in the manufacture of gold and silver lace. Attended on the 17th, and apologised.

March 8, 1744.—Complaint made of Cæsar Ward for publishing reports of the proceedings in the *York Courant* of February 26. Attended, by order, on the 5th of April; confessed his transgression, and was discharged, after being reprimanded on his knees, and paying the fees.

January 22, 1745.—John Gilfillan, printer of the *York Courant*, ordered to attend for an article reflecting on Admiral Vernon, a member of the House.

February 1, 1760.—Complaints against W. Eglesham, printer of the *Public Advertiser*; J. Wilkie, of the *London Chronicle*; Matthew Jevour, of the *Daily Advertiser*; and Say, Owen, and Knight, of the *Gazetteer*, for publishing the reports; all of whom attended on the 4th, expressed their sorrow, and were discharged after receiving a reprimand on their knees, and paying the fees.

January 20, 1762.—Complaint against John Wilkie, of the *London Chronicle*, who attended on the 25th, and apologised, but was ordered into the custody of the serjeant-at-arms.

February 18th, 1768.—Wilkie, of the *London Chronicle*, again reprimanded on his knees for publishing an advertisement reflecting on the House, and discharged on payment of the fees.

May 8, 1769.—Charles Say, of the *Gazetteer*, and Cowburne, of the *Liverpool Chronicle*, complained of for reflecting on the character of Sir William Meredith, Bart., a member of the House; and the complaint referred to the Committee of Privileges and Elections.

On August 1, 1770, his Majesty paid the 100*l.* fine inflicted on Edwards, printer of the *Middlesex Journal*, for publishing a protest of the House of Lords; and the fees of the usher of the black rod were remitted.

The practice of dragging the news-printers to the bars of the two Houses to make a cringing and hollow submission, and an abject apology for doing yesterday what they intended to do again to-morrow, was now, indeed, falling into discredit. As regarded the publication of the debates, the people would have it; and for the prevention of seditious writing, and the protection of private character, the legal tribunals of the country afforded ample provision. There could be no pretext that they were too favourable to the press; it was true that juries had returned verdicts against secretaries of state, treasury officers, and Commons' messengers for doing illegal acts; but when the newspapers did illegal acts, they returned verdicts against them too. Thus, when the *Whisperer*, a virulent party paper, started 17th of February, 1770, to oppose the

policy of Lord North, transgressed, which it often did, the boundaries of fair comment, and became personal and abusive, the printer was several times convicted and punished; and even a person for selling No. 5 was sentenced, on a conviction in the Court of King's Bench, to be imprisoned for six months; and, for selling No. 6, to a further imprisonment of a like term, and, at its expiration, to find bail, himself in 200*l.*, and two sureties in 50*l.* each, to be of good behaviour for two years.

On July 8, 1773, Miller, of the *London Evening Post*, was tried for stating that Lord Sandwich, the First Lord of the Admiralty (the "Jemmy Twitcher" of the newspapers), had sold a place in his department for 2000*l.* He was bold enough to set up a plea of justification (which, in those days, was generally held to aggravate the offence), but had to pay 2000*l.* damages.

On November 21, 1774, John Williams was criminally convicted, in the Court of King's Bench, of a newspaper libel on Fox, and sentenced to a fine of 100*l.*, as well as the costs of the trial, and to be imprisoned for one month.

On July 3, 1776, Lord Bolingbroke recovered 20*l.* (he had laid the damages at 2000*l.*) from the printer of the *Morning Chronicle*; but on July 10, of the same year, an action brought by Lord Chatham against Woodfall, of the *Public Advertiser*, fell to the ground from an insufficiency in the recital of the offence.

The powers to whom it belonged constitutionally and legally to keep the press within proper bounds, were always ready to make the majesty of the laws respected, and did it with more dignity and propriety, and to much better effect, than all the arbitrary acts of the House of Commons had ever been characterised by.

It is true that the scurrility, the vulgar abuse, and personal slander which had disgraced the newspapers so recently, were fast disappearing from their columns. Walpole says of them, in 1770: "Every newspaper is now written in a good style;"* and the writers were not the mercenary miscreants whom his fathers bought and hired. Charles Lloyd, a brother of the Dean of Norwich, and private secretary to Granville, when First Lord of the Treasury, was of their number; so was George Colman, who commenced the series of "The Gentleman," in the *London Packet*, on July 10, 1775; and Dr. William Kenrick, perhaps not quite so honourable to the press as the others. Kenrick was born at Watford, in Hertfordshire, and bred to the occupation of a rule maker; but feeling, perhaps, that he "had something in him," he went to Leyden, and got his degree, and returned and settled in London. He did drudgery for the publishers, and, at last, got appointed editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, but quarrelled with the proprietors, and set up a paper in opposition—which failed. He died June 9, 1779.

Associated with the newspaper press of this period were greater names than these, the three Barks, who wrote (not, as far as we are aware, under any engagement) in the *London Evening Post*. Richard was the principal contributor, under the signature of "Valens," and he was only occasionally assisted by William and the illustrious Edmund. The writings of the latter got more frequent at the beginning of the American war,

* Walpoliana, vol. i. p. 60.

but in 1776 we find them united in an accusation against Lord George Germaine of falsifying the *Gazette*.

The cost of transmitting the London papers into the country was excessive. They were forwarded through the agency of the clerks of the roads, under the Post-office, whose charges were as follow : " For a daily paper, 5*l.* per annum ; for an evening paper, 2*l.* 10*s.*" In 1770, J. Hamilton, a bookseller, of Shoe-lane, Fleet-street, advertised the following reduced prices : " For a daily paper, 4*l.* ; for an evening paper, 2*l.*" This was still high, considering the price of the papers themselves was 2*d.* or 2½*d.* Yet they and their circulation were gradually increasing. The ledgers of the Stamp-office show us that the number of stamps issued to newspapers throughout the United Kingdom, which in 1753 was only 7,411,757, and in 1760 was 9,464,790, had in 1774 risen to 12,300,000, and in 1775 rose to 12,680,000, increasing not quite so rapidly in the next year to 12,830,000. Perhaps this slight check was the result of Lord North's measure, which took effect on May 28th, 1776, raising the stamp from 1*d.* to 1½*d.*

Meanwhile, another of our existing papers had been established, the *Morning Post and Daily Advertiser*, the first number of which appeared in November, 1772, under a form intended to evade the provisions of the stamp act, but which, in 1775, had become a regular morning paper, principally written by the Rev. Henry Bate. This sport of fortune was the son of a clergyman at Worcester, and after an education at Queen's College, Oxford, was ordained, and obtained the rectory of Farnbridge,* in Essex. But a quiet little parish on the Crouch, in the prolific but boorish hundred of Dengie, was no place for the gay young parson, so he came to London, to write plays and the *Morning Post*. Of the former he wrote eight or ten, and of the latter he continued to be the editor till 1780, when, in a tiff with his coadjutors, he left them, and started the *Morning Herald*, when speaking of which we shall meet with him again, and tell how he became Sir Bate Dudley.

The manner in which an editor was in those days held responsible for his arguments, and liable to personal collisions with his opponents, is curiously shown by what happened to Bate soon after he took the *Morning Post* in hand :

" *January 13, 1777.*—A rencontre happened at the Adelphi Tavern, in the Strand, between Captain Stoney and Mr. Bate, editor of the *Morning Post*. The cause of quarrel arose from some offensive paragraphs that had appeared in the *Morning Post*, highly reflecting on the character of a lady for whom Captain Stoney had a particular regard. Mr. Bate had taken every possible method, consistent with honour, to convince Mr. Stoney that the insertion of the paragraphs was wholly without his knowledge, to which Mr. Stoney gave no credit, and insisted on the satisfaction of a gentleman or the discovery of the author. This happened some days before, but meeting, as it were by accident, on the day here mentioned, they adjourned to the Adelphi, called for a room, shut the door, and being furnished with pistols, discharged them at each other without effect. They then drew swords, and Mr. Stoney received

* Not the vicarage of Farnbridge, as stated by Mr. Hunt. There is no parish of that name in Essex.

a wound in the breast and arm, and Mr. Bate one in the thigh. Mr. Bate's sword bent, and alanted against the captain's breastbone, which Mr. Bate apprising him of, Captain Stoney called to him to straighten it; and in the interim, while the sword was under his foot for that purpose, the door was broken open, or the death of one of the parties would most certainly have been the issue.*

It was necessary, then, for an editor to be as skilful with the sword as with the pen, and "cold iron" was added to the dangers (in the shape of ushers of the black rod, serjeants-at-arms, general warrants, and courts of law) that "did environ" the man whose occupation it was to write the public sentiment.

Another restless spirit now takes a part in our history; and, litigious and troublesome to the government, contumacious and almost insolent to the judges, possessing much of the spirit and more than the genius of Wilkes, a refractory parson, rides on a libel through the courts of law.

John Horne (afterwards John Horne Tooke) was the son of a poulterer at Newmarket, but was born in Westminster on the 25th June, 1736, and at first educated at Westminster School, but he was afterwards removed to Eton, where either a gambol or a fray with some other youths cost him his right eye. We trace him to St. John's College, Cambridge, and next find him as usher in a boarding-school. In 1756 he entered himself of the Inner Temple, intending to devote himself to the law, for which there is little doubt he possessed many qualifications, but in 1760 his friends prevailed on him to enter into priest's orders, purchasing for him the living of Brentford, in Middlesex, worth 200*l.* or 300*l.* per annum.† Here he seems to have behaved so as to win the respect of his parishioners, but he panted for the war of politics, and fought his first battle and received his first wound in 1770. In 1769 he had written two letters to the *Public Advertiser*, signed "A Freeholder of Surrey," in which he accused George Onslow of having received a bribe for procuring a post under government. The accusation was denied by Onslow, who brought an action against his accuser, which was tried before Sir William Blackstone, at Kingston, April 6th, 1770, laying his damages at 10,000*l.* The action broke down on a technical point, but on a new trial before Lord Mansfield, Horne was cast in damages of 400*l.* On the 17th April of the following year he obtained a rule to set aside the verdict on the ground of misdirection, but with what result we cannot discover.

The cost of this trial to Onslow (whose crime, in the eyes of Horne, was his desertion of the Wilkes party, and an acceptance of place under the Grafton administration: the measles of all young and rising politicians) was 1500*l.*, whilst Horne got off for 200*l.* On July 23rd, 1771, he founded the Society of the Supporters of the Bill of Rights, which soon took the newspapers under its protection, more especially the *London Evening Post*, the *Public Advertiser*, and the *Middlesex Journal*, defending them against prosecutions, and paying the expenses of trials or convictions; but the society becoming a tool in the hands of Wilkes and his party, Horne seceded in disgust, and took some of the principal members with him to establish the Constitutional Society. There is no doubt he

* *Gentleman's Magazine*, February, 1771.

† Stephens's Memoirs of John Horne Tooke.

was one of the most active instigators and daring advisers, both of the printers and the aldermen, in the great contest we have narrated; but the next year he was carrying on an acrid controversy with two of its heroes, Junius and Wilkes. The *Public Advertiser* was held to be read at court, and this drew to its columns letters and articles intended to catch the royal or the ministerial eye. Junius, Sir William Draper, Wilkes, Churchill, Lloyd, and Horne, had all made it the vehicle to convey their sentiments to the throne or the cabinet, and the partisans now mounted it and fought among themselves. Mr. Stephens claims the victory for Horne in both contests; but whilst the conduct of Wilkes, now beginning to be mercenary and time-serving, made him an easier conquest than he might once have been to Horne, Junius, in our opinion, comes out of the fray triumphant.* Horne was chafing in his surplice: it never fitted him, and he now threw it off for ever. In 1771 he had obtained his degree of M.A., but in 1773 he resigned his living, retired from the church, and turned to his old love, the bar. He soon gave proof of the quick invention and active zeal he could bring to support a cause: perhaps too daring and a degree too warm. His was indeed the spirit that, looking steadily at the end, conquered the means: he would have been great at a *coup d'état*. The trial for libel, which he brought down upon himself in 1774, gives us glimpses of his character which must not be overlooked. The manorial rights of his friend, Mr. William Tooke, being threatened by an Enclosure Bill, which there was no time to formally oppose, Mr. Tooke applied in his extremity, and on the day before the proposed reading of the bill, to Horne, declaring himself, however, too late and undone. But the ready and unscrupulous mind of Horne sees one course from which his friend recoiled in dismay—"to begin by writing a libel on the Speaker," as he coolly suggests in his reply. "A libel on such a man as Sir Fletcher Norton!" exclaims Tooke. "Yes, precisely on him," explains Horne, quietly, "for I well know that then inquiry will be made, and that he will not sanctify a dishonest act. As for the consequences, I am well aware of, and take them all upon myself." To secure success, he made the libel particularly violent, offensive, and personally abusive of the Speaker; "for," argued he, "such an outrage cannot pass for a moment unnoticed after the House is met, and must be taken into consideration before the Enclosure Bill." The next day the *Public Advertiser* contained a scurrilous letter, signed "Strike but Hear." He had not miscalculated. Immediately on its assembling, the Speaker calls the attention of the House to the libel; the publisher is ordered to attend, and the Enclosure Bill is shelved, only to be taken down on a future day and cut to pieces. The next day Woodfall attends, and readily gives up his author, as Horne has told him to do; but the indignity offered to the House has been monstrous, and he is committed to the custody of the serjeant-at-arms. As for Horne himself, he is ordered to attend, but he snaps his fingers at the Speaker and the House, only condescending to notice their order on the 16th, with a letter pretending to view the whole matter as a mistake, and the order intended for somebody else.

But the House is not to be put off so jauntily, and next day he is

* Posthumous Works of Junius. New York. 1829.

brought up in custody. On the 18th, the House is satisfied with his explanations, and discharges him from custody, but the printer does not get off so easily. On the 24th, Woodfall petitions for his discharge, making pitiful submission in vain. He declares the displeasure of the House to be just, and the letter "highly, falsely, and unjustly" reflecting on the Speaker; acknowledges his conduct to be blamable, and even talks of "the enormity of his offence;" hints at the "well-known mercy and clemency of the House," and pleads impending ruin on a numerous and innocent family. But all this availed him nought; the petition was rejected. On the 2nd March the House was in better temper, and Woodfall was discharged on his petition, with a reprimand from the Speaker; but he and his brother were both ordered to be prosecuted by the Attorney-General for a letter signed "A South Briton," which had appeared in the *Public Advertiser* and the *Morning Chronicle* of the 16th February.

But "Parson Horne" will not be quiet. He is now a forward member of the Constitutional Society, established for the encouragement of the revolted colonies of America, and, as such, signs and sends to the papers an advertisement of its proceedings. As usual, vengeance descends with the greatest speed upon the newspapers, and John Miller, John Wilkie, Henry Randall, and Henry Baldwin, are brought to trial on the 17th December, 1776, for publishing the treasonable document in the preceding month of June, and on the 1st February, 1777, they are each sentenced to a fine of 100*l*. Having thus disposed of the printers, justice goes off to punish the authors, and, on July 4th, Horne is brought to trial before Lord Mansfield, at Guildhall, for writing the advertisements which appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, *London Packet*, and *Public Advertiser* of the 9th of June. He defends himself at great length, and, although with much bitterness and acerbity, displays sufficient shrewdness to have fitted him for the bar; but the jury (as indeed they could do no otherwise) found him guilty, and he was sentenced to pay a fine of 200*l*., to be imprisoned for twelve months, and find sureties for his good behaviour for three years, himself in 400*l*., and two others in 200*l*. each. This judgment he endeavoured to overrule by a writ of error in parliament, but he only got it confirmed, although his cause was argued by Dunning, who had before refused to hold a brief against him. His confinement in the King's Bench was made light to him by the good-nature of the governor and the attention of his friends. He was allowed to reside in the rules outside the prison, and even to be absent for a few days in the country; but he reckoned his loss by the trial to amount to 1200*l*.

We recognise no more of his letters in the papers, but his career was none the less stormy. His call to the bar was successfully opposed in 1779, on the plea that he was still a clergyman; and in 1782, having taken the name of Tooke, in deference to the wishes and as the acknowledged heir of the friend he had stood up for, he was induced to join the London Corresponding Society, associated for the purpose of procuring annual parliaments and universal suffrage—of neither of which, however, he was a warm admirer—a political union which numbered in its various ramifications all over the country some fifty thousand members. This made him more than ever obnoxious to government suspicion, and his committal to the Tower, where he remained some months under very

slight restraint, and his trial on September 10th, 1794, on a charge of high treason, which made the name of Erskine famous, were the results. He died at Wimbledon, March 18th, 1812, aged seventy-six, and had characteristically prepared a tomb for himself in his garden; but it not being found in good condition, he was buried at Ealing. Vacating the pulpit, and excluded from the bar, he was but partially successful with the senate. He twice contested Westminster (once, in 1790, against Fox, who brought an action against him, as was the wont in those days, for the expenses he had been needlessly put to), but was defeated, and, with his usual disregard of the means by which he worked his ends, so long as they were not dishonourable, he procured a seat for Old Sarum, the most corrupt borough of the whole rotten system, from which to drive his axe at the root of parliamentary corruption.

With the exception of the Constitutional Society's advertisements, the melancholy strife between old England and her refractory children on the other side of the Atlantic, which divided households, and brought bitterness and angry words into almost every home, seems to have involved the newspapers in no trouble. The tone they assumed was strong, decisive, even violent, but it was a sign of the times that, although the public mind was heated almost to combustion, they were allowed to scatter the most explosive materials about almost unchecked. Governments had discovered that the newspapers spoke the voice of the people, and that to put them down would require an army, not a few crown counsel. Neither could they be so easily put down, when they gave up low and vulgar personalities, and wrote with that studied and convincing reasoning that is far more terrible. It is beyond doubt that, as the law stood, they wrote treason, but the people's sentiments, right, justice, honour, and religion were all treason to that fraternal strife; they spoke treason when they cried, "Hold, you shall not murder your brother!" they wept treason over the dead of Lexington and Concord; they shouted treason when they rejoiced that cousins' blood had ceased to flow, and men speaking the same tongue had ceased to fight. Yet the guilty law was coward, for then treason was right and law was wrong.

END OF VOL. CIX.





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